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THE

MEMOIRS

OF

CHARLES-LEWIS,

Baron de POLLNITZ.

BEING

The OBSERVATIONS He made in his late TRAVELS from *Prussia* thro'

GERMANY, || *FLANDERS,*
ITALY, || *HOLLAND,*
FRANCE, || *ENGLAND,* &c.

In LETTERS to his FRIEND.

Discovering not only the PRESENT STATE of the Chief CITIES and TOWNS;

BUT

The CHARACTERS of the PRINCIPAL PERSONS at the several COURTS.

In TWO VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

Baron de POLLNITZ.

In SEVERAL LETTERS to Mr. *L. C. D. S.*

LETTER XXVIII.

SIR, *Rome, July* 30, 1730.

THUS am I at length arrived at the famous City of ROME, that City which has been ſo long the Miſtreſs of the World, and is ſtill the Metropolis of *Europe:* But don't expect I ſhould give you a perfect Deſcription of it, becauſe that would require a Man better skilled in Architecture than I am. I ſhall only mention ſuch things as to me appeared to be the moſt beautiful, or thoſe which I thought the Reverſe, and which yet the Oſtentation of the *Italians* cries up for the Wonders of the World. I ſhall make it my Buſineſs, to give you an Account of Things animate, much rather than thoſe which are inanimate; the latter having been ſo well

deſcribed, that all I could ſay to you upon that Head would be but a Repetition of what you have read a thouſand times over.

ROME is certainly one of the fineſt Cities in the World; but it is not now That ROME of which we read ſuch pompous Accounts, it having ſcarce any Remains left of what it was in ancient Days. Notwithſtanding this, it muſt be owned, that it has matchleſs and ſtately Structures. Nothing is equal to its Churches, its Fountains, and ſome of its Palaces. At one's firſt Entrance thro' the Gate *del Popoli*, a Foreigner cannot but be ſtruck with Admiration, when he looks right before him, which methought reſembled the grand Decoration of a Theatre; but when I caſt my Eyes to the Right and Left, the Scene was quite different: I believed I was entring into a Village. This is a Riddle, which I will now endeavour to explain to you. When I looked ſtrait before me, I immediately perceiv'd a Square of a triangular Form, at one Point whereof ſtands the Gate *del Popoli*, through which I entered, facing three very long Streets drawn to a Point, in the Shape of a Gooſe-foot. Theſe Streets are ſeparated by two Churches, the Fronts whereof are magnificent, and of regular Architecture. In the middle of the Square there's a ſtately Obelisk, or Spire, of oriental Granate, which, according to the Inſcription on the Pedeſtal, was raiſed by Pope *Sixtus* V. At the Foot of this Pyramid, on the Town-ſide, there's a Fountain. All this together makes the Square a Beauty, and ſeemed to be worthy of ROME: What follows appear'd to me to have the Air of a Village. The firſt Thing one perceives at the Left hand of the Square, is a Church conſecrated to Our Lady, the Architecture of which is very plain; and on the ſame Side are ſeveral very ſorry Houſes, or rather Huts. The Right-hand of the

Square

Square conſiſts of Hay-Barns, and two or three wretched Hovels.

From the Square *del Popoli*, I ſhall run through the three Streets which lead from thence to the chief Quarters of ROME. I ſhall begin with that in the Middle, which fronts the Gate. 'Tis called the Street *del Corſo*, becauſe there it is that in the Carnival Time, the *Barbary* Horſes run Races, and where there is the *Paſciggio*, or Ring, frequented every Day by the Coaches. This Street runs thro' almoſt all ROME, and has ſome fine Houſes in it, particularly the Palaces *Ruſpoli*, *Gicci*, *Carolis*, *Mancini*, *Pamphili*, and *Bolognetti*. It croſſes the Squares of St. *Mark* and *Colonna*. The firſt is a Quadrangle, encompaſſed with good ſubſtantial Buildings, and adorned with the famous *Antonine* Pillar, which the Senate cauſed to be erected to the Honour of *Antoninus the Pious*, whoſe Statue was formerly on the Top of it, but has ſince given place to the Effigies of St. *Paul*. St. *Mark*'s Square is ſo called, becauſe it lies before the Church dedicated to the Saint of that Name. In it ſtands the Palace of *Venice*, a vaſt Pile of Building, now occupied by the Ambaſſador of the Republic, but was the Reſidence of Pope *Sixtus* V.

The ſecond Street which takes its Riſe in the Square *del Popoli*, is called *la Strada Ripetta*. It has nothing in it remarkable but the Stairs leading down to the *Tiber*, which are of a grand Deſign, and ſo contrived, that there are two Flights of a Stair-caſe, without Steps, for the Convenience of the Horſes that carry the Goods which are landed at the Foot of the Stairs; that being one of the principal Ports of ROME.

The third Street, which ends in the Square of *Spain*, has alſo nothing in it worth ſeeing. To hear a *Roman* ſpeak of the Square of *Spain*, one would

think it the fineſt Place in the World; but I know nothing that leſs deſerves that Character. 'Tis much narrower in the Middle than at both Ends; it is but half-paved; and, excepting the Palace of *Spain*, which is occupied by the Cardinal *Bentivoglio**, the Ambaſſador of that Crown, and the Palace *de Propaganda*, it has not one handſome Houſe. In the Middle of it there's a plentiful Fountain, in form of a Bark, placed in an oval Baſon. This Fountain ſtands at the Foot of a prodigious Stair-caſe, which leads to the Church of *Trinity on the Mountain*, belonging to the *French Minims*. 'Twas made during the Pontificate of Pope *Innocent* XIII. of the Family of *Conti*, out of the Money which a rich *Frenchman* left on his Death-Bed for that very Purpoſe. They ſay, that no leſs than 60,000 *Roman* Crowns were expended in it; which, if true, 'twas Money very ill laid out; for the Stair-caſe is of a Taſte perfectly *Gothic*, and ſo ill built, that it is actually falling to Decay, though it is not above five Years ſince it was finiſhed. If the old *Romans* were but to peep out of their Graves at this Piece of Work, I dare ſay, they would bluſh to ſee how their Succeſſors build.

The Square of *Spain*, as ugly, and as much hid as it is by Houſes, is the Place of Rendezvous for all the *Beau Monde* in the City. Here the Ladies, ſitting at their Eaſe in their Coaches, receive the Homage of the Gentlemen ſtanding at their Coach-doors; and thus an Hour or two is ſpent every Evening, in breathing the worſt Air in ROME, mixed with Clouds of Duſt; and one

* His Eminency died in the Beginning of the Year 1733. after which, Signior *Thomas Ratto*, and *Ottinelli*, heretofore Auditor of the *Rota*, and now Biſhop of *Cordoua*, had the Care of the *Spaniſh* Affairs, in which he was ſucceeded by Cardinal *Acquaviva*.

is

is not only peſter'd with Beggars, but every Minute in Danger of being cruſh'd to pieces between the Coaches, which preſs forward, without keeping their Ranks, or obſerving any Order. I know not how you would like it, but I am ſure, for my own Part, who am not a Man for amorous Prattle, I avoid being here as much as poſſible, and had rather go up to the Terras, which is upon Mount *Trinity*. There I have the Pleaſure to ſee ſomething of what paſſes in the Square of *Spain*; I extend my View over all ROME, and even into the Country beyond it, and there I breathe the freſh Air, without the Riſque of being broke upon the Wheel. 'Tis true, that I ſee none except Abbés and Prelates; but they are not Eye-ſores to me, and beſides, I ſhould find the ſame at the Doors of the Ladies Coaches.

Foreigners reſide commonly in the Square of *Spain*, and the ſeven Streets which run into it. This Quarter belongs to the Juriſdiction of the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, whither the *Sbirri* dare not purſue a Criminal, or to venture being ſeen there; for if they did, they would be attacked by Bravo's, who, like the *Swiſs* of the *Spaniſh* Miniſter, are very jealous of their Rights of Franchiſe, which all Ambaſſadors enjoy as well as he: This is often the Source of many Diſorders, and, if I may venture to ſay it, authorizes Wickedneſs, becauſe it gives the Criminals ſo ready an Opportunity of finding Refuge; but 'tis a rare Income for the Bravo's and their Captain; for the Libertines and Malefactors who retire into their Maſters Quarter, can do no leſs than pay them for their Protection.

The Square of *Spain* leads me to give you ſome Account of the Square *Navona*, which, tho' by no Means regular, and by much too narrow for the Length of it, may be numbered among the

fineſt Squares in the World. 'Tis adorned with noble Fountains, two of which are worth the ſtrict Attention of the Curious. The Middlemoſt, which is the largeſt, was erected by Order of Pope *Innocent* X. of the Family of *Pamphili*, according to a Model by Signior *Lorenzo Bernini*, who has made a ſhining Diſplay of his Art in this pompous Work. The Whole is a large oval Baſon, lined with white Marble, in the Midſt of which there riſes a Rock, with four Grottos cut in it, and on the Top there's an Obelisk, or Spire, of oriental Granate, which was formerly in the *Circus* of the Emperor *Antoninus Caracalla*. At the four Corners of the Rock, there are four Statues of white Marble, ſitting in Attitudes equally bold and noble, which repreſent the four principal Rivers of the World, the *Ganges*, the *Nile*, the *Danube*, and *Rio de la Plata*, in the *Weſt-Indies*. Theſe four Statues, tho' made by different Hands, are alike beautiful, and adorned with the Attributes ſuitable to each Statue. The ſecond Fountain is a white Marble Baſon in an oval Figure, in the Middle of which a Triton appears ſitting on a Dolphin cut in Marble, done by the Hand of the famous *Michael Angelo Buonarota*.

Oppoſite to the great Fountain ſtands the fine Church of St. *Agnes*, begun by *Innocent* X. and finiſhed by his Nephews the Princes *Pamphili*. 'Tis one of the moſt ſumptuous and ſtately Edifices in ROME. The Inſide is an Oval. It abounds every-where with Marble, Gilding, and excellent Paintings. Adjoining to this Church is a great and magnificent Palace, belonging to Prince *Pamphili*, who lets it out to the Cardinal *Corſini* *. There's a Gallery which is admired by the Connoiſſeurs in Painting.

* Now Pope *Clement* XII. whoſe Nephews and Nieces dwell in it.

The

The *Pantheon*, commonly called the Church *de la Rotonda*, becauſe of its round Figure, is a Monument of the Magnificence of ancient ROME, which has been well preſerved. *Agrippa* cauſed this Temple to be built, with an Intention to dedicate it to *Auguſtus* his Father-in-Law; but he afterwards devoted it to *Jupiter Ultor*, or *the Avenger*. Pope *Boniface* I. or, as others ſay, *Boniface* IV. conſecrated this Temple to the True God, by dedicating it to the Holy Virgin and the Martyrs, with the Title of *Sta. Maria ad Martyres*. Nothing is more Majeſtic than the Portico of this Church, which is ſupported by ſixteen Columns of oriental Granate, of a wonderful Height and Circumference, all of a Piece, and of the *Corinthian* Order. The Church, which is round, receives Light only by an Opening in the Middle of the Roof, which is built in Form of a Dome. The Walls are lined with Marble, even up to the Corniſh which ſupports the Roof, and ſeveral little Chapels are cut out in the Wall. The Roof was heretofore covered with Braſs, but *Urban* VIII. ſtripped the Church of that magnificent Covering, and employ'd the Braſs partly on the High Altar of St. *Peter*'s Church, and of the reſt of it he cauſed thoſe Guns to be caſt that are ſtill to be ſeen in the Caſtle of St. *Angelo*. The Pope who did this, being of the *Barberini* Family, gave Occaſion to the *Romans*, who take a Pleaſure in criticiſing the Conduct of the Popes, to ſay, that the *Barberini* had done even more than the *Barbarians*; and really, it is worthy of Remark, that in the ſeveral Sackings of ROME the *Rotonda* was always ſpared.

St. *Peter*'s Church ſo aſtoniſhed me, that I cannot paſs it by in Silence. To tell you in few Words what I think of it; I believe, that though there were no other Building in ROME but this

Church, it would be worth while to make a Journey hither on Purpoſe to ſee it. The Area which lies before this ſuperb Pile, can't but be admired by all that ſee it. Pope *Alexander* VII. cauſed it to be laid out after the Model of my Hero in Architecture, Signior *Lorenzo Bernini*. The Form of this Area is round, and encompaſſed by a Periſtyle of two hundred eighty-ſix Pillars, which leads all the way under Covert to the Church. Theſe Columns ſupport an Architrave adorned with a great Number of Statues, repreſenting divers holy Martyrs. The Area is adorned with two magnificent Fountains, which continually throw out vaſt Sheets of Water, into three Baſons, the lowermoſt whereof, being the largeſt, ſerves to let out the Water, which runs under Ground. An Obelisk of ſeventy-two Feet in Height, beſides the Baſis, ſtands up in the Middle of the two Fountains. Pope *Sixtus* V. who may juſtly be reckoned the Reſtorer of ROME, on account of the Ornaments with which he embelliſhed every Part of it, cauſed it to be ſet up, after 'twas dug out of the Earth, near the Place where now ſtands St. *Peter*'s Sacriſty. He ordered it to be erected on a very high Pedeſtal; and Signior *Fontana*, the famous Architect, was the Man by whoſe Direction ſo immenſe a Weight was raiſed to that Height. 'Tis ſaid, that Pope *Sixtus* V. commanded that every Man who aſſiſted in raiſing this Obelisk ſhould keep Silence on Pain of Death, for fear leſt Talking ſhould diſtract the Workmens Thoughts, and take them off from a due Attention to the Orders of the Architect; and as they knew that *Sixtus* would be obeyed, not a Man ſpoke a Work. The Work went on very well, till when the Spire was almoſt raiſed, the Ropes happened to be too ſhort. This Accident ſo confounded

founded *Fontana*, that he knew not what to do, when one of the Spectators took it in his Head to call out to him to throw Water upon the Ropes. *Fontana* followed his Advice with ſuch good Succeſs, that the Pope promiſed a Reward for the Perſon who would own that he gave it: But no body cared to truſt *Sixtus*; the Adviſer concealed himſelf in the Crowd, and it could never be known who he was. The whole Height of the Obelisk, including the Baſe and Croſs, is one hundred and eight Feet. *Sixtus* V. caus'd ſome Timber of the real Croſs to be ſet in the Croſs of gilt Braſs at the Top of the Spire, and granted ten Years Indulgences to any Perſon that ſhou'd ſalute it, and at the ſame Time repeat three *Pater-noſters*, and as many *Ave Maries*.

When you have paſſed over the great Square, there's an Aſcent of ſome Steps to a grand Platform or Terras, that leads into the Portico which is before the Church. The Roof of it is ſupported by Columns of the *Corinthian* Order, adorned with Baſſo Relievos of Marble. The Cieling is of Stukoe, divided into ſeveral Compartments in the *Moſaic* Taſte, which form the Arms of *Paul* V. of the *Borgheſe* Family; the whole gilt all over. As one turns to the Right in this Portico, one ſees the Statue of *Conſtantine* the Great, carved in Marble by *Bernini*, who has repreſented the Emperor on Horſeback, in a Poſture of Aſtoniſhmentat the Appearance of the Croſs. Over-againſt this Statue, on the Left-ſide of the Portico, is *Charlemaign*'s Statue, likewiſe on Horſeback, done by *Auguſtin Cornicchini*, a Native of *Peſchia* in *Tuſcany*; but 'tis not near ſo bold a Figure as that carved by *Bernini*. At the Entrance of the Church, we leave on the Right-hand the holy Gate, which the Pope opens and ſhuts every twenty-five Years, at the Time of the great Jubilee.

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I muſt confeſs that the inſide Decoration of St. *Peter*'s did not ſtrike me at firſt View; for I imagined that every thing there muſt be Gold and Azure, but I was miſtaken; tho', after having examined Things cloſely, I was, as it were, in an Ecſtaſy at the Variety of Beauties I there ſaw. The High Altar, which is almoſt in the middle of the Dome, is of a Magnificence not to be parallelled. It ſtands by itſelf, and is on all Sides open, conſiſting of four wreathed Columns of Braſs, of an immenſe Height and Bulk, which ſupport a Canopy of the ſame Metal, ſurmounted by Angels holding Feſtons of Flowers, ſo completely carved, that one would naturally imagine the Whole to be the Work of a Goldſmith. At this Altar none can celebrate Maſs but the Pope himſelf, and the Cardinal Dean, by his Holineſs's expreſs Permiſſion; and underneath, in a Chapel richly adorned, there lie ſome Parts of the Holy Bodies of the Apoſtles St. *Peter* and St. *Paul*. There's a Deſcent into this Chapel by a Stair-caſe of fine Marble, conſiſting of two Flights, in Form of a Horſe-ſhoe, and ſurrounded by a Baluſtrade of Braſs, ſupporting a great many Silver Lamps, which never ceaſe to burn, except on *Good-friday*, when the Church is hung in Mourning, in Memory of the Death of our Saviour.

At the Bottom of the Church ſtands, highly elevated, St. *Peter*'s Chair, a very fine Piece of Work, all of Braſs, gilt, and ſupported by the four Fathers of the Church, St. *Ambroſe*, St. *Jerome*, St. *Auguſtine*, and St. *Gregory*, of a gigantic Size, with a Glory of Braſs, gilt, over them, raiſed as high as the Roof. Under the Chair is an Altar, on both Sides of which there are ſtately Tombs of Braſs and Marble, of incomparable Workmanſhip and Beauty. The Mauſoleum of *Urban* VIII. on the Right Hand, has two admirable Statues of white Marble,

Marble, repreſenting two Virtues, of ſuch exquiſite Beauty, that there was a Neceſſity of covering their Nudities to prevent the like Scandal which a certain *Spaniard* gave, in whom a Statue of this ſort kindled an unruly Paſſion. Theſe two Tombs are not the only ones which adorn this Church; for there are many others altogether as ſuperb; particularly, the Mauſoleum of the Counteſs *Matilda*, and that of *Chriſtina* Queen of *Sweden*, to whom the Popes granted Burial in St. *Peter*'s Church, where, except the Succeſſors of that Apoſtle, none can be interred. Theſe two Princeſſes were of ſuch high Birth, and had done ſo much for the Church, that they well deſerved to be honoured with this Diſtinction; for the firſt defended the Church, at the Head of her Army, againſt the Emperor *Henry* IV. the other even abdicated her Crown, and abandoned her Dominions, to embrace the *Roman* Religion. *Chriſtina*'s Tomb is nobly deſigned, without being overcharged with Ornament; and there is her Picture in a great Medal of Braſs, which is perfectly well executed.

Tho' every thing in St. *Peter*'s Church is worthy of the particular Obſervation of a curious Traveller, I think nothing deſerves it more than the noble Pictures of Moſaic Work, wherewith the Altars are decorated, than which there can be nothing more complete; for it ſurpaſſes any thing that was ever done by the Ancients. 'Tis but a few Years that the Artiſts have arrived to the Perfection we now diſcover in Works of this kind. One of theſe Pictures, which is juſt finiſhed, repreſents the Story of Sta. *Petronilla*, St. *Peter*'s Siſter, ſo excellently deſigned, and ſo nicely coloured and poliſhed, that nothing in the Art of Man can out do it. One would ſwear 'twas a Picture behind a Glaſs; yet it conſiſts only of little Glaſs Squares, exactly cemented together by a certain Gum that is extremely ſtringent

gent. 'Tis a Piece of Work of the more Value, becauſe it is Proof againſt the Injuries of Weather, and nothing can damage it. They deſign to remove out of this Church all the Pictures painted in Oil, which grow mouldy by Time and Moiſture, and to put Pictures of Moſaic Work in their place. If this Project, which is in a good Forwardneſs, and carried on apace, be ever finiſhed, St. *Peter*'s Church will be poſſeſſed of a Treaſure the more precious becauſe there will be none like it.

The ſubterraneous Parts of the Church are altogether as magnificent as the Superſtructure; for Marble and Pictures of the Moſaic kind are its Ornaments. 'Tis worth while to take the Pains to go up to the Top of this Church, which one aſcends by a ſloping Stair-caſe, without one Step, that leads to the Dome; and by other Stairs, not ſo commodious, one riſes to the Globe, which, 'tis ſaid, will hold twenty Perſons with Eaſe. Upon St. *Peter*'s Day the Church is illuminated from the Foundation to the Croſs, by Lamps without Number, which make a very fine Appearance.

All the other Churches of ROME are beautiful Piles, and 'tis certain that the leaſt of 'em contains ſomething that will entertain a curious Spectator. Thoſe of them indeed that are the moſt worthy of Attention, are, St. *Paul*'s without ROME, St. *John*'s *de Lateran*, St. *Mary Major*'s, the Churches of *Jeſus*, St. *Ignatius*, St. *Philip de Neri*, our Lady's of Victory, the Church of St. *Agnes*, and the Noviciate of the *Jeſuits*.

As to the Foundation of St. *Mary Major*'s Church, there is a Tradition, that two Bridegrooms of Quality, both very rich and very devout, having pray'd to the Holy Virgin, that ſhe would pleaſe to reveal to them for what good Purpoſe they ſhould beſtow their Wealth; the Mother of God ſignified

to

to them in a Dream, that ſhe would have them build a Church at the Place which they would find cover'd next Day with Snow; a Thing the more extraordinary at that Time, becauſe it was the Month of *Auguſt*. But, to the End that this Revelation might be the more authentic, the Holy Virgin imparted it the ſame Night to the Pope St. *Liberius* I. who next Day made a Proceſſion round the City, accompanied by all the Clergy, and by *John* a Patrician, and a Senator of ROME, and found that Spot of Ground where now ſtands the Church of St. *Mary Major*, covered with Snow. The Building was begun that very Day, and at firſt the Church was called the *Liberian* Church, and alſo the Church of St. *Mary of the Manger*, becauſe the Manger in which our Saviour lay, was there depoſited; and at laſt it was called St. *Mary Major*, becauſe it is the biggeſt of thoſe Churches in ROME that are dedicated to the Holy Virgin.

I have been ſo long upon Churches, that 'tis high Time to ſhift the Scene. I am now going to acquaint you of what has happened here ſince I came, referring what I have farther to relate to you concerning the Buildings of ROME to another Opportunity.

The Conclave is ended, and we have at laſt got a Pope: After tedious and warm Diſputes, which had divided the ſacred College for four Months, they have elected Cardinal *Corſini*. The Cardinals could not determine whom to chuſe for Head of the Church, till about a Week ago. Cardinal *Imperiali* was propoſed at firſt, and he would certainly have been the Man, upon account of his great Age and Merit, if the Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, the Miniſter of *Spain*, had not put the Negative upon him in the Name of their Catholic Majeſties; nevertheleſs, 'tis the Opinion of many People, that the Cardinal had no ſuch Order in his Pocket at that

that Time, tho' he had it at the Election of Pope *Conti*; becauſe out of perſonal Pique to Cardinal *Imperiali* he had repreſented him to his Maſter as an Enemy to the Houſe of *Bourbon*, and too much attached to the Emperor. Probably the Cardinal *Bentivoglio* thought, that becauſe their Catholic Majeſties did, at his Solicitation, grant an Excluſion to Cardinal *Imperiali* that Time, it was to continue for ever; at leaſt, his unreaſonable Grudge againſt his Eminence made him take that Handle. The Reaſon he bore him ſo much ill Will was this; *Bentivoglio* had a Brother, a Marquis, who, for certain Outrages which he had cauſed to be committed by his Bravoes, was arreſted by Order of this very *Imperiali*, when he was Legate of the Holy See at *Ferrara*. Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, who was a proud haughty Man, took this as ſuch an Affront to his Family, that he could never forget it; and as the *Italians* ſeldom loſe an Opportunity of taking Revenge, he laid hold on this: So that Cardinal *Imperiali* came ſhort of the *Tiara*, merely for having done an Act of Juſtice.

Cardinal *Imperiali* being thus ſet aſide, *Corſini* was propoſed for Pope; but his Eminence fearing he ſhould be excluded by the *Germans*, pretended an Unwillingneſs to accept of the Pontificate, and deſired his Brethren to caſt their Eyes upon ſome other Perſon. *Davia* was propoſed, and would undoubtedly have been in St. *Peter*'s Chair, if Cardinal *de Biſſi*, a *Frenchman*, had not excepted againſt him, on pretence that he was a *Janſeniſt*. 'Tis true, that Cardinal *Davia* was never a great Friend of the *Jeſuits*, and that M. *Biſſi* is a Man after their own Hearts: The Society, indeed, is accuſed of having put the *French* Cardinal upon it; but this is what I won't ſwear. Though, be it as it will, I think, if the Society were convinced that *Davia* was their Enemy, they did very wiſely to

ſet

ſet him aſide. During this, Cardinal *Corſini*, who ſtill kept the triple Crown in View, and had only declined it for fear of being oppoſed by the Imperial Cardinals, wrote to the Great Duke, and to the Grand Princeſs *Violante*, deſiring the former to intercede for him directly with the Emperor, and the latter with the *Bavarian* Family; to the end that Family might do him good Offices at *Vienna*. His Wiſhes were accordingly anſwered; for the Great Duke earneſtly deſired the Emperor to conſent to the Election of *Corſini*, and he obtained for Anſwer, that his Imperial Majeſty would order his Cardinals not to oppoſe him. *Corſini* having this favourable Anſwer, engaged his Friends to bring him again upon the Stage. And the Cardinal Chamberlain *Albano*, the Head of the Cardinals, made by *Clement* XI. his Uncle, ſpoke for him to all of his Party, who accordingly gave their Votes for him; but Cardinal *Barberini* hearing that *Corſini* was going to be propoſed a ſecond time, declared openly againſt him; and ſaid, he would never conſent to his Election. The Chamberlain was in no great Pain for this Oppoſition; for he was much more apprehenſive of the Imperialiſts, and particularly of the Cardinal *Cienfuegos*, who was very earneſt for the Election of *Colonna*, or ſome other Subject of the Emperor. The Chamberlain therefore went at Midnight to the Cardinal *Cienfuegos*, and propoſed the Choice of *Corſini* to him; and not finding him intirely for it, he threw himſelf at his Feet, and conjured him for God's ſake not to oppoſe the ſaid Cardinal's Advancement. 'You ſee, ſaid he, that 'we cannot agree in the Choice of a Pope. Will 'you end your Days here? 'Tis now four Months 'that we have been ſhut up. What have you to 'ſay againſt *Corſini?* He is old, and, according 'to the Courſe of Nature, cannot live longer than 'the Time it will take us up to deſtroy the Factions

that

'that are among us. If you have a Notion that 'he is not in the Intereſts of the Emperor, you 'perceive that it can't be long in his Power to 'hurt him. Moreover, if you conſent to his Ad-'vancement, he will be obliged to own his Obli-'gation to the Emperor for the Pontificate, and 'conſequently cannot but make him an Acknow-'ledgment.' The Cardinal Chamberlain wa-ter'd his Diſcourſe with a great many Tears, for the good Man can weep when he will. This ſo moved *Cienfuegos*, who is the beſt-natured Soul in the World, that he gave his Conſent to the Election of *Corſini*. But then the *French* feigned they would not be for him any longer, and pretended to take Umbrage at the *Germans* eſpouſing the Man whom they had before oppoſed. They ſtood out abundance of Intreaty, but at length they conſented, ſaying, that ſince the *Germans* made the Pope, they would name the Miniſter; which was granted them. They nominated Cardinal *Banchieri*, who had been Vice-Legat at *Avignon*, to be Secretary of State. The Cardinal *Cienfuegos*, who was puffed up with the Thoughts of having made the Pope, did not ſo much as think of op-poſing the *French* in the Nomination of a Mi-niſter who was intirely devoted to them. Ma-ny People of very good Senſe are of Opinion that the *Germans* were bubbled in this Affair, and that the *French* made both the Pope and the Mi-niſter. Whether 'twas ſo or not, I cannot ſay; the Intrigues of the Conclaves will never be right-ly known, but in the Valley of *Jehoſaphat*; yet it ſeems to me, that ſince we have been the Ma-ſters of *Italy*, we are even more hated there than the *French* ever were, and 'tis certain that they were hated there with a Vengeance. 'Tis very probable, therefore, that the *Italian* Cardinals had it not very much at Heart, to give us a Pope that was

was in our Intereſt. Be this as it will, even to the very Day of the new Pope's Exaltation, all the City of ROME thought the Cardinal *Cienfuegos* Maſter of the Conclave; which is ſo true, that among the Satires current during the Vacancy of the Holy See, the Cardinal was exhibited at a Window of the Conclave, taking Aim with a Fuzee at the Holy Ghoſt, which was hovering about the Place, in form of a Dove.

Cardinal *Corſini* was proclaimed Pope on *Wedneſday* the 12th of *July*, in the Morning. He took the Name of *Clement* XII. in Honour to the Memory of *Clement* XI. who made him a Cardinal. He is in the 78th Year of his Age. All good People are pleaſed at his Advancement, and ſince the *Romans* could not get a *Roman* for their Pope, they are not ſorry that he was preferred to his Competitors. He was generous and noble, good-natured, mild, and affable, while a Cardinal, and we may expect that he will not hide thoſe Qualities now he is a Pope.

In the Afternoon of his Advancement to the Pontificate, *Clement* XII. received a Viſit from the Pretender, and the Princeſs his Lady, who are here ſtyled the *King* and *Queen* of *England*. After he had converſed a while with them, he went on Foot to the Chapel of Pope *Sixtus*, and placed himſelf on a Seat before the Altar, where he received the Adoration of the Cardinals, who came according to their Seniority, and kneeling down, kiſſed his Foot, and his Right-hand. The Pope embraced them one after the other, and gave them the *Pax* to kiſs. 'Tis only upon that Day and the Coronation-day, that the Cardinals kiſs the Pope's Foot; for afterwards, they only kiſs his Hand. When this firſt Ceremony was over, the Pope was ſeated in his Chair of PROCESSION, which is a great Arm-chair, adorned with red Velvet, richly

embroidered with Gold; and then eight Men took him upon their Shoulders, and carry'd him thro' the great Stair-caſe to St. *Peter*'s Church. When they came before the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, the Pope was ſet down; and riſing from his Chair, he went and kneeled at a Desk prepared for the Purpoſe. After a ſhort Prayer, he returned to his Chair, and was carried towards the High Altar, where he was ſeated in the Middle. There the Cardinals paid another Adoration to him, like that which they made to him in *Sixtus*'s Chapel; and then the Pope was carried into a Pew, near the Altar, where he put off his Mitre and Cope, and being put into a Sedan, returned to his Apartment, where he quickly after received the Compliments of the Ambaſſadors, the *Roman* Princes, and of all the Quality of ROME; and in the Evening, there were Illuminations and Bonfires throughout the City, accompanied with a Diſcharge of the Cannon of the Caſtle of St. *Angelo*.

The ſame Rejoicings were continued next Day, which the Pope ſpent in giving Audiences, and naming his Miniſters. Then it was, that at the Recommendation of the *French*, he appointed the Cardinal *Banchieri* Secretary of State. They ſay, that in the Evening, *Clement* XII. had a long Converſation with the Perſons who had the greateſt Share of his Confidence when he was a Cardinal, and aſked them, what they ſaid at ROME about his Exaltation. One of them intreated to be excuſed from telling him, but the Pope injoining him to declare the whole Truth to him, the Confident obeyed, and told the Pope that the *Romans* ſeemed to approve of the Choice which the Cardinals had made; but that they were apprehenſive they ſhould have no better Treatment from

from the *Florentines*, than they had from the *Beneventines*, under the laſt Pontificate. 'The *Romans*, 'ſaid the Pope, are afraid then without a Cauſe; 'for I will have no Reſpect of Perſons, but will ſo 'govern, that if I don't win the Love of my Sub-'jects while I live, they ſhall, at leaſt, be ſorry 'when I die.' Then turning about to his Nephew the Marquis *Neri Corſini*, now a Cardinal, whom he had made a Prelate but the Day before; 'I ex-'hort you, Nephew, *ſaid he*, to behave ſo as to 'offend nobody. My Reign cannot be long. 'My Age and my Infirmities ought to put me 'upon thinking of the Grave, much rather than 'of human Grandeur. Let you and I live then 'ſo, that our Name may not be hated when I am 'no more ſeen; and let us, if poſſible, ſo carry it 'to Mankind, that I may be lamented after Death, 'and that you may not want Friends.' 'Twas with ſuch Sentiments as theſe, that *Clement* XII. aſcended the Throne of St. *Peter*.

The Ceremony of his Coronation was performed on the 16th of *July*, and I can aſſure you, that, ſetting aſide the Number of Cardinals and Biſhops who attended at it, there was nothing in it magnificent. The Pope, veſted in his *Pontificalibus*, and preceded by the Sacred College, went in Proceſſion to *Sixtus*'s Chapel, where he made a very ſhort Prayer, and then was carried thro' the grand Staircaſe under St. *Peter*'s Portico, where he was ſeated on a Throne, and admitted St. *Peter*'s Chapter to kiſs his Foot. He was from thence carried into the Church, and put down at the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, before which he made his Prayer kneeling, as did alſo the Cardinals. After this Prayer, he was carried to the Chapel of St. *Gregory* the Great, where he made another ſhort Prayer proſtrate before the Altar. Then he was placed

in a Throne on the Right-ſide of the Altar, and the Cardinals ſeated themſelves upon Benches, on both Sides of the Chapel. While the Muſick was performing a *Tercet*, they put on their white Copes, embroidered with Gold, and their Mitres of white Damaſk, and the Archbiſhops and Biſhops did the ſame. After this, th y went all, both Cardinals and Prelates, to perform Homage to the Pope, with this Diſtinction, that the Cardinals kiſſed only the Hand of the Holy Father, but the Prelates kiſſed his Hand and his Foot too. When this Ceremony was ended, the Pope cauſed the Crucifix to be elevated, and gave his firſt Bleſſing to the Standers-by, and the Populace, thereto annexing a plenary Indulgence *in articulo mortis*. He afterwards deſcended from his Throne, put himſelf again in his Chair of Proceſſion, and was carried before the High Altar. He was the only Perſon that had then the Mitre on his Head; for the Cardinals and Prelates held theirs in their Hands. While he was thus carried in Proceſſion, a Maſter of the Ceremonies went before him, burning Flax three times, calling out aloud at each time to him, *Sancte Pater! ſic tranſit Gloria Mundi:* i. e. *Holy Father! ſo paſſeth away the Glory of the World.* This Exhortation to the Remembrance of the Frailty of human Greatneſs ſeemed to me to touch the Pope's Heart; for he lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, and the very Tears trickled down his Cheeks. When he drew near the Altar, he fell on his Knees, and prayed with a great deal of Devotion and Humility. He then received the Benediction of three of the eldeſt Cardinal Prieſts, and the firſt Cardinal Deacon preſented him with the Pall; after which, he went up to the Altar, perfumed it with Incenſe, and then cauſed himſelf to be ſeated in his Throne, which was erected

erected at the Bottom of the Church, facing the Altar. The Cardinals ſat upon high Benches, on both Sides the Throne, in two Ranks, leading to the Altar. The Perſons whom they here call the King and Queen of *England*, with the Princes their Sons, and their whole Court, were in a Gallery on the Right-hand of the Throne, and in another Gallery oppoſite to this, were the principal Ladies of ROME, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed Foreigners. I was there in the Retinue of the Prince of *Waldeck*, who has been here theſe two Months.

From that Gallery, we ſaw the Cardinals, the Archbiſhops, and the Biſhops, pay their Homage to the Pope; which was performed by kiſſing the Pope's Hand and Foot. Then the Pope tuned High Maſs, at which the Epiſtle and Goſpel were ſung, both in *Greek* and *Latin*, by a *Greek* Biſhop and a Cardinal Deacon. The Pope, after he had performed the Conſecration, returned to his Throne, where a Cardinal aſſiſtant Prieſt carried the conſecrated Hoſt to him, and the Chalice, of both of which the Pope took one half kneeling and bare-headed. He ſucked the Divine Blood, according to a Cuſtom, thro' a golden Tube; and when the Cardinal aſſiſtant Prieſt had taken the half that remained, both of the conſecrated Hoſt, and the Chalice, the Maſs was ended. After the Office was over, the Pope, preceded by the Cardinals, Biſhops, and Prelates, was carried in grand Proceſſion to the Gallery which is over the great Gate of the Church, fronting the great Square, where he was ſeated on a very high Throne, in order to be ſeen by the People; and after two Cardinal Deacons had taken off his Mitre, and put on his *Tiara*, kiſſing at the ſame Time both his Hand and Face, the Pope roſe up, and gave his ſolemn Benediction ſtanding, to the People

that were crowded in St. *Peter*'s Square, and the Streets that led to it: At the ſame Time the Cannon of the Caſtle of St. *Angelo* were fired, and the Light-horſe Carabineers and Guards made a Diſcharge of their ſmall Arms. Then the Pope deſcended from the Throne, and being again placed in his Chair, was carried in Proceſſion to his Apartment, where he diſmiſſed the Cardinals, who, I believe, wanted Reſt as well as the Holy Father, after a Ceremony which had laſted five Hours. At Night the Houſes were all illuminated, and a fine Fire-work was play'd off at the Caſtle of St. *Angelo*.

Here give me Leave to make a Remark upon an Author, in whoſe Favour I have ſeen you prepoſſeſſed, namely, Mr. *Miſſon*, who, in his Account of the Pope's Coronation, the Ceremony of which, he ſays, he copied out of the Ceremonial of ROME, deſcribes this Act as the moſt magnificent and ſuperb that can poſſibly be ſeen; for, according to him, the Pope's Throne is covered with precious Stones, tho' I aſſure you, that there cannot be a greater Miſtake; for if, as I ſaid once before, we except the many Cardinals, Biſhops, and Prelates, whoſe Preſence renders the Ceremony auguſt, nothing is more plain and ſimple. St. *Peter*'s Church, indeed, is hung upon that Day with red Damaſk, laced with gold Tinſel, but 'tis the very ſame upon every grand Feſtival; nor is St. *Peter*'s Throne, upon this Occaſion, richer than ordinary; and I can't imagine where *Miſſon* could ſee thoſe Canopies covered with precious Stones. That Author really affected to impoſe on his Readers, and this is not the only Place where he has deviated from the Truth.

The firſt Pope, who cauſed himſelf to be crown'd, was *Damaſus* II. in the Year 1048. And *Urban* V. was the firſt that uſed the triple Crown, commonly called

called the *Tiara*; and this he did, to ſhew that the Vicar of *Jeſus Chriſt* has Pontifical, Imperial, and Regal Power; and for the ſame Reaſon, St. *Peter* was anciently deſcribed (as is ſtill to be ſeen in the Palace of the *Vatican*) holding three Keys in his Right-hand.

Not many Days after the Coronation, the Pope quitted the *Vatican*, and took up his Reſidence in the Palace of *Monte Cavallo*. The Holy Father marched out with a Pomp which pleaſed the *Romans*, who are naturally fond of Pageantry; and they were the more delighted with this, becauſe they had ſeen nothing like it during the Pontificate of the deceaſed Pope. He rode in a very ſplendid Coach, preceded by the *Roman* Nobility on Horſeback, his Guards, and all his Houſhold, which formed a numerous Train. The Streets were full of People, who nevertheleſs diſcovered no Signs of Joy, as is uſual when the Popes go abroad; for the *Romans*, when they ſaw *Clement* XII. remembred that he was a *Florentine*; and there needed nothing more to put them out of Conceit with him. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXIX.

SIR, *Rome, Sept.* 10, 1730.

IN this Letter I ſhall run through the Palaces of ROME, as briefly as I traverſed the Churches in my former. I ſhall take Care to mention no Houſes to you, but ſuch as deſerve the Name of Palaces; for you muſt know, that the Buildings which we *Ultramontains* think much to call Hotels, are here ſtyled Palaces.

I think, that the Pope's two Palaces called the *Vatican* and *Monte-Cavallo* deſerve to be mentioned before all the others: The firſt, for its Extent and Magnificence; the ſecond, becauſe the Popes give it a Preference to the other, from an Opinion here, that it ſtands in the moſt healthful Air in the City.

The *Vatican* is a Building extremely irregular, very great and very high, and ſo cloſe to St. *Peter*'s Church, that it takes off a great deal of its Beauty. As to the Outſide of it, I don't ſee any thing to be admired in this Building, except the Quantity of Brick and Stone that has been employed in it; but as to the Inſide, 'tis quite otherwiſe; for one cannot help being aſtoniſhed at the Grandeur of the Apartments, and the Beauty of the Pictures every-where, in which the beſt Painters of *Italy* ſeem to have ſtrove to diſplay the utmoſt of their Art: *Raphael* eſpecially has done Wonders here: His Maſter-piece is a Picture repreſenting the Hiſtory of *Attila*, a Piece which one cannot behold without being charmed.

Sixtus's

Sixtus's Chapel is of ſingular Beauty, on Account of its wonderful Paintings, and eſpecially for that great Picture of the Day of Judgment, by *Michael Angelo Buonorato*, who, 'tis ſaid, repreſented all the Perſons of his Acquaintance ſo much to the Life, that 'twas impoſſible to miſtake them; and that he placed his Friends among the Elect, and thoſe that he did not love, among the Damned; whereupon a Prelate, who was a Domeſtick of Pope *Sixtus* IV. then in St. *Peter*'s Chair, finding himſelf among the damned, complained of it to the Pope, and deſired him to deliver him out of ſuch bad Company; but the Holy Father told him, that his Power extended no farther than Purgatory; that he could deliver Souls from thence, but not from Hell; and that therefore, ſince 'twas his Misfortune to be in ſuch Company, there he muſt ſtay.

The *Vatican* Library is, without Diſpute, the fineſt and the greateſt in the World. 'Tis full of MSS. in the *Hebrew*, *Arabic*, *Greek*, *Latin*, and other Languages. Pope *Sixtus* V. ſpared no Coſt to enrich it with the beſt Books; and ſince his Death, it has been very much augmented by the *Heidelberg* Library, and that of *Chriſtina* Queen of *Sweden*. The former was brought hither, as I think I told you, after the Defeat of *Frederic* the Elector *Palatine*, King of *Bohemia*, when *Heidelberg* ſubmitted to the Power of the Houſe of *Auſtria*. The latter was purchaſed by the Pope from that Queen's Heirs. The Building which contains this Library is worthy of the great *Sixtus* V. who cauſed it to be built from the very Foundation. 'Tis generally divided into two Parts, *viz.* the Public, and the Private. The firſt is three hundred Feet long, and ſixty broad. The ſecond conſiſts of two great Rooms, into which the Admittance is not ſo eaſy as into the Gallery, becauſe of the very ſcarce MSS. that are there contained. *Sixtus* V. cauſed the

the whole Library to be painted, both Inſide and Outſide, in which he employed the moſt ingenious Artiſts of his Time. The Outſide repreſents, in different Figures, the Arts, the Sciences, and the Virtues. In the Inſide, there are painted in divers Compartments, the moſt memorable Actions of *Sixtus* V. the holding of ſixteen Councils, the moſt celebrated Libraries; and the Men, in ſhort, ever ſince *Adam*, who have been moſt diſtinguiſhed in the World for their Learning. In the private Library are painted the principal Actions of Pope *Sixtus* V. and the Doctors of the Church.

The laſt Pope *Benedict* XIII. was of a different Opinion from the Popes his Predeceſſors, with regard to the Palace of the *Vatican*. He thought it too fine for his Reſidence, as he did alſo the Palace of *Belvidero*, which is properly a Houſe of Pleaſure, tho' it joins to the *Vatican*. And as 'twas his Maxim, that a General ought to die in the Army; and a Biſhop, if not at the Altar, at leaſt near his Church; he was not willing to quit the Neighbourhood of St. *Peter*; and therefore, on the Backſide of the Gardens of the Pontifical Palace, he cauſed a little Houſe to be built, with ſome few Rooms in it that looked into the Country; where all his Furniture was a few matted Chairs, all his Ornaments the Images of certain Saints, and all his Companions a Brother of his own Order, with whom he uſed to take the Air, and ſay his Breviary; and he could go out of this Apartment whenever he pleaſed, without being ſeen.

I fanſy, Sir, you will not be ſorry if I ſhould make a Digreſſion here, touching the Perſon of this Pope, who was perhaps the moſt humble, and the moſt regular in his Morals, that ever filled the Papal Chair ſince St. *Peter*. Being born at *Rome*, of the illuſtrious Family of the *Urſini*, he entered very young into the Order of St. *Dominic*, and was made

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a Cardinal at twenty-three Years of Age, by Pope *Clement* X. of the *Altieri* Family. He commonly reſided, after he was a Cardinal, at *Benevento*, of which he was Archbiſhop. 'Twas there that he heard of the Death of his Predeceſſor *Innocent* XIII. of the Family of *Conti*. When he received the News, he had juſt given away all his Money to the Poor, ſo that he was fain to borrow of *Fini*, whom he afterwards made a Cardinal, the Sum of eight hundred Crowns, to enable him to repair to the Conclave at ROME. The Diviſion of the Sacred College, who could not agree in the Choice of a Pontiff, was the Cauſe of his Advancement. The Cardinals aimed at placing the *Tiara* upon the Head of a Man who might wear it juſt long enough, either to diſſipate, or to form their Cabals, and no longer. They were all convinced, that by chuſing the Cardinal *Urſini*, they ſhould give a holy Pope to the Church, but an indifferent Prince to the State; however, they thought to remedy this Deficiency, by planting ſuch Miniſters about the Pope, as they did not doubt would make him do what they pleaſed. But they were egregiouſly miſtaken; for the Cardinal *Urſini*, when he was advanced to the Pontificate, was reſolved to be *Pope*; and he choſe his own Miniſters, without conſulting the Sacred College. One *Coſcia*, a *Neapolitan* Clergyman, born of mean Parents, had for a long Time a great Aſcendant over him. The Pope advanced him to the Purple, preferred him to the higheſt Offices both in the Church and the State, and made him Archbiſhop of *Benevento*.

This new Creature bore greater Sway than ever any Cardinal Nephew had done, when Nepotiſm was in its Meridian. He was guilty of a thouſand Oppreſſions. Nothing was to be ſeen, but Rapine and Injuſtice; and he converted all Things, even the moſt ſacred, into Money. Every body groan'd; but

but it was to no Purpoſe to complain, for the Pope was ſo byaſſed in his Favour, that he turned a deaf Ear to all his Accuſers. Even the Cardinals, ſenſible of the public Miſery, vigorouſly repreſented to the Pope the Grievances that happened under his Adminiſtration; but he would not hear them, and imputed their Remonſtrances to Envy. *Coſcia* confirmed him every Day too in this Sentiment. *They will accuſe me of every thing that is ill*, ſaid he to the Holy Father, *but God is my Witneſs, that I diſcharge my Duty; and they hate, and ſtrive to blacken me, for no other Reaſon, but becauſe perhaps I am in this reſpect too ſtrict.* I have been very well aſſured, that the Cardinal, when he made his Defence to the Pope, often ſhed Tears, which wrought ſo much on his Good-nature, that he wept too.

I know not whether I dare vouch the Truth of the following Story, which however is firmly believed by all the People of ROME. Certain Cardinals repreſented to the Pope one Day, that *Coſcia* was not only guilty of innumerable Extortions, but that he led the moſt irregular Life in the World, and diverted himſelf every Day with Proſtitutes. The Pope ſaid, he would inquire into the Matter, and puniſh *Coſcia*, if what they alledged was true. Accordingly he taxed him with it the very ſame Day, but *Coſcia* eaſily brought himſelf off. He ſaid, 'twas all Calumny; ſwore with Tears in his Eyes, that he was innocent; and deſired the Pope to hear him in Confeſſion. The Pope agreed to it; he ſaid what he pleaſed, and his Holineſs almoſt took him for a Saint. But *Coſcia*, fearing leſt the Pope ſhould at length open his Eyes, thought to blind him the more by writing an anonymous Letter, which he cauſed to be delivered to him by a truſty *Valet de Chambre*, importing in Subſtance as follows: 'Your Holineſs being ſo prepoſſeſſed in 'Favour of Cardinal *Coſcia*, that you will give Cre-

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'dit to nothing that is told you of his Debauche-
'ries, 'tis thought proper to acquaint you, that
'this very Night, at Nine o'Clock, the Cardinal
'will have ſome Miſtreſſes in his Chamber. Your
'Holineſs may be an Eye-witneſs of the Intrigue,
'if you will but take the Trouble to repair to the
'Cardinal's Apartment, and peep thro' the Key-
'hole.' The Pope did not fail to go at the Time mentioned; but inſtead of ſeeing what he expected, the Cardinal, who imagined he would come, took care to be on his Knees at Prayer, with his Beads in one Hand, and a Crucifix in the other, which he kiſſed with a great Air of Contrition. The Pope, beholding the crafty Cardinal in this Poſture, cry'd out to ſomebody that was with him, *Do but ſee that holy Man, who has been repreſented to me in ſuch a wicked Light! Would to God that all the Clergy were like him.* Then entring into the Cardinal's Chamber, *Dear Coſcia*, ſaid he, embracing him, *They have accuſed you to me as the greateſt of Sinners, and I was ſo weak as to think you guilty; I ask your Pardon, and I pray God to forgive me the Injury I have done you.* He afterwards joined with *Coſcia* in reading the Litanies of the Holy Virgin; and he wanted no other Proof of his being a Saint. Thus was the honeſt Pope made the Dupe of the greateſt of Hypocrites. But, to the Pope's Sorrow, this was not all; Cardinal *Coſcia* was not the only Man who abuſed his Credulity; for all that ſerved him being *Beneventines*, and as cunning as *Coſcia*, whoſe Creatures they were, they tried who ſhould bubble the Pope moſt; which made Cardinal *Buoncompagno* ſay, *That the Pope was like the Holy Sepulchre, in the Hands of the* Turks.

This good Pope never knew what Money was, nor the Value of it; but gave away all that he had, and eſpecially to the Poor, for whoſe Relief he ſold all the Preſents he received. He could never

ver underſtand how a Piece of Gold could be ſometimes worth leſs than a Piece of Silver; and I have been told, that one Day, as he was ſelling ſome Preſents he had received from the Emperor of *China*, to his unworthy *Beneventines*, one of them offered thirty Crowns for a thing that was perhaps worth five hundred. Another came and offered a gold Crown-piece. The Pope, ſurprized at the golden Proffer, ſaid to him that had offered the thirty Crowns, 'I am ſorry I can't let you have 'the Thing; you offered me only Silver, but here's 'one offers me Gold; what I ſell, is for the Poor, 'and I will not wrong them.' Accordingly, he that held out the gold Coin had the Preference; and thus did thoſe Knaves juggle together to trick the Pope. They had one common Purſe, and what they bought of the Holy Father at their own Price, they ſold afterwards in ROME, and ſhared the Profit.

At the Beginning of his Pontificate, the Governor of ROME having complained to him that *Pharao* and *Baſſet* proved the Ruin of a great many People, he anſwered him ſmartly, *Alas! are not you the Governor? Send the Gameſters to the Gallies.* He never loved to talk of State Affairs, and would never read the Relations given by Nuncios, who, he ſaid, were only Newſmongers and Spies, with whom he did not care to have any Concern; nor would he ever advance them to the Purple, but always put them back, tho' perhaps the Term of their Nunciature had been long expired.

This holy Pope, for I really believe him a Saint, lived in the very midſt of ROME, and of his Court, like a Hermit, always at Prayer, or employed in the Functions of the Prieſthood. He was an Enemy to Luxury and Pageantry, would never ſuffer a Clergyman to kneel at his Feet, but always made him riſe, and ſit down by him; being as humble as 'twas poſſible for any mean Prieſt, and perhaps too

too humble for his Character. He went out every Day in a ſorry Coach, with only a Pair of Horſes, without Guards, without any Companion, as I ſaid before, beſides a Brother of his Order, *viz.* the *Dominican*, to the Rules of which he always adher'd, and without any Attendants but a Couple of Footmen, and ſix of his *Swiſs* Guards. If he happened to meet with any Carriage in a narrow Street, he bade his Coachman ſtop, ſaying, he did not deſire to fall out with any body. So much is enough for *Benedict* XIII. who was a pious Pope, and would have been a good Prince too, if his Miniſters had been Men of Honour. I now return to the *Vatican*.

This Palace joins to the Caſtle of St. *Angelo*, which is the Citadel of ROME, by a covered Gallery, which was made at a Time when the turbulent *Romans*, not paying their due Obedience to the Popes, the latter thought proper to make themſelves a Paſſage to it in caſe of a Revolution; but, Thanks to God, this Precaution is no longer neceſſary; for the Popes are the Maſters. The Caſtle of St. *Angelo* is for Priſoners of State, and in it is the Arſenal, which, by the way, is in a very bad State. There are alſo kept the four Millions of *Roman* Crowns, which Pope *Sixtus* V. depoſited there, with an Injunction, by a Bull, at the ſame Time, that they ſhould not be touched but to ſerve ſome preſſing Exigency of the Church. It has the Name from the Appearance of an Angel to Pope St. *Gregory the Great*, putting up a Sword all over bloody, in its Scabbard, to denote that God had ſtay'd the Peſtilence, in regard to the Prayers of St. *Gregory*, who, accompanied by all the Clergy and People of ROME, carried in Proceſſion to St. *Peter*'s Church two Images of the Virgin, the one painted by St. *Luke*, and kept in the Church of St. *Mary Major*, the other, which appeared to St. *Galle*, and is worſhipped in the Church of St. *Mary in Compitello*.

From

From the Caſtle of St. *Angelo* you will pleaſe to follow me to the Palace of *Monte Cavallo*, which is travelling from one End of ROME to the other. *Gregory* XIII. began this Palace, and ſeveral of the ſucceeding Popes have carried it on. 'Tis much more ſpacious than magnificent, and yet none of the Apartments are good for much, except that of the Pope, who indeed is well lodged. *Paul* V. of the *Borgheſe* Family, who, next to *Sixtus* V. was the Pope that has moſt embelliſhed ROME, has alſo moſt of all contributed to the Embelliſhment of the Palace of *Monte Cavallo*. Here are excellent rich Cielings, made in the Time of his Pontificate. This vaſt Building forms a long Square, with a great Court in the Middle, encompaſſed with Piazzas, five hundred Paces in Length. The two croſs Buildings, of which that at the farther End forms the main Body of the Building, are higher than thoſe on the Sides. In the Front of the main Building there's a moſaic Picture of the Holy Virgin, with the Infant *Jeſus* in her Arms, as deſigned by *Charles Maratti*, which is an admirable Piece. There are alſo fine Paintings in the Apartments, but they are not near ſo magnificent as thoſe of the *Vatican*. The Furniture of this Palace, and indeed, of all the Pontifical Palaces, is far from being rich. The Hangings are of crimſon Damaſk, with Lace and Fringe of gold Tinſel. The Seats are Benches of Wood, painted with the Arms of the reigning Pope, and varniſhed; and the Cardinals themſelves have no other in the Apoſtolical Palace. From the Pope's Apartments there's one of the moſt agreeable Proſpects that can be over almoſt all ROME, and very far into the Country. The Air of *Monte Cavallo* is ſaid to be the beſt in *Rome*, and indeed no other Reaſon could induce the Popes to reſide

reſide here rather than at the *Vatican*. The Gardens belonging to it are very much admir'd by the *Italians*, who never travell'd out of their Country, where Gardening is not in very great Perfection; but as for us *Ultramontains*, who know a little of what belongs to Gardens, we look upon thoſe of this Country with very great Indifference.

The Capitol is a conſiderable Building, with Curioſities worthy a Traveller's Attention. It was built in the Pontificate of *Gregory* XIII. The Aſcent to it is by a Stair-caſe of ſeveral Flights, adorn'd on both Sides with Baluſtrades of Free-ſtone, at the Bottom of which two Lions are plac'd, of a kind of black Stone like Jet, which form two Fountains. At the Top of the Stair-caſe, there are two great Horſes repreſenting *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, when they came Expreſs to ROME with the News of the Victory gain'd over the *Tarquins*. In the Midſt of the Area, which is form'd by three ſeparate Piles of Building, two whereof are as advanc'd Wings to the main Building that fronts the Aſcent, there's an *Equeſtrian* Statue in Braſs, of the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*, which is the moſt beautiful, and completeſt Piece that was perhaps ever made of the Kind. They ſay here, that the Republic of *Venice* offer'd ſome Years ago to pay as many *Sequins* for this Statue as cou'd be put into the Horſe's Belly. If this be true, that Republic was undoubtedly more wealthy than it is at preſent. 'Tis certain, that the Capitol contains a conſiderable Treaſure in ancient and modern Statues, in Baſſo Relievos, and in all Sorts of Fragments of Antiquity. The Structures are according to the Direction of *Michael Angelo*.

In the middlemoſt Pile of Buildings, which is much higher than the two others, the Senate of

ROME meets, and there Juſtice is adminiſter'd. There are two Flights or Steps up to the Gate which opens into the Hall of the Tribunal where they plead. Between the two Flights, there's a ſtately Fountain adorn'd with two antique Statues of Marble, lying on Pedeſtals, repreſenting the *Nile* and the *Tiber*; and in a Niche over it, is the Statue of *Roma triumphans*, a Work of Porphyry, an antique Marble of excellent Sculpture.

The Inſide of theſe three Piles of Building contains fine Paintings, particularly the Rape of the *Sabines*; and among the modern Statues, the Connoiſſeurs eſteem the brazen Statue of Pope *Urban* VIII. done by *Bernini*; the Coloſſal Statue of Pope *Leo* X. in Marble, done by *Lorenzetto* of *Florence*; thoſe of *Alexander Farneſe*, *Marcus Antoninus*, *Colonna*, *Gregory* XIII. *Paul* III. and many others, in ſhort, which I don't mention, as being of leſs Value, and which are not much minded here, becauſe they are not done by the beſt Hands, but wou'd paſs with us for Maſterpieces.

Being in the Neighbourhood of that great Square call'd *Campo-vaccino*, I cannot help giving you ſome Account of it; not that I pretend to particularize it, becauſe I have not ſufficient Learning. Here we ſee the admirable Ruins of the Magnificence of old ROME, which I cannot behold without pitying the Condition they are in at preſent. You wou'd have the ſame Concern as I have, were you in the Middle of a large Square, and to ſee nothing all round it but Ruins; to ſee on one Side the Walls of the ancient Capitol, on the other the *Conſtantine* Arch erected with ſo much Expence by the Senate and People of ROME, broken and half-bury'd; beyond that, the Arch of *Titus*, in a Condition ſtill worſe; on your

your Left, the immenſe Ruins of the Temple of *Peace*; the Veſtigies of the Temple of *Antoninus* and *Fauſtina*, on the Architrave of which is this vain Inſcription, *Divo Antonino*, *Divæ Fauſtinæ*; on your Right-hand the melancholy Ruins of the Temple of *Concord*, which, to judge of it by the eight Pillars that are ſtill remaining, muſt have been very ſuperb; it was built to fulfil a Vow made by the Dictator *Furius Camillus* for having reconcil'd the *Plebeians* and the *Patricians*. 'Twas in this Temple, according to *Varro*, that the Senate aſſembled to treat of the Affairs of the Republic. In ſhort, here are ſo many other unfortunate Remnants of the Miſtreſs of the Univerſe, as wou'd put you in mind of the Inſtability of this World, and that all is Vanity. But what wou'd you ſay, if you ſhou'd go on till you come to the famous *Coliſeum*, which Time, the Deſtroyer of all Things, had ſpar'd, but was deſtroy'd by Men, and ſuch too as were moſt concern'd in the Preſervation of every thing in ROME that was beautiful? And what wou'd you think, if you ſaw there was ſcarce enough remaining of this ſtately Edifice to give you an Idea of what it was once? 'Twas *Veſpaſian* that caus'd it to be built after the Model which was intended by *Auguſtus*. Its Form on the Outſide is round, and 'tis built of a prodigious Height, intirely of great Free-Stones. The Court or Arena is oval. There were three diſtinct Rows of Seats in the Amphitheatre, the higheſt for the Senators, the ſecond for the Knights, and the third for the common People. They ſay it contain'd eighty-five thouſand Spectators. It was dedicated by *Titus*, who upon that Occaſion celebrated a great Feaſt, diſtributed large Sums to the common People, and enter'd five thouſand wild Beaſts of all Sorts into it in one Day. *Paul* III. and *Ur-*

ban VIII. caus'd the *Coliſeum* to be demoliſh'd, and made uſe of the Stones for building the Palaces which are now inhabited by their Families.

Having entertain'd you ſufficiently with the public Structures, let us now take a View of ſome of the private Palaces; but before I introduce you into them, I will give you my Thoughts of the Palaces of ROME in general. I don't deny that there are finer and greater Palaces here than elſewhere; but of theſe there are few; and as for the others, they are not worth ſo much Notice as is taken of 'em. Methinks, 'tis with the Buildings of ROME, as with thoſe People, whoſe Reputation being once well eſtabliſh'd, we are apt to applaud in them, what in others perhaps we ſhou'd cenſure. A great many Palaces are admir'd here, barely from the Prepoſſeſſion that Architecture flouriſhes here more than any-where elſe. Indeed, this was true enough heretofore, in the Time of a *Sixtus* V. a *Paul* V. and an *Urban* VIII. who had the Embelliſhment of ROME at Heart; but 'tis not ſo now, ſince the indolent Popes have nothing more of that Work upon their Hands. I can aſſure you, that they actually build now much better in *France* than they do in *Italy*, eſpecially as to the Diſtribution of the Apartments, of which the *Italians* have no Notion. Moſt of the Apartments of ROME conſiſt of a long Suite of Rooms, often very ſmall ones, which have no Way out of them but the Door you enter at; and commonly the Rooms have no Light, nor Chimney, nor Place to ſet up a Bed, or Canopy; which is the Reaſon that thoſe two Pieces of Houſhold Stuff are ſeldom fix'd where they ſhou'd be; mean time, Canopies are what the *Roman* Princes and Cardinals are very fond of, and many of them have no leſs than five or ſix; vain Oſtentation, which makes thoſe Gentlemen fancy they are giving

giving Audience, when they are only receiving Viſits! After all, one muſt not look for ſuch Ornaments here as they have in *France*, and elſewhere. As to their Floors, they are only made of Bricks; they know nothing of Wainſcotting; their Glazing is horrible; and moſt of their Ceilings, tho' there are ſome very magnificent, are of Timber, ſo coarſly work'd, that the Gilding employ'd on them ſerves only the more to expoſe their Deformity. The Furniture is almoſt everywhere the ſame; conſiſting either of red Damaſk, with an upper Border of Velvet, of the ſame Colour, adorn'd with Tinſel Lace and Fringe reſembling Gold, or elſe of Pictures, which are, indeed, the moſt perfect of the Kind; but when I ſee five or ſix Rooms all together in a Row, full of Paintings, I fancy myſelf in ſome Picture-ſhop at the Fair of *St. Germain*. Beſides, theſe Pictures are in ſuch ſorry old-faſhion'd Frames, that they diſparage them. They have but few Looking-glaſſes, and thoſe very ſmall. As for Porcellane and cryſtal Veſſels, they are not much in Vogue; but, on the other hand, here are beautiful Statues which I admire, and think very fine; but I ſhou'd be better pleas'd to ſee them in a Gallery, in a Salon, or in a Garden: For I don't think they look well in a Chamber. All the Furniture one ſees here is antique, having been laid in, for moſt part, by Popes that have been a long while in their Graves; and there's no Houſe furniſh'd in the modern Taſte, except thoſe of the Cardinals *del Giudici*, *Albano*, *Bolognetti* and *Carolis*.

'Tis time now to enter into ſome of the Palaces. That which they call here the *Farneſe* Palace, is, in my Opinion, the moſt magnificent in ROME; *Michael Angelo* was the Architect. Moſt of the Stones of this Building were taken

out of the *Coliſeum* of the Emperor *Veſpaſian*, by Order of *Paul* III. who made no Scruple to deſtroy the proudeſt Monument of Antiquity for the ſake of furniſhing his Nephews with a Palace. This Palace is two Stories high, and has a perfect Square before it, adorn'd with two ſtately Fountains, the Water of which continually ſpouts up fifteen Feet high, and then falls by two Sheets into a Shell or Ciſtern of oriental Granate, of a vaſt Bigneſs, and all of a Piece. The Entrance to this Palace is through a great Court, adorn'd within by *Doric* Pillars; and this leads to a ſquare Court, the Buildings of which are ſupported by Arches, with great Galleries well cover'd over, where we ſee the famous Statues of *Hercules* and *Flora*, which are really worthy the Obſervation of the Curious. In a ſecond Court, which is pretty much neglected, there is to be ſeen, in a wooden Caſe, the magnificent Groupe of white Marble, all of one Piece, repreſenting the Fable of *Dirce*, faſten'd to a Bull, by *Zethus* and *Amphion*, the Sons of *Antiope*, Wife of *Lycus* King of *Bœotia*, who, to take Revenge for their Mother, whom *Lycus* had divorc'd, becauſe ſhe had ſuffer'd herſelf to be debauch'd by *Jupiter* in the Form of a Satyr, were ſo barbarous as to murder *Lycus*, and to tie *Dirce* by the Hair of her Head to the Horns of a wild Bull, by which ſhe was dragg'd about, till the Gods, pitying the State of this Princeſs, turn'd her into a Fountain. This great Machine was brought from *Rhodes* to ROME by Order of the Emperor *Antoninus Caracalla*, and was found under Ground in the very Place where were formerly the Baths of that Emperor, from whence *Paul* III. had it brought to the Palace of his Family, that it might ſerve as a Viſta to the grand Gate; but it has not yet been plac'd there.

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The great Stair-caſe which leads to the Apartments is adorn'd with ſeveral fine Statues. We enter firſt into a great Hall, where we have the Hiſtory of *Alexander Farneſe*, when he paſs'd the *Scheld*, who is repreſented as crown'd by Victory, with *Flanders* and the *Scheld* chain'd to his Feet. There is alſo a Number of other fine antique Statues in ſeveral Niches, and upon ſeveral Pedeſtals. The firſt Chamber is painted in *Freſco* by *Salviati* and *Zucaro*. There we ſee the Emperor *Charles* V. and *Francis* I. King of *France*, ſhaking each other by the Hand; the memorable Tranſactions of *Paul* III. and *Martin Luther* in Conference with that Pope's *Nuncio*. In the next Apartments there are a great many fine Buſtos and Ceilings, well painted and richly gilt. But the fineſt Piece of all in this Palace is the Gallery, which was painted throughout by *Annibal Carache*, whoſe ſkilful Hand has therein repreſented with very great Art the ſeveral Deities aſſiſting at the Triumph of *Bacchus*. In fine, no Coſt has been ſpared in this Palace. I have been aſſured, that the Furniture of it was very magnificent formerly; but it is ſince all taken away, and the Palace ſerves to lodge the Miniſter of *Parma*. 'Tis pity that 'tis not finiſh'd, for in Truth it wou'd be a fine Piece of Building; but the Caſe is the very ſame with all St. *Peter*'s *Miracles*, which is the Name they give to all the Palaces built by the Popes for their Families. The Popes are old Men when they come to the Pontificate, and Modeſty, or Decency, hinders them from doing any thing for their Families, the firſt Year or two; ſo that they begin in the Decline of their Years, to undertake vaſt Deſigns, which they don't live to finiſh; and 'tis ſeldom that their Nephews purſue what was begun by their Uncles, either becauſe they don't care to make a Shew of the Wealth that

was left them, or elſe becauſe they have not Souls great enough for the Undertaking; for, to be plain, thoſe Nephews of the Popes are ſeldom good for much, and have had a poor Education. The Generality are Perſons of a mean or baſe Extraction, who become Princes without any Merit but the Fortune of their Uncles, and are ſo intoxicated with their Grandeur, that they are ſwallow'd up in Sloth, and think of nothing, not even of the Preſervation of their growing Families; ſo that they quickly fall to decay, and as ſoon as their Spring is over, they are ſnatch'd off on a ſudden by Winter.

Paul III. had a Project for building a Bridge over the *Tyber*, behind the *Farneſe* Palace, in order to give it a Communication with the Garden of the little *Farneſe* Palace, which is on the other Side of the River, in the Quarter call'd *Longara*; and if this Deſign had been executed, the Duke of *Parma* wou'd have had a much finer Palace at ROME, than he has in his own Capital.

The *Barberini* Palace is in no reſpect inferior to the *Farneſe*, and is larger, and, without doubt, richer in Pictures, Statues and Tapeſtry. The Stair-caſe is very much taken Notice of, which runs up winding, and forms a great oval Well in the Middle, from the Bottom to the Cupola. The great Hall, which is a ſtately Room, is painted in *Freſco* by *Peter Cortona*, who has artfully repreſented the four Cardinal Virtues, and the Triumph of Glory, with their proper Figures and Ornaments, all to great Perfection. The Apartments to which this Hall leads, are very ſpacious, and really contain a vaſt Treaſure in Pictures and Statues, of which were I to give you all the Particulars, I ſhou'd never have done. That which very much disfigures this Palace is the Entrance to it, a Defect which however might

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eaſily be remedied, were they only to pull down two or three Outhouſes which belong to it.

The Palace *Pamphili* in the Street *del Corſo* will be, as to the Outſide, the moſt magnificent in ROME, when the grand Front, which is now actually carrying up, is finiſh'd. The Prince *Pamphili* who is the Owner of it, is very well able to go through with it; for he is one of the richeſt Noblemen in ready Money in ROME. His Brother the Cardinal, who died a little while ago, left him four hundred thouſand *Roman* Crowns in Specie. The Prince is a very good Œconomiſt, has no Children, and being not like to have any, becauſe of the Variance betwixt him and his Wife, his Nephew the Duke *Carpidetti*, who is the laſt of the *Pamphili* Family, will be his Heir. The Prince and his Lady have been often parted; and though they have been as often reconcil'd, either by their Kindred, or by the Popes, they are continually at Variance; nevertheleſs, I have been aſſured by People who know them perfectly well, that when they are aſunder, they are very loving, and write to one another the moſt tender Letters; but that as ſoon as they come together, they hate one another as bad.

'Tis not long ago that the *Campagna di Roma* was infeſted by Locuſts (which are here call'd *Grilli)* to ſuch a Degree, that Pope *Benedict* XIII. curs'd them, and baniſh'd them to the Sea, in which it is pretended they were all drown'd. This Miracle being talk'd of ſome Days after in Preſence of the Prince *Pamphili*, he made Anſwer, that he did not believe it; for, ſaid he, were it ſo, I ſhou'd be the moſt unhappy of Men! But, 'How is it poſſible for all the *Grilli* to be plung'd 'headlong into the Sea, and the *Campagna di Roma* 'to be deliver'd from them, and that I ſhou'd 'ſtill keep the *Grillo* in my Houſe?' He alluded hereby

hereby to his Wife, who is of the *Grillo* Family in *Genoa*.

If the Duke *Carpinetti* ſhou'd die without Iſſue, as 'tis believ'd will be the Caſe, from his having been married theſe four Years paſt to a Lady who never yet conceiv'd, the immenſe Eſtate of the *Pamphili* Family goes to the Family of the Conſtable *Colonna*, and really it will then be in better Hands. You know that the *Colonna*'s are the gayeſt People in ROME, and the moſt illuſtrious next to the Princes of Sovereign Families, to many of whom they are related. They have the Honour to be of the ſame Stock as the Royal Family of *Pruſſia*. Since the *Urſini* Family is extinct, there's not one in ROME can equal the *Colonna*'s. The Head of this Family is hereditary Conſtable; he is Prince *del Soglio*, (of the Throne) and as ſuch, in all public Ceremonies, he ſits at the Right-hand of the Pope's Throne, which is a Place that he yields to none but the Nephews of the reigning Pope. He is moreover Knight of the Golden Fleece, and the preſent Emperor declar'd him his perpetual Ambaſſador for preſenting the Hackney, which is a Mark of the Tribute that the Kingdom of *Naples* owes to the Holy See*. The *Colonna*'s are well-bred, affable and generous, and always liv'd with a Dignity ſuitable to their Birth. The preſent Cardinal, and the Conſtable his Nephew, are perhaps two of the fineſt Gentlemen in the World. They both dwell in the ſame Palace, and live in a Concord and Union, which is the more beautiful, becauſe 'tis what is ſeldom known

* The laſt Hackney that was preſented on the Part of the Houſe of *Auſtria*, was deliver'd by the Prince of *Santa Croce*, whom the Emperor appointed for that Ceremony, becauſe *Spain* having conquer'd the Kingdom of *Naples*, the Conſtable was not willing to concern himſelf in the Affair, before it was finally decided. This was in the Year 1734.

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among the Great. Their Palace is one of the moſt magnificent in ROME, as to the Inſide of it; and 'tis pity but that it had another Front. It owes its Riſe to none but its Owners, without being oblig'd for it to any of St. *Peter*'s Succeſſors. Inſtead of giving you the Particulars of every Room, I need only tell you, that they are all richly furniſh'd. It has Cabinets, Pictures and Statues, that are of an extraordinary Beauty. The Gallery is truly Royal, and has Beauties that are not to be found in that of *Verſailles*, which is admir'd by all *Europe:* Such are four Pillars of antique yellow Marble, two of which ſupport an Arch at each End, whereby there's an Entrance to the Salon, which is at the End of the Gallery. This might be ſaid to be a complete Gallery, if one of the Salons at the End of it was not raiſed five or ſix Steps, whereas the other is level with the Apartment and the Gallery. The Roof of this fine Piece of Building is painted, and repreſents the Victory gain'd in the Time of *Pius* V. over the *Turks* at *Lepanto*, by the Valour of *Mark Antony Colonna*. Theſe Paintings are by different Hands, and not all of the ſame Beauty. As to the Pictures and Statues that adorn the Walls which are fac'd with Marble, 'tis impoſſible to ſee any thing more complete; and this is a Truth even confeſſed by *Frenchmen*. I never ſaw a finer Show than this Gallery makes, when illuminated on the Eve and Feſtival of St. *Peter*, which is the Time of the Conſtable's preſenting the Hackney to the Pope.

This Ceremony was perform'd not many Days ago; but as it cou'd not be on St. *Peter*'s Feſtival, by reaſon of the Vacancy of St. *Peter*'s See, it was done at the Church of Our Lady *del Popoli*, on the Day of the Feſtival of that Church. The Pope went thither with a great Train, the Cardinals

nals *Olivieri* and *Banchieri*, the one Secretary of the Briefs, and the other Secretary of State, ſitting over-againſt him in his Coach. When he came to the Gate of the Church, he was put into his Proceſſion Chair, and carried towards the Altar, where he ton'd the Veſpers, which were continu'd by the Muſic. During this, Don *Philip Corſini*, the Pope's grand Nephew, and all the Nobility that accompany'd the Holy Father, ſet out on Horſeback from the Church, and went to the Conſtable's Palace. They were attended by a Detachment from the hundred *Swiſs* Guards, Light-Horſe and Carbineers. Don *Philip Corſini* complimented the Conſtable in the Name of *Clement* XII. and told him, that he came to conduct him to an Audience of his Holineſs. A Detachment of Light-horſe began the March; then came all the Feudatory Nobility of the Kingdom of *Naples*: The Princes march'd alone, according to their Rank, being preceded by their Gentlemen and Officers on Horſeback, and follow'd by the Hackney, which is a white Horſe carrying a Saddle of red Velvet, in form of a Pannel, with the Houſing of the ſame Stuff, richly embroider'd with Silver, trailing on the Ground: A Purſe of red Velvet was hung about his Neck, wherein was the Bill of Exchange for ſeven thouſand Ducats, which is the Tribute that the Kingdom of *Naples* pays to the Holy See. Immediately after the Hackney, came the Conſtable, between two Files of the hundred *Swiſs*, preceded by thirty-ſix Footmen, and ſurrounded by ſixteen Pages, all of his own Livery. Don *Philip Corſini* was on his Right-hand, and M. *Acquaviva*, the *Major Domo*, (who has been a Cardinal ever ſince 1733.) on his Left. The feudatory Prelates follow'd him, dreſt in ſhort purple Mantles, and riding on Mules, two a-breaſt. The March was clos'd by fifteen of the

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Conſtable's magnificent Coaches, four of which were drawn by ſix Horſes. When the Conſtable came to the Church, he alighted, and met the Pope, who was juſt then going out of it in his Proceſſion Chair. The Ambaſſador kneeling before him, ſaid to him, 'That the Emperor 'Charles VI. King of the *Two Sicilies*, his Maſter, 'had charg'd him to deliver to his Holineſs, 'the Tribute of the Hackney, and the ſeven 'thouſand Ducats, which his Imperial and Royal 'Majeſty ow'd to the Holy See, for the Kingdom 'of *Naples*.' This Compliment muſt be made in the *Spaniſh* Tongue, to which the Pope makes Anſwer in *Latin*. *Clement* XII. ſaid, 'We ac-'cept the Tribute and the Preſent which our 'well-beloved Son *Charles* VI. Emperor and King 'of the *Sicilies*, owes to us; and we give to him, 'and his Auguſt Spouſe *Elizabeth* the Empreſs, 'to his Kingdoms and Dominions, and to all his 'Subjects in general, our Apoſtolical Benediction, 'in the Name of the Father, *&c.*' When the Pope had ſaid this, the Ambaſſador, who was all the while on his Knees, roſe up, and an Apoſtolical Notary, who was preſent, immediately made an Entry of this Function in the Apoſtolical Regiſter, according to Cuſtom. This done, *Clement* XII. went out of the Church, and return'd with a great Train to the Palace of *Monte-cavallo*. The Conſtable came out in a Moment after, accompanied by the Emperor's Ambaſſador, his Cardinal *Cienfuegos*, who rode in the Conſtable's chief Coach, the Conſtable ſitting on his Left-hand. The Footmen of the Cardinal, and of the Ambaſſador, walk'd in a Body together, without any Diſtinction, but the Coaches follow'd alternatively, *viz.* one Coach of the Cardinal's, and one of the Conſtable's. His Eminency had ten, which were each drawn by only a Pair of Horſes. Thus they

arriv'd

arriv'd at the Conſtable's Palace, which they found illuminated with Flambeaux of white Wax. All the Nobility of ROME came in a few Moments after, with all the Cardinals. They were plentifully regal'd with Refreſhments, and a fine Fire-work was play'd off, which was erected in the Court-yard in ſuch a manner, that it fronted alike both the Palace and the Street. Next Day the Conſtable and the Cardinal took another Tour with a great Train thro' the principal Streets of ROME; and in the Evening, the Ambaſſador's Palace was illuminated, where the Sacred College, and all the Nobility, appear'd, as they did the Night before; and there was another Fire-work: Thus the Ceremony ended, and 'tis alſo Time for me to conclude my Letter, by aſſuring you, that I am ever, *&c.*

LETTER XXX.

SIR, *Rome, Dec. 5, 1730.*

THO' I am heartily weary of entertaining you with Palaces, yet I can't forbear giving you ſome Account of the Palace of the Prince *Borgheſe*. There's an admirable Court-yard, and the Buildings round it are of an elegant and agreeable Contrivance. They are two Rows of Arches, one above the other, ſupported by ninety-ſix Columns of Granate, which form Corridors or Galleries, ſo that one may walk all round under Shelter. The Summer Apartment, which

which is level with the Court, is fit to lodge a Monarch. 'Tis adorned with the choiceſt Paintings, and ſeveral of the Rooms have the Pleaſure of Fountains in them always playing into Baſons of Porphyry, or other precious Stones, of which one is a complete Piece of Work of maſſy Silver. The Furniture is not anſwerable to all this Magnificence, it being all as old as the Time of *Paul* V. who was of the *Borgheſe* Family, and tho' no more than an Advocate at firſt, rais'd his Family from the mean State it was in at *Sienna*.

The Eldeſt of this Family has a Revenue of one hundred and ſixteen thouſand Crowns, and as he lives, is in no manner of Danger of becoming a Bankrupt. There is not a Family in ROME for which St. *Peter* has done more than this. The Prince's Palace in the City is, as I have told you, a ſtately Building. There are fine Stables belonging to it, and there's a ſecond Palace fronting the firſt, which ſerves in common for the Domeſtics. Almoſt all the Houſes of that Ward, which is one of the moſt populous in ROME, belong to this Prince, who has alſo ſeveral magnificent Country Houſes, particularly that of *Mondragone*, near *Freſcati*, built by Pope *Paul* V. and the Garden near the Gate *Pinciano*, made by Cardinal *Scipio Borgheſe*, one of that Pope's Nephews. Before the Art of Gardening was introduc'd into *Germany* and *France*, the Gardens of *Italy* were reckon'd the fineſt in the World; but now-a-days 'tis otherwiſe, and unleſs (as is partly obſerv'd before) a Man is an *Italian*, and never paſs'd the *Alps*, he will look with Contempt upon all the Gardens which the *Romans* call *wonderful*, *charming*, and *aſtoniſhing*. Nevertheleſs, I wou'd not have you think that I find no Beauty at all in their Gardens; I admire the continual Verdure of their Holyoaks, Firs, Pines and Laurels,

rels, of which the Walks are form'd, tho' they are gloomy and melancholy. I am amaz'd at the Magnificence of thoſe who made thoſe Gardens, and am pleas'd to find by what they have done, that they had the Taſte of Noblemen, and that indeed they have not come ſhort of the moſt excellent Works in their Time. But then I am ſorry to ſee how little Care their Nephews take of theſe Things, how they ſuffer them to run to Ruin, and how little they know to make a good Uſe of the Eſtates left them by Providence. Thanks to the Foundations of *Paul* V. and Cardinal *Scipio*, the Houſes and Gardens of the Prince *Borgheſe* are kept in better Order than thoſe of the other *Roman* Nobility; yet for all this, they are not near ſo neat, and ſo well trimm'd, as the Gardens of *France*, *Holland*, and the *Ultramontane* Countries.

Mondragone ſtands upon an Eminence, and fronts the City. 'Tis a large Building, after the Model of the Palace of *Monte-cavallo*. The Apartments are ſpacious, but very ſorrily furniſh'd. The Houſe at the Vineyard *Pinciano* is only magnificent on Account of the rare Sculptures with which 'tis adorn'd. 'Tis almoſt intirely cover'd on the Outſide with ſtately Baſſo-relievos, of antique Marble, among which, 'tis a Pleaſure to ſee *Curtius* on Horſeback, throwing himſelf and Horſe headlong into the Gulph, to deliver his Country from the Peſtilence. The Statue of *Beliſarius*, in the Attitude of a poor Man begging Alms, is ſo well made, that it raiſes Compaſſion. The Apartments, tho' very ill furniſh'd, are adorn'd with fine Pictures and Statues: Among the latter, you wou'd admire *David* holding his Sling, cut in Marble by Signior *Bernini*; the Groupe repreſenting *Daphne* beginning to be metamorphos'd into a Laurel, at the Nick of Time when

when the God of Day is going to embrace her; the ancient Statue of *Seneca* expiring in the Bath, which is of antique black Marble, repreſenting the Philoſopher up to the Middle of his Legs in a Ciſtern, or Veſſel of *African* Stone, of modern Workmanſhip; the famous Statue of the *Gladiator* in a fighting Poſture, the Work of *Agaſias* the *Epheſian*, as the *Greek* Inſcription denotes, which is at the Foot of the Statue; and in fine, the fair Hermaphrodite lying on a Matraſs, all of Marble, of curious Workmanſhip. 'Tis ſaid that this Statue was diſcover'd under the Foundations of the Front of the Church of Our Lady of *Victoria*, at the Time that Cardinal *Scipio Borgheſe* caus'd it to be erected; and really 'tis ſo curious a Piece, that it wou'd have been pity it had not been found, and brought again to Light. Were I to tell you of all the other Statues of the Prince *Borgheſe*, I ſhou'd never have done; for no King in the World has ſo many, or ſo fine; and he may boaſt of being the Owner of a Treaſure that is ineſtimable.

I beg leave to take a preſent Farewel of every Thing relating to Buildings and Statues, and muſt acquaint you after what Manner *Clement* XII. has taken Poſſeſſion of the Church of St. *John de Lateran.* This Ceremony was perform'd on *Sunday* the 19th of *November* laſt. The Pope went in the Morning with his uſual Train from the Palace of *Monte-Cavallo* to that of the *Vatican.* At half an Hour paſt eighteen o'Clock, as they call it here, which with us is about half an Hour paſt One in the Afternoon, the Cavalcade began. Two Trumpets and four Light Horſemen of the Guard led the Way, follow'd by ſeveral cloſe Carriages cover'd with Tapeſtry embroider'd with the Arms of the Cardinals to whom they belong'd: Then came the Cardinals Mace-bearers, with their Maces of ſolid Silver. Theſe were follow'd by

their Eminencies Gentlemen and Chaplains, by the Legate of *Bologna*, and the *Roman* Princes, all very ſorrily mounted, and dreſs'd in black Coats and Cloaks. Four of the Pope's Equerries in red Robes, his Holineſs's Taylor, and two Boys of the Wardrobe, in Robes of red Serge, went before two Portmanteaus trimm'd with red Velvet lac'd with Gold, which were carry'd on the Backs of Mules, in form of a Litter. The Grooms in Surtouts of red Serge, two and two, leading the Hackneys of the Tribute for *Naples*. The Pope's Mules with Capariſons of red Velvet, with Lace and Fringe of Gold. Three Litters cover'd with red Velvet trimm'd with Gold Lace. The Maſter of the Pope's Stables follow'd by two Prickers. At ſome Diſtance from thence came the *Roman* Nobility, walking without Diſtinction of Rank, all dreſs'd in black Coats and Mantles, with great Perukes, and their Hats off. Then came five of the Pope's Mace-bearers, in long-ſleev'd purple Gowns with black Velvet Lace, bearing their Maces of ſolid Silver, and follow'd by fourteen Drummers on Foot, in Surtouts of red Sattin with yellow and red Lace, bearing the Arms of the fourteen Quarters, or Wards of the City of ROME. Four of the Pope's Trumpeters dreſs'd in Red with Gold Lace. The Valets of the Apoſtolical Chamber in red Robes. The Valets *de Chambre* call'd *Camerieri extra muros*. The Commiſſary and Fiſcal of the Chamber in purple Robes. The Conſiſtorial Advocates dreſs'd in Black. The Chaplains of the Commonalty in red Robes. The Valets of the Privy-chamber, and the Chamberlains of Honour in purple Robes. The four laſt carry'd on long Poles the four Cardinals Hats that are vacant. Then came forty Officers of the Senate and People of ROME, in Gowns of black Velvet, and wearing

wearing Caps of the ſame Stuff: Theſe were follow'd by the Clerks of the Chamber, the Auditors of the Rota, by the Maſter of the ſacred Palace walking on the Left of the Dean, by the Auditors of the Rota, and by fourteen Marſhals wearing white ſattin Waiſtcoats under Gowns of purple Mohair, and Caps of black Velvet. Then came the Governor of ROME in his Camail and Rochet, the Princes *del Soglio* in black Coats and Cloaks, two Maſters of the Ceremonies preceding the Pope's Croſs-bearer, who carry'd the Image of our Saviour turn'd towards the Holy Father, and walk'd between two Uſhers bearing red Wands. Then the Holy Father appear'd in a Litter, like a *Phaethon*, lin'd with red Velvet embroider'd and lac'd with Gold, carry'd by two white Mules. Twenty-four Pages in an antique Dreſs of white Sattin, with a great many red and ſilver'd Ribbands, and black Cloaks lin'd with white and ſilver Mohair, and inrich'd with broad Gold Lace, encompaſs'd the Litter, as did the Footmen, the Scavengers and the Lance-preſadoes, in ſcarlet Cloaths trimm'd with Gold. Immediately before the Litter the Captain of the hundred *Swiſs* rode on Horſeback, arm'd with a Cuiraſs of Iron, and his Helmet, at the Head of two Files of the hundred *Swiſs* arm'd with Cuiraſſes like himſelf. His Holineſs, who was in the Middle, wore a white Caſſock. He had a Rochet on, and over it a Stole of red Sattin embroider'd with Gold, the Camail or ſhort Mantle of red Velvet lin'd with Ermin, a Cap of the ſame Stuff, and over that a red Hat. Next to the Litter came the Almoner, the Gentleman Carver, the Secretary, and the Phyſician. At ſome ſmall Diſtance follow'd fourteen Cardinals riding on Mules, who were dreſs'd in purple Habits, and had their Cowls flapp'd over their Eyes, with their red

Hats. They were follow'd by Signior *Neri Corſini*, a Nephew of *Clement* XII. at the Head of the Patriarchs, Archbiſhops, aſſiſtant Biſhops, Apoſtolical Prothonotaries, the Auditor of the Chamber, the Treaſurer, the Recorders of the Signature, and the other domeſtic Prelates, all clad in their Rochets and Camails of Purple. The March was clos'd by the Light-horſe and Carbineers. The former had at their Head the Marquis *Bartholomew Corſini*, and the Duke *Strozzi*, (both Nephews of the Holy Father) who ſhone in gilt Cuiraſſes, and had over them Surtouts of red Grogram, or Mohair, embroider'd with Gold. They had on their Hats great Plumes of white Feathers, and their Pages carry'd their Spears and Helmets before them. The Light-horſe had over their Cloaths, which are not of the ſame Pattern, Surtouts of red Cloth with Gold Lace; their Hats were adorn'd with large Plumes of white and red Feathers, and for their Arms they bore Lances, at the End of which are little Standards of red and blue Taffeta, ſuch as I have ſeen carry'd by the *Spahis*.

All this Cavalcade paſs'd thro' the Capitol, the Court whereof was hung with Tapeſtry of red Damaſk lac'd with Gold Tinſel. The Marquis *Frangipani*, a *Roman* Senator, receiv'd the Pope, and preſented him the Keys of the Capitol, after making a ſhort Speech to him, which the Pope anſwer'd by a Benediction. At *Campo-Vaccino*, thro' which the Train paſs'd, the Pope found near the *Farneſe* Vineyard a triumphal Arch, which the Duke of *Parma*, as Feudatory of the Holy See, is oblig'd to erect every Time that the new Popes take Poſſeſſion of the *Lateran* Church. From the Capitol to the ſaid Church, which is a very conſiderable Diſtance, the Streets were hung with Tapeſtry furniſh'd by the *Jews*, who had brought out a great many moth-eaten Rags for the Purpoſe.

When

When the Pope alighted from his Litter, he was receiv'd at the Gate of St. *John de Lateran*, by the Cardinal *Picus de Mirandola*, Arch-prieſt of the ſaid Church, who preſented the Holy Father with the Croſs to kiſs, and being preceded by the Chapter of St. *John de Lateran*, conducted him to the Throne which was erected on the Right-ſide of the great Gate. The Pope being there ſeated, array'd himſelf in his *Pontificalibus*, and put on the Mitre, after which he admitted the Chapter to kiſs his Foot. Then the Cardinal Arch-prieſt harangu'd him in the Name of the Chapter, and preſented him the Keys of the Church, one of which was of Gold, the other of Silver, in a Silver gilt Baſon adorn'd with Flowers. During this, the Cardinals put on their Copes and their Mitres. Then the Pope riſing from his Throne, advanc'd towards the great Gate of the Church. The Cardinal Arch-prieſt perfum'd him with Incenſe thrice, and preſented the Sprinkler to him, which the Pope dipp'd into the Holy Water, and therewith ſprinkled the Clergy and Laity. Then he ſeated himſelf in his Proceſſion Chair, and was carry'd thro' the Body of the Church to the High Altar, the Members of the Chapter holding a Canopy over his Head. The Pope kneeling before the Holy Sacrament, made a ſhort Prayer, and went and plac'd himſelf upon a Throne erected at the Bottom of the Choir facing the Entrance. There he receiv'd the uſual Obeiſance of the Cardinals, Biſhops, Prelates and other Clergy, and then gave his ſolemn Benediction to the Standers-by, being aſſiſted in this Ceremony by two Cardinal-Deacons, who put on his Mitre, and took it off, juſt as the Service requir'd. Then his Holineſs deſcended from the Throne, and being ſeated in his Proceſſion Chair, was carry'd to the *Lateran* Palace. During this, the Muſick

play'd Anthems, and the Cardinal Arch-prieſt read ſeveral Prayers. When the Pope arriv'd at the great Pew fronting the ſpacious Square that opens towards the City of ROME, he aſcended a very high Throne, and gave his Benediction twice to all the Chriſtian People. Then he ſaw ſome ſlight Medals ſcatter'd among the Populace, which were ſtruck with his own Die. After this, he was carry'd in a Sedan to his Coach, in which he took with him the Cardinals *Banchieri* and *Olivieri*, and thus he return'd to the Palace of *Monte-Cavallo*, attended by his uſual Train.

This Cavalcade and Ceremony, after all that can be ſaid, appear more magnificent in the Deſcriptions or Prints that are engrav'd of them, than they are in reality. If I may preſume to ſay ſo, it has an Air of Maſquerade which I don't think ſuitable to the Court of the Vicar of JESUS CHRIST. All the Laity dreſs'd in Black, and moſt of the Clergy in Purple, mounted upon Mules; all this, I ſay, forms a very diſmal Pomp. Moſt of the Cardinals and Prelates are ancient, and to ſee them on Horſeback, is not to ſee them at an Advantage. Carpets of different Colours were hung out at all the Windows, as is the Cuſtom here upon all ſolemn Feſtivals, either in Proceſſions, or in public Entries. But in my Opinion, all this Tapeſtry, inſtead of adorning the Houſes, makes them look like Brokers Shops. The Carpets which are hung out in *France* and the *Netherlands* upon ſuch Solemnities have an Air much more majeſtic.

The Models after which the triumphal Arch was erected were very fine; but as it was executed in Paper and Paſtboard, a great Rain which had fallen for ſome Days before, had almoſt ſpoil'd it. Beſides this, the Order of the Proceſſion was very ill obſerv'd; for there were ſometimes Intervals

tervals of half a Quarter of an Hour. And when the Pope went out of the *Lateran* Church, there was ſo great a Stop of Coaches, that he was above an Hour getting along. 'Tis ſaid, there will ſpeedily be a Promotion of Cardinals; if ſo, I ſhall not fail to let you know what paſſes at that Ceremony. But at preſent I ſhall add no more, and I queſtion whether you will hear from me again before Lent. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXXI.

SIR, *Rome, March* 10, 1731.

I WAS ſome Days ago at an Audience of the Holy Father. I might have had it ſooner, but I thought fit to give Way to thoſe that were more importunate for it; for *Clement* XII. has been continually teaz'd upon that Score from the very Day of his Exaltation. The Form of demanding Audiences is the ſame here as at other Courts, and I aſſure you, the Difficulty of obtaining them is every whit as great; ſo that in this Point, all Countries, and all Courts are alike.

Having made my Application to Signior *Acquaviva*, the *Major Domo*, who officiated as Head-Chamberlain, in the room of Signior * *Doria*, then indiſpoſed, he gave the Pope Notice that I attended, and he order'd me to be immediately admitted. I left my Hat and Sword at the

* He is now a Cardinal and Archbiſhop of *Benevento*.

Door, according to Cuſtom. I found the Pope ſitting under a Canopy, in an elbow Chair, aſcended by three Steps, with his right Foot reſting on a Cuſhion of red Velvet. As I enter'd the Chamber, Signior *Acquaviva* bid me kneel, which I did, and the Pope gave me his Bleſſing. I then roſe up, and approach'd him as far as half the Length of the Chamber, when I kneel'd again, and receiv'd the Pope's Bleſſing a ſecond Time. Then I aroſe again, and coming up cloſe to the Pope, I kneel'd again, and receiv'd a third Bleſſing, all which Bleſſings really did not coſt his Holineſs much Trouble; for they conſiſted in no more than making a Sign of the Croſs, without ſpeaking one Word. The Pope, who is talkative, but eloquent, aſk'd me many Queſtions, and recollected that he had known me when he was only a Cardinal. He was extremely gracious, and I had reaſon to be ſatisfied with my Audience ſo long as I had no Favour to aſk. But the Moment that I put myſelf in the Number of Petitioners, I ſaw the Pope's Countenance change; his Smiles were turn'd into Frowns, and I could eaſily perceive that he had rather have my Room than my Company. But being appriz'd before-hand, that his Holineſs was always uneaſy at receiving Petitions, I proceeded without omitting a Word of what I had to ſay to him. In going out of the Chamber, I went backward, kneeling three times by the Way, as I had done at Entrance, and the Pope at each time gave me his Bleſſing, which was all that I got by my Audience; but I am preparing to deſire another very ſoon; for they ſay, the honeſt Pope loves to be importun'd, and therefore I will gratify him in his own Way.

Indeed all that go to the Audience of the Holy Father fare no better than I did, unleſs they are Princes,

Princes, and even the Catholics muſt all kiſs the Pope's Toe. The Prince Regent of *Waldeck*, who was here not long ago, went to an Audience of his Holineſs, and was receiv'd in the ſame manner as the Princes of *Brunſwic* had been formerly: He waited ſome Moments in the Antichamber, and without being oblig'd to leave his Sword and Hat, as thoſe of his Retinue were, he was introduc'd by the *Major Domo* to the Pope, who receiv'd him ſeated on his Throne. The Prince did not kneel as he enter'd, nor did the Pope, who aſk'd him ſeveral Queſtions, and was inform'd that he was a *Lutheran*, give him his Bleſſing: Before he withdrew, the Prince deſir'd the Pope, that he would give him leave to introduce his Retinue to him; when one of his Gentlemen, ſcrupulous to the laſt Degree, neither kneel'd, nor kiſs'd the Pope's Foot. At *Geneva* indeed he deſerv'd to have his Statue erected, tho' here his Politeneſs was call'd in queſtion; but as for the Prince of *Waldeck*, all ROME was charm'd with his obliging and polite Behaviour: He ſpent four or five Months here, and liv'd handſomely. He apply'd himſelf to the Knowledge of Antiques, and made a Collection of Stones finely cut, which, tho' not ſo large as ſome are, is not the worſe choſen; for he has diſcover'd a very great Taſte and Skill in Curioſities; and happy would it be for *Germany*, if all its Princes were like him.

The Prince of *Waldeck* leads me to give you an Account of thoſe unfortunate Princes who are here call'd the King and Queen of *England*. Perhaps you will not diſlike to know what they are doing, and on what Foot they ſtand here. That unfortunate Prince, which is a Title I think no body can envy him, lives a very melancholy Life; and I queſtion whether the Penſion which the Pope allows him of 12000 Crowns, is enough to make him

him eaſy under his Afflictions: He lodges in the Palace of the Marquis *Monti*, and has a great Number of Domeſtics, but few in his Service that are Perſons of Quality. My Lord *Dunbar* is the chief Man at his Court, ſince Mr. *Hayes*, to whom the Pretender gave the Title of my Lord *Inverneſs*, retir'd to *Avignon*: This Gentleman is intruſted with the Education of the young Princes, who are here ſtyl'd the Prince of *Wales*, and the Duke of *York*, and as lovely Children they both are as one ſhall ſee.

The King, or the Pretender, it matters not, is complimented with the Style of *Majeſty* by the Pope, and by all that have Acceſs to him. He never goes to an Audience of the Holy Father in public, but always by the Back-ſtairs; and the Pope not only gives him an Arm-chair, but all the Honours are paid to him that are due to a King who keeps *incognito*. When the Cardinals viſit him, he gives them the *Tabouret*, or little Stool; but the Imperial Cardinals never go to ſee him, nor did they think fit to do it, even at the Time when the Emperor ſeem'd to be more embroil'd with the King of *Great Britain* than ever; whereas the *French* Cardinals go to him every Day, and are always with him, notwithſtanding the ſtrict Alliance between the King their Maſter, and the King of *Great Britain*. When the eldeſt Prince, who is here ſtyl'd the Prince of *Wales*, goes to wait on the Pope, he is treated as the preſumptive Heir of a Crown; he has a Chair ſet for him with a Back to it, and takes Place of the Cardinals. As to the younger Son, the pretended Duke of *York*, his Rank is not yet ſettled, nor has he yet made a Viſit to the Pope.

The Pretender is of a middling Stature, but a mere Skeleton; and if I may venture to ſay it, has nothing in his Looks of an Impoſtor: He is prodigiouſly

digiouſly like the Pictures I have ſeen of the late King *James* II. his Father, only his Aſpect is ſomething more melancholy; but he is ſo far from it in his natural Temper, that he is a Lover of Pleaſures, and would indulge himſelf in Gallantry, if he was not ſo ſtrictly watch'd by the Prieſts; for if the ſcandalous Chronicle does not belye him, Mrs. *Hayes*, *alias* Lady *Inverneſs*, had, for a while, the Honour of obliging him. If one may gueſs at the Heart by external Appearances, he is ſincerely attach'd to the Religion which he profeſſes, yet without being ſuch a Bigot as ſome will have him to be; for he cauſes his Children to be educated by Proteſtants, and every *Sunday* a Church of *England* Miniſter preaches in *Engliſh* in the Proteſtant Chapel of his Palace: He is extremely reſerv'd at firſt to thoſe with whom he is not acquainted, but it wears off by Degrees; and when once he knows People, he is very courteous and civil to them. I have the Honour to be often at his Table, and I am bound to acknowledge his Favours to me.

His Table, which is commonly laid for a dozen Gueſts, is ſerv'd with what is grand and delicate. The Queen eats at her own little Table. People are ſeated at the King's Table without any Diſtinction of Rank, and he ſits himſelf between the two Princes his Sons: He talks a great deal at his Meals, but the Tone of his Voice is not the moſt agreeable: His Converſation runs generally upon common Topicks, and falls very naturally upon his Misfortunes. All this Prince's Time is regularly divided; he riſes early, devotes the Morning to his Buſineſs, hears Maſs before Noon, when he goes to Dinner, and after ſitting an Hour and half, or two Hours at Table, takes a Nap; and then, unleſs it be a Saint's Day, when he goes to Veſpers, he walks out for the Air in ſome Garden

or

or other without ROME, where he exerciſes himſelf on Horſeback, or elſe diverts himſelf at Mall with his Sons, and his Gentlemen. In the Evening he returns to his Palace, and receives Viſits from the Cardinals; at Ten o'Clock he goes to Supper, and at Midnight to Bed. During the Carnival he was almoſt every Day at the Opera, where his Box being very large, he uſed to ſup with the Gentlemen and Ladies of his Court.

The Queen his Wife is a Princeſs, who deſerves in reality to be a Queen; and tho' not a ſparkling Beauty, it may be ſaid that her Perſon is infinitely charming; ſhe has indeed the Character of a moſt accompliſh'd Lady, and never was there a better natur'd Perſon with more Humility; ſhe is friendly, compaſſionate, charitable; her Piety is exemplary, and in Truth, ſhe leads the Life of a Saint, without affecting the Shew of ceremonial Devotion; for ſhe has nothing more at heart than to do good, and her Love of one ſublime Virtue is incredible; for tho' ſhe is heartily attach'd to her own Religion, ſhe has no Rancour againſt thoſe who differ from her in Opinion, but would fain reclaim them by her good Example and good Nature. Were ſhe Miſtreſs of a Kingdom, ſhe would certainly make it her Rule to diſcharge the Duties of her Rank as became it; and indeed, Nature has given her great Advantages to acquit herſelf worthily in ſuch a Sphere; for ſhe has a wonderful quick Comprehenſion, an admirable Memory, and ſhe ſpeaks *Poliſh*, *High-Dutch*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Engliſh* ſo well, that 'tis not eaſy to diſtinguiſh which of thoſe Languages is moſt familiar to her. I own to you, that of all the Princeſſes whom ever I had the Honour to approach, I don't know one more deſerving of the Veneration of the Public. I ſhould be glad to ſee her happy; and if that Reſpect and Duty, from which I ſhall never depart, did not bind

bind me ſo ſtrongly to the King and Queen of *Great Britain*, I could wiſh to ſee her wear the Crown of the three Kingdoms.

You know that this Princeſs is Daughter to Prince *James Sobieſki*, and by conſequence Couſin German to the Emperor, and the Queen of *Spain*, and Niece to the Elector Palatine, and the Queen of *Spain*, Widow of *Charles* II. Yet all this did not protect her from being arreſted at *Inſpruck*, when ſhe paſs'd that Way to *Italy*, to be married to the Pretender; ſhe was kept in very cloſe Cuſtody, and the Manner of her Deliverance ſhews the Superiority of her Genius. The Pretender ſent Mr. *Gaydon*, then a Major in the Service of *France*, to try if he could procure her Liberty; the ſaid Officer went to *Inſpruck*, accompany'd by Mr. *Wogan*, an *Engliſh* Gentleman, and one *Miſſet*, an *Iriſhman*, who carry'd his Wife with him. They arriv'd accordingly at *Inſpruck* with a great Retinue, and there they paſs'd for People of Conſequence: They contriv'd ſo that their Coach Wheels broke at the Gate of the City, to give them a Pretence for ſtaying in the Town till their Coach was repair'd: They introduc'd themſelves into all Aſſemblies, and found out a Nun whom they brib'd to deliver Letters to the Princeſs. Having fix'd on the Day for carrying her off, and even appointed the Hour, which was Eleven at Night, they got a young Woman of the Princeſs's Stature to paſs thro' the Guards in the Antichamber, and to lie in the Priſoner's Bed, who for two Days had pretended to be ſick. The Princeſs put on the Girl's Cloaths, and in that Diſguiſe went out of her Apartment, paſs'd thro' her Guards, and made up towards *Miſſet*, who gave a Whiſtle oppoſite to the Convent, as had been agreed on beforehand, that ſhe might know whom to apply to. The Princeſs was conducted to an Inn, and as it had ſnow'd a great

great deal, and was very dirty and dark, ſhe happen'd to ſtep into a Slough; one of her Shoes ſtuck ſo faſt in the Mud, that ſhe was oblig'd to leave it behind her, and to walk only with one Shoe on to the Inn. From thence, without giving herſelf Time to change her Stockings, ſhe went, wet and draggled as ſhe was, into a Coach, where Mrs. *Miſſet* and Mr. *Gaydon* had the Honour to ſit with her. *Wogan* rode by the Side of the Coach, and *Miſſet* ſtay'd two Hours longer at *Inſpruck*, to ſee whether any Diſcovery was made of the Princeſs's Flight. The Silence of the Guard was ſuch, that he believ'd they knew nothing of the Matter, ſo that he rode after the Princeſs, but kept two Poſt-Stages behind, in order to watch if they were not purſued, which was a very good Precaution; for early next Day it was found out that the Princeſs had made her Eſcape; and the Commandant at *Inſpruck* immediately ſent off Meſſengers to all the great Roads, with Orders to all the Officers of the Country to apprehend the Fugitive. *Miſſet* being overtaken by one of thoſe Meſſengers, he travell'd a little way with him, and reſolv'd either to make him drunk, or to knock him on the Head. Having provided himſelf beforehand with a certain intoxicating Drug which immediately bereaves People of their Senſes, and throws them into a profound Sleep, he gave ſome of it to the Meſſenger; and when he found him doz'd, he took away his Diſpatches, and went and overtook the Princeſs, who, after travelling three Days and three Nights ſucceſſively, without Reſt, was got into the Dominions of the Holy See.

Arriving at *Bologna*, ſhe there found my Lord *Dunbar*, veſted with a Proxy from the Pretender, then in *Spain*, to marry her; which Ceremony was accordingly perform'd there without much Pomp, and the Princeſs ſet out in a few Days for *Rome*.

My

My Lady *Marr*, accompany'd by all the *Engliſh* of both Sexes that were at ROME of the Pretender's Party, went in that Prince's Coaches to meet the Princeſs; and the Cardinals, the *Roman* Princes, and all the Nobility likewiſe ſent their Coaches. Thus did the Princeſs make her public Entry into ROME, where ſhe was receiv'd with great Marks of Reſpect; and there ſhe was, not long after, join'd by her Huſband *.

While I am ſpeaking of the Pretender, I ought not to omit acquainting you of a certain Prophecy in every body's Mouth here, which was ſaid to be found among the Papers of the late Pope, importing, that in the Year 1734, the Pretender ſhould be in the peaceable Poſſeſſion of the Throne of *Great Britain*; but I would not give much Money for his Hopes †. Be this as it will, the Prophecy is as follows:

Dum *Marcus cantabit Hallelujah,*
Et Antonius Veni Creator,
Et Joannes Baptiſta cœnabit,
Tunc regnabit et triumphabit Rex in Anglia Jacobus III.

i. e.

When Eaſter falls on St. Mark's Day,
And Whitſunday on St. Antony's of Padua,
And when St. John the Baptiſt's is a Sacrament Day,
Then King James III. *ſhall reign and triumph in England.*

Thanks to God, the Carnival is ended; I ſay, Thanks to God, becauſe it was to me very tireſom,

* This Princeſs, who was born *July* 6. 1702. O. S. died *Jan.* 7. 1735.

† As the Baron above three Years ſince durſt not venture much Money on the fulfilling of this Prophecy, we may now ſay it is not worth a Farthing.

tho'

tho' it laſted here, according to an eſtabliſh'd Cuſtom, but a Week. During all that Time, from Two o'Clock in the Afternoon till Sun-ſet, all the Streets were full of Maſquers, ſome on Foot, and ſome in open Chaiſes: The former ſay a thouſand ſilly Things, and the latter throw Meſlin in one another's Eyes by Handfuls; but the beſt on't is, that either by their Cloaths, or their Equipage, every body is known. Beſides, the Pageantry of the *Romans* is always the ſame, even in Maſquerades; they dreſs up their Domeſtics like Harlequins, and make them follow them with their Faces bare. They thus take the Air gravely in open Chariots made like Gondolas. Their Horſes are adorn'd with Plumes of Feathers, and loaded with little Bells like ours in the Sled Races. In the Evening the Coaches range themſelves in two Rows in the Street *del Corſo*, which is beſides pretty narrow, and there they ſee the Race of Barbs, which are five or ſix Horſes, that are ſuffer'd to run looſe without a Rider, from the Gate *del Popoli* to a Place beyond the *Venetian* Palace. The poor Beaſts gallop thro' the Shouts and Cries of the Populace, and are often crippled by ſtriking themſelves againſt the Coaches. The firſt of theſe Horſes that reaches the Goal wins a Prize for his Maſter, which generally conſiſts of a Piece of Cloth of Gold, and at Sun-ſet every body retires. Mean time a *Roman* will tell you, that the Carnival of ROME is the fineſt in the World.

But the thing of which they brag moſt, and which they believe is no-where to be parallell'd for Magnificence, is their Balls, of which you ſhall now be Judge: Several Gentlemen having clubb'd this Winter for the Hire of the Palace *Barberini*, near *the Mount of Piety*, and caus'd it to be furniſh'd by the *Jew* Brokers; when the Day was fix'd for the Ball, they invited all the Ladies; and

as

as to the Gentlemen, they had the Liberty of appearing there maſk'd, provided they made themſelves known at the Door: All the Rooms were ſmall, and but poorly lighted; there were ſeveral Pieces of Dancing to the Muſic of five or ſix Violins: The Room deſign'd for the principal Nobility was encompaſs'd with Forms, and the Place for the Dancers was an oval Nook rail'd in. A Gentleman of the Company that gave the Ball ſtood at the Entrance of the Oval; they gave him the Title of Maſter of the Hall, and 'twas he that call'd out the Dancers. All the Ladies were maſk'd at this Ball, which was call'd a Feaſt, but I know not why; for there were Glaſſes indeed, but there was nothing to eat or drink. The Ladies were all very gay, and ſome of them in Court-Dreſſes. I have been twice at theſe pretended Entertainments, but was ſo tir'd, and in ſuch Danger of being preſs'd to Death, that I don't care to go again; for which reaſon the *Romans* ſay, I have not an elegant Taſte.

Neither am I very well reconcil'd to their Plays, of which indeed here are none all the Year, except during the Carnival; but then we had two Opera-Theatres, and four or five for Comedy. Of all theſe Theatres there's but one that's good for any thing, and that's the Ladies Theatre, commonly call'd the Theatre of *Aliberti*, becauſe 'twas built by Order of one Count *Aliberti*. The Room is exceſſively large, ſo that the Voices are loſt in it; it has ſeven Rows of Boxes, ſo low and little, that it makes the Room look like a Henrooſt; the Pit will hold 900 Perſons with Eaſe: The Stage is ſpacious, very high, and fitely decorated; but they don't ſhift the Scenes with that Dexterity as they do at our Play-houſes, yet, when the whole is put together, the Place is not to be deſpiſed: The Habits of the three principal Actors are mag-

rificent, but thoſe of the reſt are horrible. Their Voices are good, and ſo are their Inſtruments for the moſt part; but their Dancers are too bad to behold, and you can't imagine any thing more hideous: The Women are in the Diſguiſe of Men, out of a ridiculous Scruple, if I may venture to call it ſo, which they have here, that Women ſhould not be ſeen at the Theatres. This is the Reaſon, that the Operas of ROME are vaſtly inferior to the other Operas of *Italy*. There is not perhaps a more ridiculous Sight, than to ſee theſe Creatures, who are but half Men, play the Parts of Women; yet, tho' they have neither Air nor Gracefulneſs, they are applauded here as much as the beſt Actreſſes are elſewhere. Tho' I am paſſionately fond of the *Italian* Muſic, yet I own to you, that I am diſguſted with their Operas, when I ſee thoſe Eunuchs play the Part of a *Roland*, a *Hercules*, or ſome ſuch Hero; and I have not Patience to ſee no more than half a dozen Actors, no Machines, and no Dances, except in the Interludes. In my Opinion, ſuch an Opera rather deſerves the Name of a Concert; good Voices here are very ſcarce, and there are actually but five or ſix Men, and three Women, that have the Reputation of ſinging well. The Caſe is the very ſame with the Compoſers; they have juſt loſt one of the ableſt Men of that Claſs; *viz. Leonard Vinci*, who, they ſay, was poiſon'd at *Naples*; but there are ſtill remaining M. *Haſs*, commonly call'd the *Saxon*, and *Signior Purpora*, of whom the former is a *German*, who married the famous *Signiora Fauſtina*.

While I am giving you an Account of the Pleaſures of ROME, I ought not to omit the Inundations of the Square *Navona*, which are perform'd on the four *Sundays* in the Month of *Auguſt*. Two Thirds of the Square being then laid under Water, it forms a Lake, in which the Coaches make a Ring.

Ring. The adjacent Windows are full of Spectators, and the Fronts of the Houſes are crowded by the Populace, who make hideous Shouts and Outcries, when a Coach happens to take in a little Water, or when one overturns, which ſometimes is the Caſe. The oddeſt Thing of all to my Mind is, that while the People were intent upon ſeeing the Coaches paſs, and playing a thouſand Pranks, a Jeſuit, mounted upon a Rail at the other End of the Square, bawl'd out in vain for an Audience of Penitents; and tho' very few, if any body, heard him, yet he went on haranguing, and 'twas not his Fault that every body did not forſake all to hear him. About twenty Paces from the Preacher was a Mountebank, who, by the comical Jeſts and Actions of his *Merry-Andrew*, drew a much greater Audience to him than the Jeſuit had.

Are not theſe now very inchanting Pleaſures? Yet a *Roman*, who never paſs'd the *Ponte Mole*, as there are a great many who have not, will tell you there are none like thoſe of ROME. But I affirm that the *Romans* don't know what Diverſion is; for in thoſe Parties of Pleaſure where reigns the greateſt Freedom, there's always an Air of Conſtraint, which one does not ſee elſewhere: Nor does a free Deportment become them, inſomuch that when they aſſume ſuch a Carriage, they naturally forget Politeneſs, which beſides is not what they are much uſed to; for they know how to be reſpectful, much more than to be polite. The Way to be acquainted with them thoroughly, is to viſit them at their Country-Seats, where they are more frank, leſs ceremonious, and more ſociable, and where they live much better than they do at ROME, at leaſt they feed better; and I will even venture to ſay, that they there ſpend high, but they get not the Credit by ſuch Living which they ought, becauſe they don't ſet it off to the beſt Advantage; and if I am

not too much prejudiced, it ſeems to me, that they grudge the Expence. The moſt ſumptuous Article of their Repaſts is Deſerts, and they have excellent Cooks and Butlers; but as for us *Ultramontains*, we are not quite ſo well uſed to their Method of Cookery.

I know not whether 'tis the Depravity of my Taſte, or the Want of Diſcernment; but I cannot conceive what Motives, except Devotion or Curioſity, can bring any Man to ROME, than which there is hardly a more melancholy City in the World: Yet I know ſome Foreigners, and in particular certain *Engliſhmen*, who are fond of ROME to a Degree of Enthuſiaſm. I ſtrive to think as they do, and would fain perſuade myſelf, that the Life which they lead here is agreeable; but I can't be of that Opinion, nor can I accuſtom myſelf to take up Manners and Cuſtoms ſo contrary to ours. At my Age, 'tis a hard Matter to fall into a new Taſte and Faſhion of Living: Thoſe of ROME don't agree with me, and I foreſee they never will; yet if by Chance I ſhould meet with any Paſtime here, I promiſe you, I'll revoke my Complaints, and give you an Account of my Pleaſures, as I do of my Chagrin.

The People here riſe late, and go to Bed late; the firſt Thing which they do is to drink Chocolate; then they hear Maſs in their domeſtic Chapel, of which almoſt every Houſe has one: They afterwards make ſome Viſits, return home at Dinner-time, undreſs, and dine frugally with their Families. After their Meal they get between the Sheets, and ſleep for an Hour or two; and after that, loiter away as much in doing nothing at all; but then they dreſs, and go the Ring, which is without the Gate *del Popoli*; from thence to the *Ponte Mole* there's a Walk, which is very ſorrily pav'd, between two Walls, and ſome pitiful Houſes; and there's

there's no Air, but Duſt enough to choak one. When the Sun is upon its Decline, the *Beau Monde* repairs to the Square, or Place *d'Eſpagne*, where I think I have already told you how they amuſe themſelves. From the Square they go and make their Viſits of Ceremony: At Two o'Clock at Night, which in the long Days in Summer is about Ten with us, they fall into *Aſſemblies*. Theſe may be divided into three Claſſes, the great Companies for Gaming, the private Companies where they alſo play, and the Societies in which they only converſe. Neither of the three are very numerous, which is owing to the Difference between the Princeſſes and the Ladies, and to the Fondneſs of all the Ladies to have Company at their own Houſes.

The Aſſemblies that are moſt frequented by Foreigners, are thoſe of Meſdames *Corſini*, the Pope's Nieces, the Duke of *Santo Bueno*, and the Counteſs of *Bolognetti*. Theſe are the three Houſes at ROME where there is moſt Company, and where Foreigners are moſt civilly entertain'd. The Duke has a Concert at his Houſe every *Friday*, at which are preſent all the People of Diſtinction at ROME. *Madame de Bolognetti* has a grand Aſſembly every *Sunday*, which begins with a great Levee of Women, for the moſt part well-dreſs'd, who lend their Ears to two or three prating Abbés, lolling careleſsly on the Backs of their Chairs. A Foreigner enters, and ſalutes the Company reſpectfully; but no Lady gives heed to him, except Madame *Bolognetti*, a fine young Lady, who is the only one that riſes; and ſhe does her beſt to entertain the poor Stranger in *French*, which ſhe talks very prettily. Many other Ladies both underſtand, and can ſpeak this Language; but whether it is owing to Timorouſneſs or Ill-nature, they don't care to talk it; which is ſo true, that I remember the firſt Time I travell'd hither, I one Day accoſted a very amiable

Lady in the *French* Tongue, becauſe then I did not underſtand the *Italian*; but ſhe anſwer'd me in good *French*, *Sir*, *I neither ſpeak nor underſtand the* French *Language*. She then turn'd about, and in a Moment I ſaw a well-looking Abbé come in, who talk'd with her in private all the Evening, and probably in ſuch a Language as ſhe underſtood.

After the Levee they fall to play, but 'tis at ſuch Games as we *Ultramontains* know no more of than Magic; *viz.* ſuch as *Tarot*, *Pazzica*, *Premiere*, and *Milchiades*. As to the laſt of theſe, I take it to be like the Languages, which 'tis difficult to be Maſter of, unleſs People begin to learn them when they are young. It would take up a Man's whole Life to learn to know the Cards, whereof at one Game they play with 99, which are painted too with very extraordinary Figures of Popes, Devils, *&c.* and it often happens, that the Devil takes up the Pope. During the Conclave they play at *Pharao*, but the Pope has prohibited all Games of Hazard, which was an Injury to many Houſes that ſubſiſted by the Money for the Cards.

The private Aſſemblies differ only from the public ones, in that they have not ſo much Company. There is generally the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, and a Dozen *Petits-colets*, who really are the *Petits-Maîtres* of this Place, ſuppoſing them to be *Italians*; for you are not to imagine that theſe Gentlemen will ſuffer a poor *Ultramontain* Abbé to put in a Word, becauſe they think he has neither Senſe nor Merit. As this is a Country of Prieſts, you ſhall ſee ten Sparks of the Band to one of the Sword. 'Tis true, that the Abbé wears the ſame Habit as the Gentlemen of the Gown, and as all others do who are not able to lay out much Money in Cloaths; ſo that when you ſee a *Petit-colet* come out of any ſuſpicious Places, you muſt beware

ware of Miſtakes; for they are not always Prieſts, nor even Clergymen.

The third Claſs of Aſſemblies, where there is no Gaming, is generally at the Houſe of ſome Prince; there I ſpend my Evenings with great Pleaſure and Freedom; yet 'tis at one of the chief Houſes of ROME, and really the Converſation is held in one of the fineſt Apartments in the World. I enter a very ſpacious magnificent Room, illuminated by a Couple of Wax Candles, ſo that if Cuſtom had not taught me the way, I ſhou'd be at a Loſs where to ſalute the Maſter and Miſtreſs of the Houſe: Theſe two little Candles are plac'd in great Candleſticks of Silver upon old-faſhion'd Stands of the ſame Metal. A Fountain of ſolid Silver, from which the Water ſpouts with a ſoft Murmur, invites me agreeably to Slumber; and it ſeems as if thoſe in the Room were afraid to awake me; for they do nothing but whiſper, and not a Mortal ſtirs from the Spot in which his good or ill Fortune plac'd him, becauſe it wou'd be a Crime even to move a Chair; ſo that unleſs one had a ſpeaking Trumpet, a Man muſt be content to converſe with his next Neighbour. The Moment one enters the Room, two Pages in a black Livery attend us with Ice upon Salvers, but I don't accept it every time 'tis offer'd; for if I did, my Stomach wou'd have long ago been congeal'd like the frozen Ocean. This profound Silence, this murmuring Fountain, all theſe Cardinals, Prelates and Abbats, dreſs'd in Black; the two Wax Candles, giving a diſmal Light; all this, I ſay, together, makes the Aſſembly look like Mutes poſted to watch a Corpſe, and I aſſure you that a Church-yard itſelf does not put me more in mind of Mortality. Nevertheleſs it ſometimes happens that one or other of the Company raiſes his Voice, and relates the News of the Day. This is generally confin'd to what is done

within the City ; for what was ſaid by the Pope, the contrary Effect of ſome Medicine, or elſe ſome Cardinal or Prelate, the Heat or Cold of the Weather, and the Age of the Moon, are the common Topics. And after having thoroughly canvaſs'd theſe momentous Subjects till Midnight, all the Company retires with their Heads as empty as their Stomachs.

Can you think, Sir, after what I have told you, that a Foreigner paſſes his Time here well? No, truly, ROME is a City that a young Gentleman indeed ought abſolutely to ſee ; for here he will conceive a perfect Notion of Architecture, eſtabliſh himſelf in a Taſte for Painting and Sculpture, and acquire a true Idea of the Magnificence of old ROME : But when he has digeſted all this, I would adviſe him to be gone, ſince there is nothing more for him to learn, and he is in Danger of forgetting every thing. There is not ſo much as one good Fencing Maſter, and ſcarce a Maſter of the Languages that underſtands the *Italian* ; and thoſe who are Dabblers in this Way are generally Foreigners, who have neither Accent nor Method. All that a young Gentleman can learn here is Architecture, and the Canon Law ; for as to Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, there are few People that are Maſters of it in its Purity.

A Gentleman that lives beyond the Mountains will here be apt to forget the good Manners he may have contracted in *France*, or elſewhere ; for, I ſay it again, the Generality of the *Romans* know nothing more than Ceremony, becauſe they are ignorant of good Manners, and there's ſcarce one of them in a thouſand that has the Air of a Man of Quality : To be a Judge of this, one muſt ſee them at Table, and in what a very ſlovenly Manner they behave at their Meals, which is owing to their eating generally alone ; for they then loll ſo much

much at Table, that when they dine in Company, they are at a Loſs what to do. They are not only naſty in their manner of eating, but in their Cloaths; for I believe there is not above one out of thirty that puts on freſh Linen every Day. I remember that in 1719, when I was in *France*, a Reformado Colonel, who, tho' an *Italian*, was in the *French* Service, often came to me in a Morning, and ſeeing me dreſs myſelf, told me one Day that he obſerv'd I follow'd the *French* Faſhion ſtrictly: I aſk'd him, In what? He made Anſwer, In my changing my Shirt every Day. Nevertheleſs I wou'd not have you think that this Slovenlineſs is general; for there are People as much perfum'd here as elſewhere; and you may take my Word for it, that a *Petit-Maître* at ROME is as great a Fop as the perteſt *French Petit-Maître*. Indeed they are more rare here than elſewhere, becauſe no young Sparks are admitted to the Aſſemblies before they are twenty Years of Age.

But as for what remains of the Character of the *Romans*, I muſt tell you ingenuouſly, that I think the Notion we on the other Side of the Mountains have of them comes far ſhort of it. There are good People in all Countries, and I know ſome *Romans* of as ſtrict Probity as the honeſteſt *Teutonics*. I know others that are not ſo honeſt; but is not the Caſe the ſame every-where, and is there one Country upon the Face of the Earth, where all the People are virtuous? The *Italians* are in general accus'd of being jealous, but I really think it wrong; for there's no Nation where the Ladies have more Freedom than here. 'Tis poſſible that ſome of the Leaven of the antient Jealouſy may ſtill remain among the Citizens; but as to the People of Quality, I don't think them any more liable to that Imputation than our People are: I wiſh I cou'd ſay as much in their Vindication as

to

to their being too much given to Niggardlineſs; but the Fact is too well known, and 'tis the original Sin of almoſt all the *Italians*, particularly of the *Romans*, from the higheſt to the loweſt; and 'tis undoubtedly this avaricious Temper which makes them ſo ſober as they are; for I think I took Notice to you, that when they are at other Folks Tables, they are intemperate enough; yet I never ſaw the better Sort drunk, and the common People but very ſeldom. They are accus'd alſo of being revengeful, which may be true enough; but really they are cry'd out againſt upon that Score much more than they deſerve; for I have known ſome that have receiv'd Affronts, ſo good-natur'd as to forget them. 'Tis true, that the Populace are very apt to make uſe of the *Stilletto*, but this is owing to the too great Indulgence of Juſtice. A Man convicted of Murder for the firſt Time is condemn'd to the Gallies; tho' in ſome Caſes indeed he is only baniſh'd from the City, and the Eccleſiaſtical State; and then, after two or three Years Abſence, he pays 50 Crowns, and returns to ROME. They who have committed a Murder, and are not apprehended, generally compound the Matter with the Government by paying a certain Sum of Money. If Juſtice was no ſtricter in our Part of the World, and if our Churches were Sanctuaries, as they are here, we ſhou'd have more Crimes perhaps committed among us than there are at ROME, where, when all is ſaid and done, we don't hear of Robberies, nor of Murders committed for the ſake of Robberies; and tho' there are no Lanthorns, nor Watchmen, nor Patrolls here in the Night, I ſhou'd make no Scruple to go from one End of the City to the other with my Purſe in my Hand. What I ſhou'd be moſt afraid of wou'd be the being aſſaſſinated by Miſtake; but even Murders of this Kind are much oftner com-

committed among the Dregs of the People, than among Perſons of Breeding; for ſince I have been here, I have not heard of ſuch an Accident to any Perſon of Note.

I happen'd not long ago to be one Evening at a Houſe not far from my Quarters, ſo that I went home alone, and on Foot; it might be about Eleven o'Clock, 'twas a fine Moon light Night, and there were a great many People ſtirring in the Streets. I paſs'd thro' the Street *del Corſo*, and juſt as I came to the Square of *Colonna*, near the Houſe of Cardinal *Imperiali*, I ſaw two Men coming towards me, one at a little Diſtance behind the other: As the former bruſh'd cloſe by me, I heard a Piſtol go off, and ſaw the poor Man fall down dead at my Feet: The Shot came from the Man that was behind, with whom, it ſeems, he had a Quarrel at Gaming; but nobody troubled their Heads to apprehend the Criminal, ſo that he went very quietly to take Shelter in a Church, where I ſaw him ſome Days after; at length he is got abroad, and if he can but make up the Sum of 50 Crowns, he will be ſure of his Pardon, after three Years Exile. But 'tis really an abominable Caſe, that ſacred Places, ſet apart to keep the Holocauſt without Spot or Blemiſh, ſhou'd ſerve as a Place of Retreat for a Miſcreant, that comes in reeking with his Neighbour's Blood. This is an Abuſe which every body confeſſes, but they are loth to violate antient Privileges. In the laſt Pope's Time, *Alberoni* propos'd to the other Cardinals in a Congregation to ſolicit the Pope to take away the Franchiſes from the Churches; but his Propoſal was rejected, whereupon he ſaid with Indignation, 'Since 'tis 'ſo, I heartily wiſh, that ſome Villain wou'd take 'it into his Head to murder ſome one of you, 'and fly for Refuge to the Church of which I am 'Protector: I aſſure you, that were the whole

'Sacred

'Sacred College to demand him of me, inſtead 'of delivering him up to Juſtice, I wou'd do all 'in my Power to promote his Eſcape.' 'Tis ſaid, that *Clement* XII. has a Mind to take away thoſe Franchiſes with regard to Aſſaſſins; but I queſtion whether he will have the Courage to venture at it, becauſe it brings ſo much Griſt to the Friers Mills, the Privileges of whoſe Convents procure them the Reſpect of the better Sort of People, and the Homage of the Mob.

Notwithſtanding the Diſorders that happen here, and the Abuſes that are ſo eſtabliſh'd, yet there is not a City in the World where God is better ſerv'd, and where Charity to the Poor is more put in Practice. For this Purpoſe there's a great Number of Hoſpitals, among which that for Pilgrims is worth ſeeing. Hundreds of Pilgrims of all Nations are admitted into it almoſt every Day, who are there lodg'd and taken care of for three Days, and then diſmiſs'd with Money in their Pockets. Towards the latter end of the Holy Week, theſe Pilgrims are ſerv'd, the Men by the Cardinals, and the Women by the Princeſſes and Ladies of ROME.

Divine Service is perform'd with very great Pomp in all the Churches, but particularly in the Pope's Chapel. Were I to give you an Account of all the Ceremonies therein obſerv'd, it wou'd take me up another Day. I will, in due Time and Place, give you a Narrative of the Ceremonies of the Holy Week, which, tho' I was preſent at once before, during the Pontificate of *Clement* XI. I am very deſirous of ſeeing again, that I may be the better enabled to relate them to you hereafter. I am, *&c.*

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

SIR, *Rome, June 15, 1731.*

THO' the firſt Promotion of Cardinals by *Clement* XII. was made the Cloſe of the laſt Year, yet I had ſo many other Matters to entertain you with, that I deferr'd giving you an Account of that Ceremony till now. This Promotion was made in Favour of three *Nuncios*, (who, by the way, never quit their Nunciatures, but for the ſake of being made Cardinals) I mean the *Nuncios* in *Germany*, *France*, and *Spain*, and Signior *Ruſpoli*, the Pope's Kinſman. The latter might have had the Hat during the Pontificate of *Benedict* XIII. his Father having obtain'd it for him of Cardinal *Coſcia*, on the Promiſe of thirty thouſand Crowns; but being appriz'd of the Bargain, which his Father had made with *Coſcia*, he went to *Corſini*, then a Cardinal, and now Pope, who was his Father's Friend and Kinſman, and having told him what had paſs'd betwixt his Father and *Coſcia*, intreated him to fruſtrate the Contract, ſaying, that he wou'd never accept of a Hat, unleſs he had it from the Pope's mere Good-will. Cardinal *Corſini* being charm'd with the generous Temper of young *Ruſpoli*, took Care to vacate the Bargain; and now that he is ſeated in St. *Peter*'s Throne, he has preferr'd *Ruſpoli* over the Heads of many Prelates, who have grown grey in the Service of the Holy See.

This

This Promotion was made at *Monte-Cavallo*. The Pope had declar'd in a private Conſiſtory, that he was reſolv'd to make five Cardinals, *viz.* the three *Nuncios* above-mention'd, Signior *Ruſpoli*, and a Fifth, whom he reſerv'd in *Petto*. The Cardinal Secretary of State, for want of a Cardinal Nephew, immediately diſpatch'd Couriers to the *Nuncios* to carry them the News of their Promotion, and likewiſe ſent to acquaint *Ruſpoli* of what had paſs'd. This Prelate, who waited for the good News in the Apartment of the Cardinal Secretary of State, went immediately up the Back-Stairs to the Pope, and thank'd him for the Favour he had juſt done him, and then return'd to his Palace, where he receiv'd the Compliments of all the Nobility. In the Afternoon he went and paid a Viſit to Signior *Neri Corſini*, *Clement* XIIth's Nephew, the Man whom the Holy Father had reſerv'd in *Petto*. On the *Thurſday* following there was a public Conſiſtory, in which the new Cardinal, who, till that Day, had, according to the Ceremonial, been oblig'd to keep his Chamber, and to be dreſs'd in Purple, receiv'd the Hat from the Pope's own Hand. His Eminency repair'd in the Morning to the Chapel of *Monte-Cavallo*, while the Cardinals were aſſembled in the Chamber of the Conſiſtory. He was join'd in the Chapel by theſe Cardinals, *viz. Barberini*, who repreſented the Dean of the Sacred College; *Ottoboni*, the Great Chancellor; *Albano*, the Chamberlain; and *Cienfuegos*, Treaſurer of the Chapel. Their Eminencies, after great Compliments, led their new Collegue towards the Altar, and gave him the uſual Oath of Fidelity to the Holy See. They return'd from thence into the Hall of the Conſiſtory, and the new Cardinal was left alone in the Chapel, with his *Caudataire*, or Train-bearer, and a Maſter of the Ceremonies. During this,

this, the Cardinals went, and made their Obedience to the Pope, by kiſſing his Hand; after which two of the Cardinal Deacons went to fetch Cardinal *Ruſpoli*, and introduc'd him into the Hall of the Conſiſtory. As he enter'd within the Bar, he made a low Bow to the Pope, who was ſeated at the other End on his Throne; he made a ſecond Obeiſance in the Middle of the Hall, and a third at the Foot of the Throne; after which he fell on his Knees, and kiſs'd both the Foot and Hand of the Holy Father, who rais'd him from the Ground, and embraced him. The new Cardinal went afterwards, and embraced his Collegues, according to the Order of their Seniority, and then return'd and fell on his Knees again to the Pope. A Maſter of the Ceremonies drew the Cowl over his Head, and the Pope put on his Hat, which was taken off in a Moment by the Maſter of the Ceremonies. The new Cardinal now kiſs'd the Holy Father's Foot and Hand a ſecond Time; and the Pope, riſing from his Throne, retired to his Chamber, whither *Ruſpoli* follow'd him, and after having thank'd him for the Honour he had done him, went and rejoin'd the Cardinals in the Hall of the Conſiſtory. This done, they went in Proceſſion, with the Pope's Muſic playing before them, to the Chapel, where *Te Deum* was ſung; after which the Cardinals went into the great Room that is before the Chapel, call'd the *Royal Hall*. There they form'd a Circle, where the new Cardinal thank'd his Collegues for the Honour they had done him, by admitting him for a Brother, and then they all retir'd. When *Ruſpoli* came home, he there found a Gentleman of the Pope's Privy-chamber, who brought him the Hat, which the Pope had juſt before put upon his Head, in a Silver Baſon. When Dinner was over, the new Cardinal repair'd with a great Train

Train to St. *Peter*'s Church; after which he went and paid his Reſpects to the Pretender to the Crown of *England*, and to the Princeſs his Wife; he alſo made a Viſit to the Cardinal Dean; and on the Days following he viſited the whole Sacred College, without regard to their Rank.

A Week after the public Conſiſtory the Pope held a private one, in which he both ſhut and open'd the Mouth of Cardinal *Ruſpoli*. At the former Ceremony, the new Pope kneeling at the Holy Father's Feet, his Holineſs laid two Fingers on the Cardinal's Mouth, and ſtrictly injoin'd him not to reveal to any body what ſhou'd paſs in the Conſiſtories at which he ſhou'd be preſent. This cloſing up of the Mouth formerly depriv'd the Cardinals of either ſpeaking or voting, whenever it happen'd that they enter'd the Conclave before the Pope had open'd their Mouths; which might ſometimes be the Caſe, becauſe the Popes generally left an Interval of ſome Days between the Ceremony of ſhutting the Mouth, and that of opening it. But *Pius* V. declar'd by a Bull which he publiſh'd the 26th of *January* 1571, that the ſhutting of the Mouth being a mere Ceremony, it ſhou'd not exclude the new Cardinals from giving their Votes, or ſpeaking.

Cardinal *Ruſpoli* being now upon his Legs before the Pope went and took his Place among the Cardinals: At the ſame time the Holy Father pronounc'd the Words *extra omnes*, which are repeated by a Maſter of the Ceremonies, and oblige all but the Cardinals to turn out. Then the ſecret Conſiſtory was held, after which the Doors were ſet open, and every body re-enter'd the Room. The new Cardinal went again, and threw himſelf at the Pope's Feet, who open'd his Mouth, by giving him the Power both of Voting and Speaking.

Speaking. At the ſame time he nominated the Church of which he was to bear the Title, and this he did by putting on his Finger a Gold Ring adorn'd with an oriental Saphir, for which the Cardinal, according to a Cuſtom eſtabliſh'd by *Gregory* XV. is to pay five hundred Crowns of Gold to the College *de propaganda fide*. With that the Ceremony ended. In the Evening the Palaces of the Cardinals, the Princes and the Foreign Miniſters, and thoſe likewiſe of the other Perſons of Quality, were illuminated as they had been on the Day of the Promotion.

There are, as I have obſerv'd, two Sorts of Conſiſtories, the one Public, the other Secret, and they are both notify'd to the Cardinals by two of the Pope's Uſhers, who receive the Order directly from the Holy Father himſelf. Theſe Uſhers give previous Notice alſo of all the public Chapels to be held, of all Proceſſions, Cavalcades, and other Ceremonies. They wear Gowns of purple Cloth, and carry a black Wand. They ſpeak to the Cardinals on the Knee, in theſe Terms, *Eminentiſſime Domine, Craſtina Die, Hora, &c. in Palatio Apoſtolico erit Conſiſtorium ſecretum*, or, *fiet Proceſſio*. They have this Privilege, that the Cardinals muſt not let them wait a Moment; but are oblig'd to admit them, in what Plight ſoever they are, to receive their Meſſages ſtanding, and to veil their Bonnet to them. Theſe Uſhers have the Privilege alſo, that when they find a Cardinal at Table, they may carry off the beſt Diſh, unleſs the Cardinal chuſes rather to give them a Couple of Piſtoles.

This Conſiſtory is in a proper Senſe the Pope's Council of State, wherein he deliberates ſecretly with the Cardinals on the moſt important Affairs of the Holy See. After the Pope has therein given a particular Audience to each Cardinal, the

Biſhops are therein nominated to vacant Sees, and the Palls conferr'd upon the Archbiſhops. Every thing that has been treated of in the conſiſtorial Congregations, is there determin'd, as is, in ſhort, every thing whatſoever relating to the Welfare of the Church, both in Spirituals and Temporals: And this is what is call'd the Secret Conſiſtory. In the Public Conſiſtory, the Pope receives the Ambaſſadors that come from Tributary Countries, and delivers the Hat to the new Cardinals. The Pope has the Power of aſſembling the Conſiſtory as often as he thinks fit, and on that Day all other Congregations are ſuſpended. In this Public Conſiſtory, the Pope's Throne is rais'd much higher than ordinary, and the Cardinals ſit on high Benches, with their Train-bearers plac'd at their Feet. The Conſtable *Colonna*, in Quality of firſt Prince of the Throne, ſtands on the Right-hand of it, which is a Poſt of Honour that he yields to none but the Pope's Nephews. The Ambaſſador of *Bologna*, and the Conſervators of ROME, in Robes of Gold Tiſſue, are plac'd on both Sides of the Throne, about which are alſo the Pope's great Officers. The Holy Father is ſupported by two Cardinals, one on the Right, the other on the Left of the Throne, ſitting on Stools.

When the Pope declares he has a Cardinal in *Petto*, tho' he names him not, he is always ſure to be a Cardinal, and walks even at the Head of all thoſe that are to receive the Hat before him. When it happens that the Pope dies ere he has declar'd him in Public, 'tis ſufficient if the Holy Father leaves a Note behind him, wherein he ſays, that the Perſon whom he declar'd a Cardinal in *Petto*, is ſuch a one; or if two Cardinals atteſt that they heard the deceaſed Pope ſay, who was the Man that he had nominated in *Petto*.

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The Dignity of a Cardinal is look'd upon here as the greateſt Thing in the World. There are no Cabals nor Intrigues of any kind, which the Prelates of this Court don't form to obtain it; and a Family at ROME never thinks its Fortune made, if it has not ſome Cardinal of its own Name. This is ſo true, that one of the firſt Princes in ROME, who did not want a Hat in his Family, for the ſake of illuſtrating it, did nevertheleſs, during the Pontificate of *Benedict* XIII. purchaſe one for his Son, of the Cardinal *Coſcia*, at the Price of eighty thouſand Crowns. But 'tis mere Ambition only that can make a Man wiſh to be a Cardinal; for the Life which thoſe purple Gentry lead, is, as 'tis here ſaid, the moſt melancholy in the World; every thing they do at home is by Compaſs and Meaſure; they are continually under Uneaſineſs and Conſtraint, oblig'd almoſt every Day to be preſent at Chapels, Congregations, and Conſiſtories, muſt give and receive Viſits of Ceremony, aſſiſt at the Feſtivals of the Church, at the taking of Habits, granting of Audiences; in ſhort, a Cardinal who minds his Profeſſion, has not an Hour in the Day that he can call his own. 'Tis true, that an infinite deal of Reſpect is paid to them; but what ſignify ſuch empty Honours, attended with a perpetual Conſtraint, to a rational Man, who is moreover a Nobleman by Birth, and does not forget that he is but a Man? I am ſure, there are above four Cardinals to whom their Grandeur is a Burden.

When a Cardinal goes abroad with a great Train, which is here call'd *in Fiochi*, he muſt have three Coaches. That in which he rides himſelf goes foremoſt, preceded by all his Livery Servants, and a Footman carrying an Umbrella under his Arm. All that meet him, tho' they are Princes, muſt ſtop for him; and when two Car-

dinals meet one another riding out after this manner in State, they muſt both ſtop their Coaches, and compliment each other, and then the oldeſt paſſes on firſt. When the Cardinals thus ride out with this Ceremony, they are dreſs'd in long Robes of Scarlet, except in Time of *Lent*, when they are of Purple. Their common Dreſs is that of an Abbat, with a red Bonnet and Stockings; and 'tis in this Habit they make their familiar Viſits, without any Retinue, and with the Curtains of their Coach drawn. The beſt way of ſeeing them, after a Perſon has been once introduc'd to them, is to attend in their Train, when they go to any public Function, or to make any Viſit of Ceremony. The Cardinal, when he takes Coach, ſalutes thoſe who are to ride with him. The moſt honourable Place in it is by the Side of the Cardinal, the ſecond upon a Seat in the Boot of the Coach, next to his Eminency, and ſo of the reſt.

As to the vehement Out-cry in our Part of the World againſt the Luxury of the Cardinals, I really think it unjuſt; for I can't ſee wherein it conſiſts. Their Houſhold is not over and above numerous. Their Domeſtics are generally a *Maître de Chambre*, an Officer who they ſay is tantamount to the great Chamberlain of our Electors; a Cupbearer; a Train-bearer; one or two Gentlemen; two or three Prieſts; as many *Valets de Chambre*; eight or ten Lackeys; three Coachmen; eight Horſes, and three Coaches. Their Furniture is red Damaſk very plain. They keep ſo frugal a Table, that they commonly allow their Cook but one or two Teſtoons a Day to defray the Expence of it, excluſive of the Bread, Wine and Fruit; for they always eat alone. None but the Cardinal Miniſters keep an open Table at any time; and of theſe, not one does it at preſent, but the Cardinal

Cardinal *de Polignac*, the Miniſter * of *France*: For the Cardinal *Cienfuegos*, the Emperor's Ambaſſador, has retrench'd his Table, by reaſon of his great Age; as has the Cardinal † *Bentivoglio*, on account of his Infirmities.

I can't help thinking there's much more Reaſon to exclaim againſt the ridiculous Pretenſion of the Cardinals to an Equality with crown'd Heads, and to take Place of Sovereigns, tho' a Cardinal is often but an ordinary Man at firſt, only rais'd to the Purple by good Fortune, and the Favour of the Pope; of which we have living Inſtances in two Creatures of the laſt Pontificate, the Cardinals *Fini* and *Coſcia*. That ſuch Cardinals ſhou'd preſume to have the Precedency of an Elector of *Bavaria*, or of *Cologne*, of a Duke of *Lorain*, and in ſhort, of every Prince whatſoever, is what, notwithſtanding all my Reſpect to the Sacred College, I muſt own to be an Abſurdity. That theſe Cardinals have conceiv'd ſuch a high Opinion of their Dignity, is owing to the exceſſive Complaiſance of the Princes of *Italy*, who every-where give them the upper Hand; and a Cardinal takes ſo much State upon himſelf, that he refuſes the Precedency in his own Houſe, to a Sovereign Prince of *Italy*. Our Princes on the other Side of the Mountains are perhaps as ſtaunch Catholics, and as much devoted to the Holy See, as the *Italian* Princes are; yet they don't pay this Homage to the Cardinals. And indeed, what Reaſon is there for it? We have ſeen Cardinals in the Service of Sovereigns; and I dare affirm, there are very few of 'em that wou'd refuſe to be Penſioners to an Elector of the Empire.

* His Eminency is return'd to *France*, and ſucceeded in his Embaſſy by the Duke of *St. Aignan*.

† The Death of this Cardinal has been already mention'd. His Succeſſor is M. *Ratto*, Biſhop of *Cordova*.

When one Cardinal makes a Viſit to another, the latter receives the Viſitant at the Coach-door, and conducts him into the Chamber of Audience, where they both place themſelves in Arm-chairs, under a Canopy; and after having been a few Minutes by themſelves, the Gentlemen of the Cardinal that receives the Viſit, bring them Ice, Chocolate, and Sweetmeats. When the Stranger goes away, the other waits on him to the Coach, lends him a Hand to put him into it, and even ſhuts the Coach-door. They give one another the Title of Eminency, but in all their Interviews there's a great Air of Conſtraint.

The complete Number of Cardinals is Seventy. They are the Pope's Counſellors in ordinary, and have the Right of electing him. They are diſtinguiſh'd into three Orders, *viz.* Six Cardinal Biſhops, fifty Prieſts, and fourteen Deacons. Their Number was fix'd by Pope *Sixtus* the Vth. The firſt Cardinal Biſhop is ſtyl'd Dean of the Sacred College. He that is ſo now is Cardinal *Pignatelli*, Archbiſhop of *Naples*. This Dean, the firſt Cardinal Prieſt, and the firſt Cardinal Deacon, are ſtyl'd *Chiefs of the Order*; and as ſuch they have the Prerogative of giving Audience to Ambaſſadors, and to the Magiſtrates of the Eccleſiaſtical State, during the Vacancy of the Holy See. *Innocent* the IVth, while the Council was held at *Lyons*, made a Rule that the Cardinals Hat ſhou'd be red, to denote that they were always ready to ſhed their Blood for the Liberties of the Church. *Boniface* the VIIIth order'd that they ſhou'd wear ſcarlet Robes. *Paul* III. requir'd that their Bonnets ſhou'd be of the ſame Colour; and *Urban* the VIIIth granted them the Title of Eminency, which before that was only given to the Eccleſiaſtical Electors of the Empire, and to the Grand Maſter of *Malta*. The Council of *Trent* own'd

own'd it to be the Right of all Nations, to put in for the Dignity of Cardinal; but thoſe who puſh for it with the greateſt Succeſs, are the Kindred of the reigning Pope, the *Nuncios* in *Germany*, *France* and *Spain*, the Auditors of the Rota, the Clerks of the Chamber; and in fine, many of the Pope's Great Officers.

There are few Examples in Hiſtory of Cardinals that have quitted the Hat. The firſt that had a mind to do it, was the Cardinal *Ardicinio*; but Pope *Innocent* VIII. refus'd to conſent to it, at the Remonſtrance of the Cardinals, who repreſented to him, that the Church ought by no Means to be depriv'd of ſo good a Subject. Some time after this, Cardinal *Borgia* reſign'd his Dignity to *Alexander* VI. The Cardinal *Henry* of *Portugal* quitted his too, for the ſake of ſucceeding to his Brother, * the King *Don Sebaſtian*. After him, *Ferdinand de Medicis*, upon the Death of his Brother *Francis de Medicis*, without Iſſue Male, preferr'd the Sovereignty of *Tuſcany* to the red Hat, which he reſtor'd to Pope *Sixtus* V. There are alſo ſeveral Inſtances of Perſons who have preferr'd an auſtere Retirement to the vain Grandeur of the Purple, particularly Cardinal *Maurice* of *Savoy*, *Ferdinand* and *Vincent Gonzague*, *Francis* of *Lorain*, *Camillus Pamphili*, *John Caſimir* of *Poland*; and *Gabriel Filippuci* of *Macerata*, ſo lately as in the Pontificate of *Clement* XI. This Reſignation of the Hat cannot be made without the Pope's Conſent to it; and when this is done, the Cardinal who renounces it muſt pay the Officers of the Apoſtolical Palace the ſame Sum, as his Heirs wou'd be oblig'd to pay, if he was dead.

There being a Hat vacant by the Exaltation of every Pope, they commonly honour one or

* *Henry* was Son to King *Emanuel*, and *Sebaſtian* was Grandon of *John* III. Brother to the Cardinal *Henry*.

other of the Pope's Family with it who advanc'd them to the Purple; which is what they here call *Reſtitution*; and when they omit this Piece of Reſpect, they are accus'd of Ingratitude. *Clement* XII. has not yet made this *Reſtitution* to the *Albano* * Family, tho' he has promoted half a ſcore Cardinals. He thought it was more natural to confer that Dignity on his Kindred and Friends; and at the laſt Promotion which he made, he contented himſelf with making an Apology to the *Albani*, becauſe he did not reſtore their Hat to them for that time, aſſuring them, that he wou'd take care to ſatisfy them at the very next Promotion. The *Albani* were oblig'd to ſet a good Face on a bad Game; but I would not give them much for the Hat they are like to have of *Clement* XII. for you are to take Notice, that the Pope is fourſcore Years of Age; that he is afflicted with the Gout and other Ailments; that there is not one Hat vacant, and yet the Holy Father hopes to live to make another Promotion, and then to ſatisfy the *Albani*.

The Pope pretends to the Prerogative of depoſing the Cardinals, but they deny it. Be this as it will, there's hardly an Inſtance that the Popes ever exercis'd this Act of Authority. *Clement* XI. had an Intention indeed to haue depriv'd Cardinal *Alberoni* of his Hat, becauſe when the Cardinal was the Miniſter of *Spain*, he employ'd that Money againſt the Emperor, which the Pope had permitted him to levy upon the Clergy for the War againſt the *Turks*. But *Clement* XI. met with ſo much Oppoſition from the Sacred College, that he cou'd not accompliſh it, and died. Whether *Clement* XII. will ſucceed better, and whether he will ever be able to deprive *Coſcia* of

* He did it however in the Year 1733.

his

his Hat, which is what he ſeems to be very much ſet upon, I know not; for he too is thwarted under-hand by a great many of the Cardinals, who, as unworthy as Cardinal *Coſcia* is of the Purple, are not willing that he ſhou'd ſerve as an Example for the future. The Pope is alſo too old to ſee the Iſſue of this Proceſs, which, tho' it has been fifteen Months depending, is not yet very far advanc'd. Cardinal *Coſcia* is retir'd to *Naples*. He has been very much blam'd for quitting ROME, and People who know the Tricks of this Court, have aſſur'd me that he might have ſtay'd here ſafe enough. As for my own Part, if I had been the unfortunate Cardinal *Coſcia*, I wou'd have retir'd, but not in the Manner that he did. Moreover I promiſe you, that were I in the Caſe that he is now, they ſhou'd cite me long enough before I wou'd be ſeen at ROME; and I think, whoever advis'd him to the contrary, was in the wrong *.

You

* Since theſe Letters were wrote, he is actually return'd, and hitherto he is come but poorly off. Tho' his Fate be not yet intirely determin'd, 'tis certain that he will not be degraded. A Sentence has been paſs'd upon him, and ratify'd, whereby he is declar'd excommunicate, and out of a Poſſibility of being abſolv'd, but by the Pope, even *in articulo mortis*; he is alſo to be confin'd in a Fortreſs, depriv'd of the Power of Speaking or Voting, *&c.* But as *omnia venalia Romæ*, even more now than in *Jugurtha*'s Time, the Cardinal *del Giudici*, who is a Friend of his Eminency *Coſcia*, gave him to underſtand, that the Pope was reſolv'd to treat him as a Grand *Vizier* in Diſgrace; that he muſt abſolutely refund, and that all his Sins ſhou'd be blotted out. Conſequently his Eminency ſubmitted to implore his Holineſs's Clemency, on Condition of paying well for it; and in fine, his Pardon has been tax'd at thirty thouſand Ducats. He has clamour'd againſt it not a little; but the Holy Father wou'd not abate an Ace of it, and the Cardinal was forc'd to acquieſce; however, as he always watches for the Death of the Pope, he deſir'd to pay it at ſeveral Terms; and upon depoſiting ten thouſand Crowns down, he immediately receiv'd Abſolution, his Guards were taken off, and he had Liberty granted him to walk about

You know that immediately after the Death of Pope *Benedict* XIII. the Populace ran to *Coſcia*'s Palace, plunder'd it, and wou'd have torn the Cardinal Limb from Limb, if he had not eſcap'd by a Back-door; after which, he diſguis'd himſelf, and left the City. He ought not to have come back again, or elſe he ſhou'd have got a ſafe Conduct from his Collegues, whereby he might have been ſure of a Permiſſion to retire to his Archbiſhoprick of *Benevento*, after the Election of the new Pope; but he did not take this Precaution. He came and aſſiſted at the Conclave, and afterwards went to live in his Palace. The new Pope threaten'd him with the Caſtle of *St. Angelo*; whereupon he was frighten'd, and march'd out of the Country; which is charg'd upon him as a Crime, becauſe a Bull of *Innocent* X. of the *Pamphili* Family, publiſh'd the 19th of *February*, 1646, injoins, that no Cardinal ſhall depart out of the Dominions of the Holy See, without Leave of the Pope; with this Clauſe moreover, that the Cardinal who diſobeys it ſhall be ſummon'd three times in the Space of fifteen Months, *viz.* once at the End of each ſix Months, and the laſt Time at the End of three Months after the ſecond Citation; and if then the Cardinal be ſtill obſtinate, and does not return, he ſhall be depriv'd of the

about in the Caſtle of *St. Angelo*, and to converſe there with his Brother the Biſhop of *Targa*. He pleads Poverty, and ſhuffles off his Payments from one time to another, in conſtant Expectation that the Gout will riſe into the Pope's Stomach, and take him out of his Way. At length, in 1734, he paid down ten thouſand Crowns more. But a Collector of Taxes, from whom he formerly receiv'd a great Preſent to procure him an Acquittance from the Chamber, to which he ow'd ſeventy thouſand Crowns, died lately inſolvent, and without making good the Fraud; and as *Cæſar*, they ſay, *loſes nothing*, the Chamber comes upon Cardinal *Coſcia*, who is condemn'd to pay this Deficiency too, and the Pope won't hear any Talk of compounding it.

Hat.

Hat. *Coſcia* has as yet been cited but once, and does not ſeem inclin'd to return, tho' his Acquaintance don't ſtick to affirm that he will. Mean time, he has been depriv'd of the Archbiſhoprick of *Benevento*, which the Pope has conferr'd on * M. *Doria*, the firſt Gentleman of his Bed-chamber; a Thing ſo unuſual, that Cardinal *Coſcia* complain'd of it bitterly, tho' to no manner of Purpoſe. I queſtion whether the Cardinal will ever come hither again, even tho' the Pope were to give him his Paſſport: And really, what happen'd to M. *Targa*, his Brother, is enough to deter him; for this Prelate coming to *Venice*, after he had been at *Vienna*, ſoliciting the Emperor's Protection for himſelf and his Brother in vain, the Pope order'd him to return to ROME; which, after having deſir'd, and obtain'd Promiſe of a Safeguard for his Perſon, he did accordingly, and took up his Lodging in a Convent. But two Days after this, the Pope ſent him an Order to remove to another, and not to ſtir out of it without his Leave. *Targa* yields Obedience, and the Monks, to whoſe Guard he was committed, watch him narrowly; yet for all this, there came certain Soldiers one Night, who carry'd him off to the Caſtle of *St. Angelo*; which ſeems to be the very Safeguard that the Pope intended by his Promiſe; for there he is cloſely confin'd, and can ſpeak to nobody. Theſe ſevere Acts of Juſtice are frequent in the Pontificate of *Clement* XII. who taking a Fancy to undo every thing that was done by his Predeceſſor, on Pretence that the ſaid Pope alienated the Rights of the Holy See, we hear of

* He afterwards created him a Cardinal; but he died at *Benevento* in 1733. Nobody after his Death wou'd accept of this Benefice, till the Pope gave it to the Abbat *Conti*, a *Roman*, who only took it upon Condition that his Holineſs wou'd give him a red Hat to boot; which he did accordingly, at the laſt Promotion of Cardinals.

nothing

nothing but Writs and Attachments. The wiſeſt Men, or, if you will, the greateſt Criminals, get out of the Way, while others ſuffer themſelves to be arreſted, as did Signior *Sardini*, who was impeach'd of having put the late Pope upon making a Treaty with the King of *Sardinia*, by which the Holy Father granted that Prince the Nomination to all the Biſhopricks and Benefices in his Kingdom. This Prelate was arreſted in his Houſe in the Night-time, and committed to the Caſtle of *St. Angelo*, where he is kept a Priſoner of State*. Not many Days before he was arreſted, all his Papers were ſeiz'd, which he deſir'd to have again for the Vindication of his Conduct, but they were refus'd. Some Days ago the Pope ſent to tell him, that he had his Leave to juſtify himſelf, if he cou'd; to which *Sardini* made Anſwer, That he had nothing to ſay; that the Pope ſhou'd be his Judge, and Cardinal *Corſini*, his Holineſs's Nephew, ſhou'd be his Advocate: But all this has ſtood him in no ſtead; he is ſtill in Priſon, and 'tis ſaid, that the Pope will either behead or pardon him.

Some time ago Cardinal *Ottoboni* made Intereſt for one *Nocera*, a Canon, who was in Trouble alſo upon *Sardini*'s Account; and he deſir'd the Pope that he wou'd pleaſe to call in the Writ iſſued for attaching the Perſon of *Nocera*, who was retir'd to a Sanctuary at *Albano*. The Pope made Anſwer to the Cardinal, That he was ſorry he

* It was publiſh'd in the News-papers of 1732, that this Gentleman was ſentenc'd to be beheaded, but that his Holineſs had commuted that Sentence to ten Years Impriſonment. It was afterwards ſaid in the public News, that the Pope had ſhorten'd it, firſt, to ſeven Years, and then to three Years Impriſonment. At length the Pope was for removing him to *Peroufa*, or elſewhere; but the Prelate wou'd not go, and ſaid, If he cou'd not have his intire Liberty, he wou'd live and die in the Caſtle of *St. Angelo*.

cou'd

cou'd not grant him his Requeſt; but that he wou'd not charge his Conſcience with the Sin of having ſuffer'd Iniquity to paſs with Impunity. 'We are old, *ſaid the Holy Father*; and our Age 'tells us, that it can't be long before we ſhall appear at God's Tribunal; therefore we are deſirous of ſo behaving, that we may hope there 'to find Mercy; but this is what we dare not expect, if we don't let Juſtice take its Courſe. 'Who knows, my dear Cardinal, whether we 'ſhall live till To-morrow? Your Holineſs, *reply'd the Cardinal*, ought not to think of dying 'ſo ſoon: For God generally grants to great 'Princes two Stages of Life, one wherein to diſplay their Juſtice, and the other their Mercy. 'He has permitted your Holineſs to finiſh the 'Career of Juſtice, and 'tis to be hop'd, that he 'will alſo permit you to run that of Mercy.'

I will conclude my long Letter with a very curious Anecdote, which I had from Cardinal *Imperiali*, who has had the Purple ſo long, that he is actually grown grey in it. As he was talking one Day of the Bull of *Innocent* X. which forbids the Cardinals from departing the Eccleſiaſtical State without the Pope's Leave, he told me, That *Innocent* X. fulminated this Bull by reaſon of the Elopement of Cardinal *Aſtalli*, his Kinſman, when he went to deprive him of his Hat. What gave Occaſion to all the Rout was this: After the *Portugueſe* had ſhook off the Yoke of the *Spaniards*, and reſtor'd the *Braganza* Family to the Throne, the King of *Spain*, who always took the Title of King of *Portugal*, pretended that 'twas his Right to nominate to the Biſhopricks and Benefices that became vacant in *Portugal*. The Pope was at that time in ſo much Subjection to the *Spaniards*, that this Plea of their Monarch perplex'd him ſadly. At laſt he thought of extri-

extricating himſelf out of this Difficulty, by referring it to a Conſiſtory to nominate to the *Portugueſe* Biſhopricks, and he reſolv'd to aſſemble one with all Speed for that Purpoſe. He imparted his Deſign to no Perſon but the Cardinal Secretary of State, and the Cardinal *Aſtalli*, whom he injoin'd not to ſpeak of it on Pain of Death. The Evening when the Conſiſtory was to be ſummon'd for the next Day, the Ambaſſador of *Spain* made ſuch an earneſt Application for an Audience of him, that he durſt not refuſe it. The Miniſter therein told him, That he was inform'd of his Deſign; and at the ſame time proteſted againſt every thing that ſhou'd be done in the ſaid Conſiſtory, contrary to the Pretenſions of the King his Maſter. The Pope, very much incens'd that his Secret had taken Wind, ſuſpected that he had been betray'd by his Secretary of State, and he reproach'd him for it bitterly, threatning him with the Loſs of his Head. The Miniſter ſwore, that he had not reveal'd it to the *Spaniard*; and he ſaid moreover, That if the Ambaſſador knew of his Holineſs's Secret, it cou'd be only from Cardinal *Aſtalli*. He deſir'd but twenty-four Hours of the Pope to prove his Innocence, and to find out where the Guilt lay. For this End he ſent for one of the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador's *Valets de Chambre*, and promis'd him five hundred Piſtoles, if, after he put his Maſter to Bed, he wou'd ſearch his Pockets, and take out a Letter which he ſaid he knew there was in one of them, written in the very Hand of Cardinal *Aſtalli*. The *Valet de Chambre* cou'd not ſtand the Temptation, but carry'd the fatal Letter to the Cardinal Secretary of State, and he made Haſte with it to the Pope; whoſe Wrath was then wholly turn'd againſt *Aſtalli*, to ſuch a Degree, that he forbad him his Palace, and actually intended to have him arreſted

arreſted the very next Day: But *Aſtalli* diſappointed him of that Pleaſure, eſcap'd the ſame Night in a *Felucca* from ROME, and ſail'd for *Sicily*. Then it was that *Innocent* X. iſſued the Bull in Queſtion. He caus'd *Aſtalli* to be ſummon'd, who indeed return'd to the Dominions of the Holy See; but he ſtay'd in a little frontier Town of the Kingdom of *Naples*, where he was accompany'd by a Guard of two thouſand *Spaniards*, who remain'd with him as long as the Pope liv'd, after whoſe Death *Aſtalli* return'd to ROME. I have the Honour to be, *&c.*

LETTER XXXIII.

SIR, *Rome, Sept. 5, 1731.*

GIVE me Leave to tell you, that I think the Approbation with which you honour my Narratives, ſavours more of Compliment than Sincerity; for all the Merit they can challenge, is, that they are written with an unaffected Simplicity. I tell you Things juſt as I find them, or as they are reported to me; if I accuſe wrongfully, 'tis owing to my Miſinformation, or my Credulity; for I do my beſt, and ſet about it heartily, and you can't deſire any thing more. You wiſh to know the Ceremonies of the Holy Week; I will now relate them to you as they paſs'd this Year.

On

On *Palm* Sunday, the Pope diſtributed Palms in the Chapel of *Monte-Cavallo* to all the Cardinals, and others that were preſent.

Upon the laſt *Wedneſday* in *Lent*, the Cardinals went after Dinner to the Pope's Chapel, where they were preſent at Veſpers, and the *Tenebræ*, ſung by the Pope's Voices, without being accompany'd by Inſtruments. 'Tis perhaps one of the fineſt Pieces of Muſic that was ever compos'd, and 'tis ſo much valued here, that the Maſter of the Chapel dares not to give Copies of it, nor the others to tranſcribe it, on Pain of Excommunication.

The Pope being ſomewhat indiſpos'd upon *Holy Thurſday*, Cardinal *Barberini* officiated for him. The Cardinals repair'd in the Morning to the *Vatican* in *Sixtus*'s Chapel, and aſſiſted at High Maſs; after which the Cardinal *Barberini*, preceded by the Biſhops and Cardinals, all in Mitres and white Copes, carry'd the Holy Sacrament in Proceſſion, under a Canopy held up by eight Archbiſhops, into *Paul*'s Chapel, which was finely illuminated. There our Lord's Body was depoſited, after which the Cardinals went into a Hall, where they found thirteen Prieſts of divers Nations, dreſs'd in white woollen Robes, with ſquare Caps of the ſame, all ſitting on a high Bench in form of a Gradatory. Cardinal *Barberini*, who ſat on a Throne erected at the End of the Hall, took off his Cope, and having put on the Chaſuble, he pronounc'd ſome Collects, which were anſwer'd by the Muſic. He then put off the Chaſuble, took a white Napkin, and went and waſh'd the Feet of the Prieſts, in a ſilver gilt Baſon, which was carry'd by the Maſters of the Ceremonies. Having wip'd their Feet dry, he kiſs'd them, and diſtributed to each Prieſt, by the Hands of the Apoſtolical Treaſurer, two Medals of Gold, and one of Silver. Then he reaſcended the Throne, and

and having again put on the Chaſuble, he ſtruck up the *Pater-noſter*, and the Muſic finiſh'd it. This done, he went with the Cardinals his Brethren into a ſeparate Room, where he reſum'd his ordinary Habit. On the other Hand, the thirteen Prieſts were led by a Maſter of the Ceremonies into a Hall, where they ſeated themſelves at a Table, which was elegantly ſerv'd. The Pope's Chamberlains of Honour waited on them, and if the Pope had been well, he wou'd have done the ſame himſelf. The Cardinals din'd alſo together, and their Dinner, which was one of the moſt ſumptuous, is always provided at the Expence of their Eminencies out of certain Monies coming to them from the Rota and the Datary. The Prieſts Table is defray'd by the Apoſtolical Chamber, and the Service of both Tables is order'd by the Pope's *Major Domo*. The Cardinal's Beaufet is very neat; I have ſeen ſome that are more magnificent, but never one that is better diſpos'd. The Cardinals always take their own Liquor with 'em; which, 'tis ſaid, has been their Practice ever ſince the Cataſtrophe that happen'd to Pope *Alexander* VI. and his Son *Cæſar Borgia*, Duke *de Valentinois*, when the latter, for the Sake of having the Debris of the Cardinal *Adrian de Cornetto*, order'd Wine that was poiſon'd to be ſerv'd up at a Supper where the Pope was to be preſent, together with the ſaid Cardinal, for whom he intended the poiſonous Draught. But *Cornetto* had the good Luck to eſcape the Snare, and only the Pope and *Cæſar* ſuffer'd by it: For being both thirſty, when they came into the Supper-Room, and calling for a Glaſs of Wine at the very Inſtant when the Perſon who was let into the Secret was gone out of the Room, another fill'd them out each a Bumper, of the Wine that was prepar'd, which

kill'd the Pope; but *Cæſar*, having caus'd himſelf to be wrapp'd up in the Skin of a Mule, recover'd.

After Dinner, the Cardinals return'd to *Sixtus*'s Chapel, where they aſſiſted at the *Tenebræ*, and the *Miſerere*. This Day's Ceremony of waſhing Feet is a Cuſtom of antient Standing among the Catholic Princes. We find in the Hiſtory of *France*, that *Robert* the *Pious*, he that was call'd King of his Morals, as well as of his Subjects, conſtantly kept two hundred poor Men in his Retinue, and often waſh'd their Feet, particularly upon Holy *Thurſday*. So at *Vienna*, *Verſailles*, in *Spain*, and at ſeveral other Courts, the Empreſs, the Queens, and other Sovereign Princeſſes, waſh the Feet of thirteen Women upon the ſame Day.

Upon good *Friday* in the Morning, the Cardinals were again preſent at Divine Service in *Sixtus*'s Chapel; after which, they din'd together, but they had nothing beſides Roots; and one of the Pope's Chaplains read the Lecture. After their Repaſt, they again aſſiſted at the *Miſerere*, and then they all went down into St. *Peter*'s Church, where, having form'd a Semi-circle before the High Altar, they kneel'd down upon Cuſhions of purple Cloth, and in that Manner reverenc'd the Reliques, which were held forth to them from a high Balcony. Theſe were the Spear with which our Saviour's Side was pierc'd, the Holy Handkerchief, and a great Piece of the Croſs on which he was crucify'd.

On *Saturday* the Cardinals aſſiſted at Divine Service, in the Chapel of *Monte-Cavallo*.

Upon *Sunday*, which was the firſt Day of *Eaſter*, the Pope, dreſs'd in his *Pontificalibus*, was carry'd in his proceſſional Chair to his Chapel, where he ſtruck up the High Maſs, which was ſung to the End by a Cardinal Prieſt. Then the Pope

Pope was carry'd to the Box or Gallery facing the Great Square, where a Cardinal Deacon read the Bull *In Cœna Domini* with an audible Voice; after which the Pope fulminated the Apoſtolical Cenſures againſt Heretics, by throwing down a lighted Flambeau into the Square. After this, the Holy Father, while the Cannon were fir'd from the Caſtles of *Monte-Cavallo*, and *St. Angelo*, gave his Benediction twice to the Populace, who were on their Knees in the Square, and in the Streets that led to the Palace. The Bleſſing which the Pope gives that Day is ſolemn, and extends to the whole Chriſtian World. I forgot to tell you, that upon Holy *Thurſday* and Good *Friday*, while the Church is in Mourning for the Saviour of the World, the Pope's Chapel is ſtripp'd of all Ornaments, the Throne of the Holy Father is without a Canopy, and the Pope neither gives ſo much as one Bleſſing, nor admits any body to kiſs his Foot or his Hand.

Since I am treating of Ceremonies, I will give you an Account of thoſe that are obſerved at the Fabrication and Diſtribution of the *Agnus Dei*'s of white Wax, which on one Side repreſent the Saviour of the World, in the Form of a Lamb, (bearing the Standard of the Croſs) according to the Attribute that was given him by his Forerunner St. *John* the *Baptiſt*. This of *Agnus Dei* is an old Cuſtom in the Church. St. *Auguſtin* makes mention of it in his 118th Epiſtle. *Baronius* aſſures us, in his 8th Volume, that 'twas the Cuſtom in his Time, upon the *Quaſimodo Sundays*, to diſtribute among the People *Agnus Dei*'s conſecrated by the Pope. And Cardinal *Bellarmine* ſays, that in 798, Pope *Leo* III. gave an *Agnus Dei* to the Emperor *Charlemain*, which was ſet in a Gold Frame adorn'd with precious

Stones *. All the Popes conſecrate *Agnus Dei*'s in the firſt Year of their Pontificate; and they perform the ſame Ceremony in the Jubilee Year, and every ſeven Years, reckoning from the firſt Year of their Exaltation. *Clement* XII. perform'd the Ceremony on the *Wedneſday* after *Eaſter*, in the great Hall of his Apartment at *Monte-Cavallo*, which was then hung with red Damaſk adorned with Gold Lace. The Pope's Throne was at one End of the Hall, with an Altar on his right Hand; and between the Throne and the Altar, there was a Pew for the Pretender and his Family. Oppoſite to the Throne, there was a great Gallery, with Steps to it, for the Ambaſſador of *Venice*, the Ladies, and other Perſons of Diſtinction. Under that Gallery was an Amphitheatre for the Spectators of the ſecond Claſs. Within the Rails, which were cover'd with red Damaſk, there was a ſquare Pit, and in the Middle of it four large Ciſterns of ſolid Silver, full of Water,

* The Origin of this Ceremony, if we may believe Father *Sirmond* and *Ciccarelli*, was this: It comes from a Cuſtom they had at *Rome*, of diſtributing to the People upon every *Whitſunday* the Remainder of the Paſchal Wax-taper, which was conſecrated on *Holy Saturday*. The Vulgar, who are always ſuperſtitious, appropriated ſeveral Virtues to this conſecrated Wax, particularly that 'twas a Preſervative againſt the Deluſions of the Devil, and the Injuries of Lightning, *&c.* and they us'd to burn little Pieces of this Wax in their Houſes. There being not enough left of the Paſchal Wax-taper to ſatisfy the Cravings of the People, the Archdeacon took it into his Head to take ſome other Wax, which he ſprinkled with Oil, bleſs'd it, and made little Bits of it in the Form of a Lamb, and then diſtributed them to the People. Afterwards they only flatted thoſe Pieces of Wax, and impreſs'd 'em with the Stamp of a Lamb bearing the Standard of the Croſs. They believe that none but ſuch as are in Orders have the Power to touch them, and they are cover'd neatly with embroider'd Stuff to be given to the Laity. There is nothing by which the Monks more ſucceſsfully impoſe upon the Credulous; for to ſuch they diſtribute *Agnus Dei*'s that were never on t'other Side of the *Alps*.

placed

placed on Pedeſtals of Wood, ſilvered and gilt, admirably carv'd by *Bernini*. When the Pope, accompanied by ten Cardinals, whom he had invited to this Ceremony, was entered into the Hall, and ſeated on his Throne, two Chamberlains of Honour placed a Ciſtern before him of the ſame Kind as the four that were in the Hall. The Pope, who had a Mitre upon his Head, of ſilver Brocade, and a Cope of the ſame, ſtruck-up the *Veni Spiritus Sancte*, which the Muſic carry'd on. Afterwards the Holy Father read ſome Collects, and bleſſed the Water that was in the Ciſtern before him, into which he poured Holy Oil, and Holy Chriſm. Then came four Cardinals with ſilver Ladles, who dipp'd them into the Holy Water, and carry'd it to mix with the Water that was in the four Ciſterns. This done, the Pope and the Cardinals put on great white Aprons, and the Cardinals ſat two and two upon Joint-ſtools at each Ciſtern, while two other Cardinals ſupported the Pope. The *Chamberlains of Honour*, and the Prelates of the Houſhold, brought the *Agnus Dei*'s in wooden Tubs, waſh'd with Silver; and as faſt as they threw them into the Ciſterns fill'd with Holy Water, the Pope and the Cardinals fiſh'd them up again with great Skimmers of Silver, and put them into other Tubs, which the Prelates deliver'd to the Sextons. This laſted near two Hours, till the Pope, being quite fatigued, roſe up, read ſome more Collects, and then retired. The ſame Ceremony was repeated next Day, and in theſe two Days they made threeſcore thouſand *Agnus Dei*'s, which they ſay coſt the Chamber twelve thouſand Crowns.

Upon *Quaſimodo Sunday*, the Pope diſtributed the *Agnus*'s with very great Ceremony in the Chapel of *Monte-Cavallo*. He was carry'd in his Proceſſional Chair from his Apartment to the

Chapel, where, being ſeated on his Throne, and the *Agnus Dei* having been perform'd by the Muſic, one of the Apoſtolical Subdeacons, carrying the *Agnus*'s in a Silver Baſon, preceded by the Croſs, and by the Acolytes, or Aſſiſtants at Maſs, bearing Wax Candles in great Silver Candleſticks, and the Cenſer, enter'd the Chapel, and kneeling down, ſaid to the Pope with a loud Voice, *Pater Sancte, iſti ſunt Agni novelli, qui annunciaverint nobis Alleluja; modo venerunt ad fontes, repleti ſunt charitate; Alleluja.* To which the Choir anſwered, *Deo Gratias; Alleluja.* Then the Sub-deacon roſe, and went and kneel'd down in the Middle of the Chapel, where he repeated the ſame Words as before. He did the ſame Thing at the Foot of the Pope's Throne, to whom he preſented a Baſon full of *Agnus Dei*'s, in little Packets, wrapp'd up in Cotton, which the Holy Father diſtributed to the Cardinals, and all the Standers-by, who receiv'd them on their Knees. I got my Share of them, and only wait for an Opportunity to ſend ſome to you.

There's a Sort of People here who carry their Pretenſions very high. Theſe are the *Roman* Princes, who for moſt part are only beholden for this princely Dignity to the Happineſs of their Families, in having one of them a Pope; for many of them are ſcarce ſo much as Gentlemen. They are complimented with the Style of Excellency, but this Title extends only to the Firſt-born of the Family. They require a vaſt deal of Homage from their Domeſtics, and all affect to have Canopies and Chambers of Audience in their Palaces. They expect that a Gentleman ſhould come to their Houſes without ſending Word beforehand, and wait in their Antichamber till they are pleas'd to ſee him. You will think that they muſt be very neceſſitous Gentlemen, who

who will ſubmit to this Rule, and that their Excellencies Antichambers are only frequented by their own Domeſtics. When they receive Viſits from one another in Ceremony, they ſeat themſelves under a Canopy like the Cardinals; then they go abroad in State, and have two Coaches to follow their Body-Coach, in which his Excellency ſits forward by himſelf, and his Gentlemen ride backward, and at the Boots of the Coach: A Footman carries an Umbrella before them, as is done before the Cardinals, which is a Signal of Reſpect that requires all Coaches, except thoſe of the Cardinals or Prieſts, to give them the Way, and even to ſtop while they paſs by.

The Princeſſes formerly did not uſe to give the Right Hand to the Ladies of Quality at their own Houſes; but ſince the Honours annex'd to *Nepotiſm* have been aboliſh'd, they have been oblig'd to humble themſelves, and to treat the Ladies as their Equals; yet for all this they correſpond together very little. Heretofore too the Pope's Nieces did not give Precedence to any body, not even to the Princeſſes; and all Ladies in general were oblig'd to be in a full Dreſs, when they paid them a Viſit; nor did the Nieces go to any body's Houſe, but enjoy'd all the Honours of Sovereigns. But all this is over now; for the Nieces of the preſent Pope not only give the Right Hand to Ladies of the loweſt Rank, but alſo return their Viſits. Indeed the Princeſſes *Corſini* are extraordinary civil and complaiſant to every body; and even at this Day, tho' the Pope has declar'd their Huſbands Princes and Dukes, they are content to paſs with the Title of Marchioneſſes, and have ſet up no Canopies. The Nobility are vaſtly pleas'd with their Carriage, but the Princes are much diſguſted at it, and think that by ſuch Behaviour they diſparage their Dignity.

Some Days ago an *Engliſhman*, one *Thirems*, who has been a long time in the Service of the Great Duke of *Tuſcany*, and is very much attach'd to the *Corſini* Family, ſaid to the Pope, with whom he is very free, that the Behaviour of the *Corſini* Ladies was very much applauded by the Nobility, but as much diſlik'd by the Princes. 'What! 'ſaid the Pope, Do the Princes think that my Ne-'phews and Nieces were not of as good Blood, 'when they had only the Title of Marquiſes and 'Marchioneſſes, as they are now they have the 'Title of Prince? I would have them know, 'that tho' I have declar'd my Nephews Princes 'and Dukes, it was rather to conform to an old 'Cuſtom, than with any Deſign to ennoble them.'

I would pardon the *Roman* Princes all their Vanity, if they enjoy'd any ſolid Prerogatives; but at their Eſtates they are no more than plain Gentlemen, and whenever the Pope pleaſes, he ſends the *Sbirri* to arreſt them, as well as the meaneſt of his Subjects. The Thing which puffs up this Gentry to ſuch a Degree, is, that Gentlemen of good Families make no Scruple to wait on them, the Poverty among the Nobility being very great, and there being but a very indifferent Chance for Gentlemen of the Sword, becauſe the greateſt Part of the *Roman* Gentry are ſo much degenerated from their Anceſtors, that they have no Taſte for Arms; while their Fondneſs for ROME, and the Notion they have, that there is not ſuch a delightful Place in the World, hinders them from going abroad, and puts them under a Neceſſity of being Slaves to People, who are very often their Inferiors in Birth.

Nor do the *Roman* Princes diſtinguiſh themſelves either by their Air, or their Manner of Living. They have a great Number of Footmen indeed, ſome no leſs than two dozen; but they live very meanly,

meanly, ſo that not one of them keeps an open Table, or has any thing to treat with but Ice, and at moſt a Diſh of Chocolate. The Evening is the Time to converſe with them; for as ſoon as the *Angelus* has ſounded, all Ceremonies at ROME are over, the Abbats and Prieſts go in the Lay Habit to the Cardinals, and all Compliments at meeting are ſet aſide.

The Princes and the Cardinals give their Domeſtics ſuch ſorry Wages, that their Livery Servants are continually mumping. The firſt Time one comes to a Houſe, the Domeſtics accoſt you for ſomething to drink, which is what they call *Lucky Handſel*; they mump again at New-Years Tide, and in the Month of *Auguſt*, which is what they call *la Ferra Guſta*, and again when the Miſtreſs of the Houſe is brought to bed of a Son; in ſhort, they find out ſo many Pretences, that they are perpetually teizing People for Money.

The Princeſſes have the Privilege of being lighted to the public Spectacles by eight Flambeaux of white Wax; but I have known ſome of them, who, for ſaving their Wax, never burnt any till they came within four or five hundred Paces of the Theatre, when they ſtopp'd to give their Lacqueys Time to light their Flambeaux, in order that they might arrive at the Opera in Pomp. And when they went out, they ſtopp'd at the very ſame Place for the Lacqueys to put out their Flambeaux, from which Place all the Light the Princeſſes had to go home by was no more than a couple of little dark Lanthorns, which are here made uſe of commonly. This way of going with eight Flambeaux puts me in mind of a certain *Engliſh* Dutcheſs, who having travell'd in that manner at ROME, would fain have introduc'd the Faſhion at *Paris* too; but ſhe was forbid to make that Parade there, becauſe the firſt two or three times that ſhe went abroad with

with ſo much Splendor, every body fell on their Knees, and thought the Holy Sacrament was carrying to ſome ſick Perſon.

Moſt of the Ladies, as well as Princeſſes, have very magnificent Coaches, but ſeldom make uſe of them. The Marquis *Sudarini*, who has lately match'd his Son, has made his Daughter-in-law a Preſent of a Coach, for which he gave 7000 *Roman* Crowns, and there are many others that coſt more Money; but theſe Coaches are terrible Machines, and 'tis as much as a Pair of Horſes can do to drag them along: Beſides, theſe ſtately portable Houſes have an Attendance on them, which is by no means ſuitable; they are generally accompany'd by half a ſcore, or a dozen ſhabby Footmen, who, with the Swords that they wear, look more like Catchpoles than Footmen. Their Liveries in general are Scarecrows, and I do not think that there are any in the whole World more fantaſtical: The Lacqueys are for the moſt part old, dirty, unſhapable Fellows, becauſe, when once a poor Wretch has a Livery put upon his Back, he never throws it off, and does not ſo much as attain to the Honour of being a *Valet de Chambre*. When he is paſt his Service his Maſter *jubilées* him, that is to ſay, puts him upon Half-pay, and he ſerves no longer. The Appearance or Neatneſs of a Servant are Things that are not regarded here; and provided they have but the Number, what matters it, ſay they, how they look?

This Maggot of keeping ſo many Lacqueys has infected even the Citizens; they who are in ſuch mean Circumſtances, that they cannot afford to maintain them the whole Year round, covenant with them only for *Sundays* and Saints Days. Thus a Journeymen Shoemaker, or a Chimney-ſweeper, who has but that very Day put a Scrub Livery on his Back, and that often borrow'd of a Tallyman, ſhall

ſhall walk gravely before young Maſter, or pretty Miſs, to and from Church, with his greaſy Hair turn'd up behind his Ears, and a long Sword by his Side. For it would be reckon'd indecent here to ſee a Woman or a Miſs go abroad alone, and the moſt abandon'd Proſtitutes are always attended with a Matron.

The Funerals of Perſons of Quality are perform'd here with very great Pomp; all the Dead are carried to Interment with their Faces bare. I ſaw the Funerals of Cardinal *Buoncompagno*, Archbiſhop of *Bologna*, and the Prince *Ruſpoli*. The former was carried by Night in one of his Coaches to the Church of St. *Andrew de Laval*, which was hung all over with Black. Next Day the Corpſe was laid upon a Bed of State in the Middle of the Nave of the Church, dreſs'd in the Sacerdotal Veſtments, with the Head turn'd towards the Choir, and the Cardinal's Hat at the Feet: Four *Valets de Chambre* ſtood at the Corners of the Bed, and each held a Banner of black Taffeta, with the Arms of the Deceas'd: There were an hundred great Tapers or Torches of White Wax in large Iron Candleſticks round the Bed: The high Maſs was ſung with Muſic, and the whole Sacred College was preſent: When the Cardinals enter'd the Church, they made a ſhort Prayer to the Holy Sacrament on their Knees; after which they went and kneeled at the Feet of the Deceaſed, where they ſaid a *Pater*, and the Prayer *Abſolve Domine*, *&c.* and then taking the Holy Water Bruſh, they ſprinkled it on the Corpſe: The Cardinals retir'd after the Maſs, but the Corpſe lay expos'd till the Evening, when the Prieſts Veſtments were taken off of the Deceaſed, and he was put into a Leaden Coffin, which was inclos'd in another of Cypreſs Wood, and then let down into the Grave. The Prince *Ruſpoli*'s Corpſe was expos'd in the Church of

of St. *Laurence Lucini*, which had been his Pariſh Church, in the ſame manner as the Cardinal *de Buoncompagno* was; but none of the Cardinals, nor any of the Deceaſed's Kindred, aſſiſted at the Office; for the *Italians* ſay, 'tis barbarous to oblige Relations to attend each other's Funerals, as is the Faſhion with us.

But tho' they do not attend at the Funerals, yet they wear Mourning much more regularly, and longer than we do. A Woman's Mourning is black from Head to Foot, ſo that one does not ſee the leaſt Bit of Linen they have, which is not a very favourable Circumſtance to thoſe of a brown Complexion. The Pope's Nieces never wear Mourning, not even for their neareſt Relations; for the *Romans* reckon it ſo great a Happineſs for a Family to have a Pope of it, that they ſay nothing ought to afflict the Kindred of a Pope.

They bury People here twenty-four Hours after they are dead, and ſometimes ſooner. 'Tis ſurprizing to ſee how quick they dreſs their Churches, whether for Funerals or Feſtivals, which it muſt be allow'd is always done with extraordinary Magnificence and Elegance. Moſt of the Churches have their own Suits of Hangings. Upon ſolemn Feſtivals they are commonly hung with Crimſon Damaſk, with a Border of Velvet of the ſame Colour, adorn'd throughout with Lace and Fringe of Gold. All theſe Feſtivals of the Church are celebrated with very great Pomp and Buſtle; all the Houſes of the adjacent Quarters are illuminated in the Eve of the Feſtival, as well as in the Night itſelf; which always concludes with a Fire-work play'd off in the moſt ſpacious Part of the Quarter where it is celebrated, at the Expence of the Pariſhioners. The *Romans* have a ſingular Taſte for all Holidays, and are great Admirers of Spectacles: They are at leaſt as mere Cockneys as the *Pariſians*, and

and every little Novelty makes them run to it, as if they had never ſeen the like in their Lives, tho' all that they ſee is but the ſame Thing over again: They erect a Firework in the Twinkling of an Eye; theſe are very high Machines made of Reeds cover'd with Paper, which makes a very great Shew at little Expence: There's ſcarce a Week that paſſes in the Summer-time, but they have one or two of theſe Fireworks.

The Tribunal of the *Rota* is, next to the Congregations of the Cardinals, the chief Tribunal in ROME, if not of the whole World; for its Authority extends over all the Kingdoms and Dominions that acknowledge the Holy See. It conſiſts of a dozen Prelates, who have the Title of Auditors; *viz.* one *German*, one *French*, two *Spaniards*, one *Bologneſe*, one *Ferrareſe*, one *Venetian*, one *Tuſcan*, one *Milaneſe*, and three *Romans*. They have four Notaries under them, and the oldeſt Auditor is Preſident; they meet twice a Week in the Palace where the Pope reſides. Appeals in all Catholic Countries for Cauſes relating to Benefices are made to the Tribunal of the *Rota*.

The Governor of ROME is always a Prelate, and commonly an Archbiſhop *in partibus*; his Poſt gives him the Rank immediately after the Cardinals, and he challenges Precedency of the Ambaſſadors of crown'd Heads *; tho' I cannot poſitively ſay whether theſe yield it to him, becauſe I never yet ſaw them appear at any public Ceremony. This Governor is the Sovereign Judge of Criminal Cauſes, and takes Cogniſance of all Civil Cauſes, that require a ſpeedy Iſſue: He has under him a Lieutenant and an Auditor Civil, a Lieutenant and two Judges Criminal, with a Multitude of Subaltern Officers; and the Provoſt, who is call'd the

* He is the Pope's Vicechamberlain.

Barrigello,

Barrigello, with 300 Sergeants, or *Sbirri*. When he goes abroad, he is attended by his Guards, who are ten or a dozen old Halbardiers, more ragged than any that you ever ſaw; he cauſes his Horſes to wear Tufts of black Feathers; for you muſt know, that there are four Sorts of Plumes; the Cardinals who are Princes by Birth, or the Ambaſſadors, have them of Red and Gold; thoſe of the Cardinals, who are not Princes, are plain Red; the Princes have theirs of Gold Colour: The Governor of ROME, and the other Prelates, as the *Major Domo*, cauſe their Horſes to wear black ones: The Governor always goes abroad with two Coaches, and has an Umbrella carried before him as the Cardinals have: He goes twice a Week to an Audience of the Holy Father, to give him an Account of what paſſes, but particularly to make a Report of the condemn'd Malefactors; and he muſt never be abſent from ROME: One of the nobleſt Prerogatives belonging to his Office, is, that he never quits it but to be made a Cardinal.

Another Magiſtrate of Note at ROME is the *Senator:* The *Romans* pretend that he repreſents the ancient Senate of ROME; if ſo, 'tis but a poor Epitome of it. He lives in the Capitol, and muſt always be born out of ROME. He holds his Office by Patent from the Pope, and has it for his Life. He has under him ſeveral Subaltern Officers; two Lieutenants Civil, ſtyl'd Collaterals; a Judge, intituled Captain of the Appeals; a Lieutenant Criminal, or *Fiſcal*, who paſſes Sentences of Death; and he has a Right to take Cogniſance of all Cauſes Civil and Criminal, that happen to ariſe between the Citizens and Inhabitants of ROME: For this End he has alſo under him 30 Notaries or Commiſſaries, and the Priſons of the Capitol are at his Diſpoſal: When he appears at any public Ceremony, he is dreſs'd in a long Robe of Gold Brocade lin'd with

with red Taffeta, and a Cap of black Velvet: He has a Seat to himſelf in the Pope's Chapel, and goes, like the Governor of ROME, twice a Week, to give an Account to the Pope and the Cardinal Nephew of what has paſs'd at his Bar; he is then dreſs'd in a long Simar, or Robe of Velvet, or black Mohair. When he enters into his Office, he takes an Oath to the Pope, and his Holineſs gives him the Staff of Command, which is a Sceptre of Ivory; he is afterwards conducted with great Ceremony to the Capitol, guarded by all the Nobility of ROME on Horſeback, and by all the Militia of the City.

Their Manner of executing Criminals is very ſingular. They have but two Sorts of Puniſhments here, *viz.* the *Strappa Corda*, and the Gibbet. The firſt, tho' 'tis not mortal, ſeems to my Mind more terrible than Death itſelf; the Malefactor being ty'd with his two Hands together to a Rope, by which he is hoiſted 15 or 16 Feet from the Ground, and then let fall on a ſudden, ſo that he generally becomes a Cripple for Life. When a Man is to be hang'd, they talk of it a Week beforehand, as if it was the fineſt Holiday in the World: The Night before the Execution, ſeveral Prelates, Princes, and others of Quality admitted into the Confraternity of Comforters, repair at Midnight to the Priſon. When they come near the Dungeon, they make a great Noiſe, and with a loud Voice aſk the Gaoler, *Where is ſuch a one?* naming the Criminal that is to be condemn'd. *Here he is*, ſays the Man, loud enough to be heard by the Criminal. *Open the Doors to us*, ſay the Comforters; *he is in a bad State there, we will remove him to a Place where he ſhall be better.* The Turnkey opens the Dungeon, and lets in the Comforters, who exhort the Criminal to go along with them; and being guarded by a Company of the *Sbirri*, they put him in

in the middle, and carry him thro' ſeveral Galleries and Turnings towards the Door of a Chapel, before which is hung a Piece of black Cloth. Juſt as the Criminal is preparing to enter it, the Fiſcal, calling him by his Name, ſays to him, *You—there is your Sentence*; and at the ſame time throws him a Paper, in which the Sentence is written: The Criminal reads it, or elſe one of the Comforters does that Office for him: That very Moment the *Sbirri* withdraw, and the Comforters remain alone with the Criminal: Then the Cloth hung before the Chapel Door is lifted up, and the Patient is led to an Altar at the End of it, with a Crucifix upon it, in the middle of ſix lighted Wax Candles, where the Queſtion is put to him, *If he is willing to confeſs:* If he ſays, Yes, as very few *Italians* die willingly without Confeſſion, a Confeſſor is allotted him, who gives him the beſt Advice that he can.

The *Italians* generally make their *Exit* like good Chriſtians, but 'tis with very great Reluctance. A Man, who was condemn'd to die ſome Years ago for the Crime which brought down Fire from Heaven upon *Sodom*, would not hear any Talk of Confeſſion; upon which Cardinal *Banchieri*, at that time only a Prelate, being one of his Comforters, and exhorting him to beg of God to pardon his Sins; *What!* ſaid the Criminal to him, *Would you have me die for a Crime, of which you Prieſts are all guilty to a Man? I don't know*, ſaid the Cardinal, *of any Prieſts that are ſo unhappy as to commit ſuch a Crime; but if there are, they don't plead guilty in the Face of Juſtice.* Another Malefactor being very loth to die, a Comforter ſaid to him, that Kings and Popes muſt all ſubmit to Death. *True*, reply'd the Convict, *but they are not all hang'd.*

After a Criminal has confeſs'd, he receives the Sacraments, and the Comforters continue with him till

till the next Day. At Ten o'Clock, which is the Hour of Execution, he is convey'd in a Cart to the Gallows, to which he rides backwards, attended by two Prieſts, and two Comforters. When they are come to the fatal Place, they ſet him down out of the Cart before a Chapel to ſay his Prayers; and then they make him walk backwards to the Foot of the Ladder, which he always mounts with his Back to it; when the Hangman, who is at the Top of it, faſtens the Rope about his Neck, and then leans with all his Weight upon his Shoulders, to put him out of his Pain. After he is expir'd, Maſſes are ſaid in all the Churches, and even in the Pope's Chapel, for the Repoſe of his Soul; and for this End a Collection is made, to which the pooreſt People contribute ſomething; at length, after he has hung four or five Hours, he is bury'd like another Man.

You'll excuſe me, Sir, for concluding my Letter with ſuch a diſmal Subject: The Poſt is juſt going off, and I have many other Letters to write, ſo that I hope you won't take it ill that I add no more to this. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXXIV.

SIR, *Rome, October* 10. 1731.

THIS being in all Appearance the laſt Letter I ſhall write to you from ROME, I ſhall now give you the beſt Anſwer I can to the Queſtions you put to me in your laſt.

You deſire, *Sir*, that I ſhould give you a faithful Character of the Holy Father; but do you conſider well what it is you require? Is it likely that ſuch a private Man as I, who only ſee the Pope thro' a Perſpective in all his Glory and Grandeur, ſhou'd be able to paint him? No, Sir, the Succeſſors of St. *Peter* are not like other Princes: None but ſuch of their Domeſtics as are their moſt intire Confidents can know them thoroughly; and theſe, either out of their Zeal or Policy, paint them always, if not as they are, at leaſt as they ought to be. You will tell me, that in all Courts 'tis the ſame Caſe; and that, notwithſtanding this, one may judge of Princes by their Actions. 'Tis very true, yet this gives us but an imperfect Idea of Princes, who often do Good or Harm without meaning either.

To judge by outward Appearances, *Clement* XII. may be rank'd among the greateſt Popes that ever the Church had: He had always, even before he was Pope, the Reputation of an honeſt Man, and all his Pride is to merit that Character: He is rigid; and, if I may venture to ſay it, ſometimes blunt in his Anſwers: His earneſt Application to the retrieving of the Finances, which were very much diſorder'd by the Miniſters of *Benedict* XIII. renders him an Œconomiſt, perhaps more than ſuits with his Dignity: He has the Intereſts of the Holy See very much at heart; but is accus'd of being more troubled for the Loſs of the Duchy of *Parma*, (which they give out here was devolv'd to the Holy See by the Death of the Duke *Francis Farneſe*) than for the Diſturbances owing to the Affair of the Conſtitution in *France:* He is a great Admirer of Perſons of Quality, but he does them little good: His good Huſbandry extends even to his Nephews, whom he has loaded with Honours and Titles; but he has hitherto given them very

very little Money. When he was a Cardinal, his Houſe was open to every body; he liv'd magnificently, and it was expected he would rather be a prodigal Pope, than a *ſaving* one: He was civil and affable, but not very ready to do Services; for if he made his Friends welcome, he thought that was enough; Buſineſs was what took up little of his Time, and he bent his Thoughts more to noble Living than to Affairs of State. And the *Romans*, who had other Reaſons not to be pleas'd with his Election, ſaid he roſe to the Pontificate from a Game at Picquet.

Since he is become a Pope, he is quite another ſort of a Man: He is deſirous to know every thing that paſſes, and is fond of being his own Miniſter. But 'tis his Misfortune, that his Memory begins to fail him, and he is almoſt blind; beſides which, as he never was employ'd in State Affairs, he knows them not ſo much by Experience as Theory: Yet for all this it were to be wiſh'd, for the ſake of the Eccleſiaſtical State, that he had been choſe Pope in the place of *Benedict* XIII. But 'tis the Unhappineſs of this Country, that its Princes are commonly more haraſs'd with their bodily Infirmities, than with the Cares of Government: 'Tis pity that the Pope is ſo old; for he has the very Qualities that conſtitute a great Prince. Notwithſtanding his great Age, he has had the good Luck to make ten Cardinals, tho' he has not been ſixteen Months in the Pontificate; but his laſt Promotion of five Cardinals was not generally approv'd of. Among other coarſe *Paſquinades* that were utter'd upon that Occaſion, this Inſcription was affix'd to ſeveral Gates of the Pontifical Palace, *Noſtro Signora fa una bella Promotione, quatro Matti, ed un Minchione*, i. e. *Our Lord has made a fine Promotion, four Madmen, and one Fool.* Thoſe five Cardinals were Signior *Guadagno*, the Pope's Nephew,

formerly a barefooted *Carmelite*; Signior *Doria Maeſtro di Camera*, Archbiſhop of *Benevento*; Signior *Gentili*, a *Datary*, who had been formerly *Secretary of the Congregation of the Biſhops, and the Regular Clergy*, a Poſt which, tho' the very next Step to a Cardinal's Cap, the Pope had made him reſign for the Office of a *Datary*, which is but a mean Commiſſion; Signior *Ferrayo*, and Signior *Bichi*, both Nuncios in *Portugal*.

The laſt is noted for the Broils that he occaſion'd between the Holy See and the Court of *Liſbon:* The King of *Portugal* being diſguſted with this Nuncio for having defrauded him of the Cuſtoms, by entring Goods upon his own Account, which he ſold afterwards to the Prejudice of the *Portugueſe* Merchants, and being moreover exaſperated with this Prelate for aſſuming more Authority to himſelf, than his Predeceſſors had ever done, demanded of *Clement* XI. to recall him; and upon that Pope's Death he repeated his Inſtances to *Innocent* XIII. who at length conſented to his Demand: But then the King, for what Cauſe I know not, alter'd his Mind, and declared he was not willing that *Bichi* ſhould leave his Court till the Term of his Nunciature was expired. And as the Pope had nominated M. *Ferrayo* to relieve *Bichi*, and was obſtinate for the Return of the latter to ROME, the King order'd his Ambaſſador to demand of the Pope for what Reaſon he recall'd *Bichi*; and in caſe the Holy Father ſhould declare that it was to puniſh his Nuncio, he injoin'd him to ſay, that this Miniſter was intirely innocent of the Matters laid to his Charge in *Portugal*; but that if, on the contrary, the Pope ſhould give him to underſtand, that he recall'd *Bichi*, to give him ſuch an Office in the Apoſtolical Palace as might ſecure him a Cardinal's Hat, he the Ambaſſador ſhould then make Anſwer, that his *Portugueſe* Majeſty

jeſty was of Opinion, the Dignity of Nuncio at his Court ought to procure the Purple for all thoſe who reſided with him in that Quality; and that therefore his Majeſty would never ſuffer M. *Bichi* to depart from *Lisbon*, till he was declared a Cardinal.

The Pope exclaimed againſt the King's new Demand, repeated his Orders to *Bichi* to return to ROME, and ſent away M. *Ferrayo* for *Portugal*. But the King would not let *Bichi* go out of the Kingdom, nor *Ferrayo* come into it; and *Bichi* himſelf refus'd to obey the Holy Father, who threaten'd him with Excommunication; but the Prelate, being ſure of the King's Protection, did not much value the Apoſtolical Cenſures. The King in ſhort continu'd to ſolicit the Hat for him ſtrenuouſly; but *Innocent* XIII. would not hear it mention'd, alledging that it was not proper for him, who, in Quality of Cardinal Protector of *Portugal*, had impeach'd *Bichi* at the Holy See, to advance him to the Purple. *Benedict* XIII. who was of a beneficent and pacific Diſpoſition, no ſooner came to the Pontificate, but he wrote a Letter with his own Hand to the King of *Portugal*, wherein he promis'd him the Hat for *Bichi*. The Sacred College, when they were inform'd of the Pope's Intentions, made ſmart Remonſtrances to him, and every Cardinal in particular repreſented to him how unworthy *Bichi* was of the Purple. Cardinal *Corſini*, the preſent Pope, was the Man that declar'd himſelf againſt that Prelate with the greateſt Warmth; for he told the Pope, that notwithſtanding his Reſpect for his Holineſs, he would never conſent that *Bichi*, that diſhonourable, that faithleſs Man, (which were the Epithets wherewith he honour'd him) ſhould be one of his Brethren. In a Word, the whole Sacred College ſhew'd ſo much Diſguſt at the Thoughts of this Promotion, that the Pope was oblig'd to revoke the Promiſe

he had made to the King of *Portugal*. That Monarch, incenſed to ſee himſelf made a Jeſt of by the Prieſts, recalled his Ambaſſador and Envoy then at ROME, and ordered his Subjects to leave that City, and to have nothing more to do with the Holy See. And the Pope, in his Turn, recalled *Ferrayo*, who ſtill continued in *Spain*, on the Frontier of *Portugal*, and ſummoned *Bichi* to ROME, whither at laſt he was determin'd to return.

During this, *Benedict* XIII. died, and *Clement* XII. ſucceeding him, *Bichi*, who is his Kinſman, went to *Sienna*, the Place of his Birth. There it was that he heard of his Promotion, which was made on the 24th of *September* laſt, but not without ſtrong Debates in the Sacred College. A great Number of the Cardinals put the Holy Father in mind, that he was formerly the moſt zealous Stickler againſt *Bichi:* And in the Conſiſtory wherein the Pope propos'd him, a Cardinal gave his Opinion, that the Prelate might be admitted into the Sacred College in Quality of a Penitent. The Pope happening to ſay, that he knew of no other Way to come to an Accommodation with the King of *Portugal*, than by making *Bichi* a Cardinal; one of the Cardinals made Anſwer, 'I 'queſtion whether the promoting of *Bichi* will ſet 'us to Rights with *Portugal*; but let it happen 'as it may, 'twill be, at the worſt, but one Hat 'more ill beſtow'd.'

The *Romans* actually pine for an Accommodation with *Portugal*; for the Ambaſſadors of that Crown have always expended great Sums here, eſpecially ſince the Acceſſion of the preſent King, who has caus'd a great deal of Money to be laid out here in Statues, Pictures, and other Things of Value. 'Tis reckon'd upon the whole, that the Abſence of the *Portugueſe* is a Loſs to the City of

ROME

ROME of above a Million of *Roman* Crowns in a Year.

The Pope's Nephews are like their Uncle, Men of great Sincerity, Honour and Probity; but whether 'tis owing to the Indolence of their Tempers, or to their Want of Intereſt with their Uncle, they ſerve nobody, and know not the Pleaſure of doing Good. The Cardinal, who ſhould naturally have the moſt Credit, is he that has the leaſt: He is penurious to the laſt Degree *. Before he was made a Cardinal and Miniſter, People conceiv'd a high Idea of him; they believ'd that a Perſon who had travell'd ſo much as he had done, and who had been many Years employ'd by the Great Duke in *France*, and at the Congreſs of *Cambray*, muſt needs be well verſed in Buſineſs; therefore they apply this Verſe to him,

Tel brille au ſecond rang, qui s' eclipſe au premier.

i. e.

He ſhines ſo much in the ſecond Claſs, as eclipſes him in the firſt.

Every body allows he is an upright Man; but they don't look upon him as a Miniſter. He is ſo reſerved, that 'tis quite diſguſting; and when he grants any Favour, he does it in ſo ſtrange a Manner, that they who receive it are ſorry they were beholden to him. I queſtion whether he will

* When he was at the Congreſs at *Cambray*, he had a Fancy to regulate every Plenipotentiary's Houſhold; and indeed, that was all he did there. One Day he took it into his Head to give his Oeconomical Rules at my Lord *Whitworth's*; but he did not find my Lady very complaiſant; for, ſaid ſhe, M. *le Marquis, We make uſe of the* Italians *to regulate our* Concerts; *but as for the Table, pray give us leave to conſult the* French.

have very many humble Servants left, when his Uncle dies.

In the ſame Conſiſtory wherein the Pope made *Bichi* a Cardinal, the Holy Father talk'd a great deal about the Succeſſion of *Parma*. He complain'd in general Terms of the Emperor, for arrogating to himſelf thoſe Prerogatives relating to the Dominions of *Parma*, which were only due to the Holy See. He acquainted the Sacred College with every thing that he had done for maintaining the Rights of the Church; he ſaid, that as ſoon as he was informed that the Ducheſs of *Parma* was really not with Child, he ordered his *Nuncio* at *Parma* to take Poſſeſſion of the Dominions, that were devolv'd to the Holy See by the Extinction of the Male Line of the *Farneſe* Family; that his *Nuncio* had executed his Orders; but that *Stampa*, the Emperor's General and Commiſſary, had caus'd an Edict to be publiſh'd, whereby, in the Name of the Emperor, he forbad all the Subjects of *Parma* from owning any other Sovereign, but him to whom his Imperial Majeſty ſhou'd give the Inveſtiture of the Duchy. The Pope ſaid, he was ſorry when he heard *Stampa* had taken that Step; but that he expected from the Emperor's Juſtice and Piety, that he wou'd not approve of the Conduct of his General, and that he wou'd not do any thing contrary to the inconteſtable Claim of the Holy See to the Dominions of the *Farneſe* Family. The Cardinals returned a very modeſt Anſwer to the Pope, thanking him for the Endeavours he had us'd to maintain the Rights of the Holy See, and praying him to continue them. The Cardinals *Cienfuegos* and *Bentivoglio*, being inform'd of all the Complaints which the Pope intended to make in this Conſiſtory, took care not to be there. Theſe Gentlemen are extremely angry with the Em-

Emperor; 'What! *ſaid they*, to have no more 'Reſpect for the Pope and the Holy See, to in-'vade the Eſtates of the Church, and diſpoſe of 'them as he pleaſes, are theſe Actions becoming 'an Emperor, Protector of the Catholic Faith?' Really, to hear how they talk, one wou'd think the Emperor had actually taken all they had from 'em; tho' I am perſuaded, that if he would but give them the Duchy of *Parma*, they wou'd conſent to his being a *Janſeniſt*.

You deſire, Sir, to be inform'd of the Reception that is given here to Ambaſſadors. I ſhou'd have done this long before you deſired it, if I had ſeen any Ambaſſador go to an Audience of the Pope, beſides the *Malteſe*, who has not ſo grand a Reception here as the Ambaſſadors of Crown'd Heads. 'Twas on the ſecond *Sunday* in *Lent*, in the Afternoon, that the Ambaſſador of *Malta*, who has reſided here ſix Years in Quality of Ambaſſador of that Order, made his Entry as Tributary Ambaſſador Extraordinary. This Miniſter, repairing without any Retinue to the Vineyard of Pope *Julius*, without the Gate *del Popoli*, was complimented there, on the Part of the Pope, by the *Major Domo*, and the oldeſt Prelate; and on the Part of the Cardinals, and principal Nobility, by their Gentlemen. After this, the Cavalcade was made with more Order than is commonly obſerv'd here at public Ceremonies. Firſt came the ſeveral Coaches and Six of the Cardinals, Princes, and other Perſons of Diſtinction, following one another without Obſervation of the reſpective Ranks of their Owners. Then came two of the Ambaſſador's Grooms on Horſeback, who were follow'd by four cover'd Waggons, and a Couple of Field Carriages, cover'd with Tapeſtry, that was embroidered with his Excellency's Coat of Arms. Next came the Ambaſſador's

Maſter

Maſter of the Horſe, follow'd by ſix led Horſes, two Trumpets, with the Lackeys, *Valets de Chambre*, Pages, and Gentlemen belonging to the Ambaſſador, all on Horſeback. Theſe were follow'd by the chief Lackeys of the Cardinals rideing upon Mules, and carrying their Maſter's red Hats ſlung over their Shoulders; and after theſe came the Cardinals Gentlemen, who were follow'd by a Detachment of Light-horſe. The Chamberlains of Honour follow'd riding upon Mules. The Knights of *Malta* on Horſeback rode juſt before the Ambaſſador, who was ſupported by the *Major Domo*, and Signior *Colonna*, the oldeſt Prelate. His Excellency was preceded by twelve running Footmen in his Livery, and he walked in the Middle of a Couple of Files of the hundred *Switzers* of the Pope's Guard. Three of the Ambaſſador's Coaches and Six clos'd the March. The whole Train paſs'd thro' the chief Streets of ROME, and accompany'd the Ambaſſador to his Palace, where his Excellency treated all the Company with Refreſhments.

On the Day of Audience, the Ambaſſador went in his Equipage to the Palace of *Monte-Cavallo*, attended by the Coaches of the Cardinals and the Nobility. He was receiv'd at the Top of the Stairs by the *Major Domo*, who conducted him into that called the Prince's Apartment. The Ambaſſador having waited there a little Time, two Maſters of the Ceremonies came to acquaint him, that his Holineſs was ready to admit him to an Audience in the Conſiſtory then ſitting. The Ambaſſador went thither, conducted by the Maſters of the Ceremonies; and Signior *Acquaviva*, the *Major Domo*, received him at the Entrance of the Hall of the Conſiſtory, and conducted him to the Entrance of the Court fronting the Pope. The Ambaſſador fell on his Knees, and made

made a profound Obeiſance to the Pope, who gave him his Bleſſing. Then he fell on his Knees again in the Middle of the Court, and the third Time at the Pope's Feet, to whom he made his Speech kneeling. In this Poſture he alſo delivered the Letter from the Grand Maſter to the Holy Father, who gave it to a Prelate, ordering him to read it. The Ambaſſador aroſe, and having croſſed the Court, ſaluting the Cardinals on the Right and Left, he fell on his Knees at the Entrance of the Court, oppoſite to the Holy Father. There he heard the Grand Maſter's Letter read, and afterwards a very long Speech in *Latin*, which an Abbat, who was a Knight of *Malta*, made in the Name of the Order, upon his Knees. The Prelate had no ſooner read the Letter, but he anſwered the Speech in *Latin*. The Ambaſſador, who was ſtill on his Knees, aroſe, after the Prelate had ended his Speech; went and kneel'd again at the Pope's Feet, which he kiſs'd, and then preſented to his Holineſs the Knights of *Malta*, who had accompany'd him to the Audience, and who all kiſs'd the Holy Father's Feet. The Pope, riſing from his Seat, retir'd to his Apartment; but the Ambaſſador ſtay'd in the Hall of the Conſiſtory, till all the Cardinals were gone out. He then returned to his Palace, where he gave a grand Repaſt to the Knights of his Order. The next and the following Days, he made his Viſits of Ceremony to the Cardinals. Their Eminencies don't give Precedence to the Ambaſſadors; but bating that only, they treat them as their Equals.

I have been aſſured, that the Ambaſſadors Extraordinary of Kings are lodged three Days in the Pontifical Palace, during which they have the Honour to dine once with the Holy Father. If I continue here till the Arrival of the Duke of *St. Aignan*, the Ambaſſador of *France*, who is every Day

Day expected, I will give you an Account how he is received; for tho' theſe Ceremonies are printed here, I ſhall be willing to have ocular Demonſtration of the Things that I write to you.

Of all the public Functions at this Place, there is none more auguſt, and more ſolemn, than the Proceſſion with the Holy Sacrament, when 'tis carry'd by the Pope. Upon *Corpus Chriſti* Day, the Holy Father was plac'd in an Arm-chair, without a Back to it, with a Deſk before him, upon which he laid the Pyx that contained the Holy Sacrament. His Cope, which was very long, and very wide, ſo cover'd the Deſk and the Chair, that the Pope ſeemed to be kneeling. His Head was uncovered, and in this Poſture he was carry'd by eight Men. In my whole Life, I never ſaw any thing more exemplary than the Countenance of the Pope during the Ceremony, his Face being the very Picture of Contrition and Devotion. The Proceſſion ſet out from St. *Peter*'s Church, attended by all the Fraternities, the Monaſtic Orders, the *Roman* Nobility, the Conſervators of ROME, the Governor of ROME, the Chapter of St. *Peter*, and all the Prelates and Biſhops. Three *Tiara*'s, and as many Mitres, adorn'd with Pearls and Diamonds, were carry'd before the Holy Father. The Pope was environed with the hundred *Swiſs* of his Guards, all in Armour, and by the Officers of his Chamber; and the Proceſſion was clos'd by the Light-horſe, and Cuiraſſiers on Horſeback. The Colonnade of St. *Peter*, and the Streets, were hung with Tapeſtry, and cover'd with Canvas, to keep off the Heat of the Sun. As the Pope paſſed by the Houſe where the Family of the *Stuarts* liv'd, he gave to thoſe Princes the Bleſſing of the Holy Sacrament. The Holy Father's Nieces were in a neighbouring Houſe; but they

they did not receive that Honour, it being reſerved only for Sovereigns.

You ſeem, Sir, to be ſo much prejudiced againſt the holy Office of the Inquiſition, that I muſt endeavour to convince you of the miſtaken Notion, which, I preſume to ſay, you have conceived upon that Head. Honeſt People have no more Reaſon to dread this Tribunal, than any of the other Courts of Juſtice. They tell a thouſand Stories of it in our Part of the World, and eſpecially among the *Proteſtants*, which are abſolute Falſehoods. Be but an honeſt Man; ſpeak of God and the Saints with all due Reſpect, or at leaſt don't offer to inſult them; give no public Scandal; and you have nothing to fear from the Holy Office. To ſpeak the Truth, will not a Man in all the Chriſtian Countries, that is notoriouſly impious in Word or Deed, will he not be taken to Taſk by the Conſiſtories, and by the Law? I own, for my part, that I don't ſee wherein that Barbarity, and that Inhumanity conſiſts, which the Holy Office is charg'd with in *Proteſtant* Countries; on the contrary, it ſeems to me to be the mildeſt Tribunal in the World. Let me be guilty of the greateſt Injuries to God and Religion, in Thought, Word or Deed; if I do but go and confeſs my Crimes to the Holy Office, and tell them I repent of my Wickedneſs and Folly, the Father Commiſſary will repreſent the Horror of my Sins to me, will exhort me, for the Salvation of my Soul, to behave and think better for the future, and at laſt will abſolve me. Where now is that *Proteſtant* Tribunal, which is content with a voluntary Confeſſion? Inſtead of abſolving the Penitent, don't they condemn him to Impriſonment, and bodily Pains?

For theſe ſixteen Months that I have been at ROME, I have not heard of any one's being arreſted

reſted by the Holy Office; on the contrary, I have ſeen Acts of Clemency perform'd by this Tribunal, ſo much run down, which perhaps the Conſiſtory of *Geneva* would never have done. I had not long been here, but there came one *Pallas*, a Native of *Toulon*, and Captain in *France*, who brought a young Woman with him, whom he ſaid he had raviſh'd; he deſir'd a Licenſe of the Vicar to marry her, which was granted. But ſome Months after, there comes a Woman, who appear'd to be the Wife of *Pallas*, and the Mother of the young Creature that he had but juſt married, and who was ready to lie in. *Pallas*, perceiving his Crime on the Brink of being detected, goes and reveals the whole to the Holy Office, which firſt gave him Protection for his Perſon, and in a few Days after acquitted him, injoining him at the ſame time to take his firſt Wife again. This *Pallas* dying not many Days after, his two Wives went to Law for their Jointure. I queſtion now whether this Officer would have been acquitted by a Parliament of *France*.

The Congregation of the Holy Office was eſtabliſhed by Pope *Paul* III. at the Solicitation of the Cardinal *John Peter Caraffa*, who afterwards, becoming Pope, by the Name of *Paul* IV. made a remarkable Addition to the Authority of this Tribunal. That Holy Pontiff, *Pius* V. reduced it to its preſent State. This Congregation conſiſts of a dozen Cardinals, beſides a Number of Prelates, and a great many Divines of different Orders, who are called *Conſultori & Qualificatori del Santo Officio*. Among theſe are included a Conventual, the General of the *Dominicans*, the Maſter of the Sacred Palace, the Commiſſary of the Holy Office, the Fiſcal, and the Aſſeſſor, which laſt muſt always be a ſecular Prelate. This Tribunal takes Cognizance of the Cauſes of Hereſy,

and

and of ſuch novel Opinions as are repugnant to the Soundneſs of the Catholic Faith; as alſo of Matters of Apoſtaſy, Witchcraft, the Abuſe of the Sacraments, and other wicked Actions; and it likewiſe takes Cognizance of prohibited Books. It ſits twice a Week, *viz.* on *Wedneſdays* in the Convent of *Minerva*, and on *Thurſdays* in Preſence of the Pope, who is the Head of it. The oldeſt Cardinal has the Title of Secretary of the Holy Office, and is the Keeper of its Seals. None but Cardinals can vote in it, and they admit of no Propoſals but what they think proper.

The Palace of the Holy Office is cloſe by St. *Peter*'s Church, and there live the Aſſeſſor, the Father Commiſſary, the Fiſcal, the Notary, and other Officers. There alſo the Priſoners are kept, and there they are try'd, according as the Caſe requires. The Officers of the Holy Office acknowledge no other Judges in the firſt Inſtance, but the Aſſeſſor of the Tribunal whereof they are Members; and they appeal for the Definitive Sentence to the Cardinals who are Members of the Congregation.

I will conclude my long Letter with a Remark, which I have made upon the *Romans* in particular, and the *Italians* in general, I mean as to the reciprocal Hatred of the Inhabitants of the different States of *Italy*. That the *Romans* hate the *Florentines*, I think I have told you more than once; but that's not all, for they as heartily hate the *Neapolitans* and the *Genoeſe*. They commonly ſay, that there muſt be ſeven *Jews* to make one *Genoeſe*, and ſeven *Genoeſe* to make one *Florentine*. 'Tis unaccountable how the People of *Italy* can ſo hate one another. I can't imagine that they ſhould be ſo blind as not to ſee the Prejudice it does them; for, in ſhort, 'tis not barely the Hatred of one Province to another, but it diffuſes its Poiſon to the Towns

that

that are ſubject to one and the ſame Sovereign. Theſe People don't conſider that they form one and the ſame Nation; and that if they did but unite together, they would be both rich and powerful; but being jealous of one another, they only ſeek to ruin each other, and by that means deprive themſelves of the moſt ſolid Support of their Liberty.

To my mind, we act much more rationally; for tho' our *Germany* is divided into many more Dominions than *Italy* is, we do however form a Body againſt Foreigners, who have a Deſign upon our Eſtates and our Liberties. The leſſer Princes comply with the Emperor's Will; and their own Intereſt, and that of the Empire, is all one. Our Princes viſit and aſſociate with one another, and maintain a Sort of common Friendſhip; the *Italian* Princes on the contrary never viſit one another; and when by chance a Sovereign of four or five Leagues of Country comes to have an Interview with ſuch another Sovereign as himſelf, it takes up as much Negociation to adjuſt it, as was neceſſary to ſettle the Interview between *Philip* IV. and *Lewis* XIV. But is it not ridiculous to ſee ſuch petty States act towards one another with as much Fineſſe and Craft as the moſt powerful Kingdoms? 'Tis this Diffidence, this reciprocal Hatred between the Governments and Towns of *Italy*, that has made them for a long time the Sport of Foreigners; whereas, if theſe People did but keep up a good Underſtanding with one another, they would ſoon drive them out; for Nature has furniſh'd them with Ditches and Walls, which if they don't defend, 'tis their own Fault: But it ſeems as if Providence, by which the Fate of all Dominions is determin'd, would not have it ſo.

Adieu, Sir, for the preſent: I cannot be ſure when I ſhall write to you again, much leſs when I ſhall

ſhall have the Pleaſure of embracing you, tho' there's ſcarce a Day paſſes over my Head but I do it in Imagination. Do you but render me like for like, and be aſſur'd that nobody in the World is more ſtrictly than I am, *Yours, &c.*

LETTER XXXV.

SIR, *Genoa, Nov.* 2, 1731.

THE Road from *Rome* to LORETTO has been ſo fully deſcrib'd, that I think I ſhould paſs it over in Silence; nor ſhall I ſay any thing more to you of the *Santa Caſa*, which you know in what manner the Angels bore to the Place where it now ſtands. If you would be inform'd of the Treaſure of this Houſe, look into the Voyages of *Miſſon*, who has given a large Account of every Particular: Since he wrote, the Treaſure is not very much increas'd, the Princes having almoſt done making their Offerings to it. The Queen of *France* has lately ſettled a perpetual Endowment on it for the Celebration of four Maſſes a Day, by way of Thankſgiving for the Birth of the Dauphin.

From *Loretto* to BOLOGNA the Road is good, and 'tis a fine fruitful Country; I ſtay'd three Days the longer at that City, on purpoſe to ſee the Cardinal *Grimani*, who is Legate there from the Holy See. He is a Prelate of great Virtue, ſound Morals, and polite, but unaffected Beha-

viour. He has been *Internuncio* at *Bruſſels*, *Nuncio* at *Cologne*, and in *Poland*, and in this Quality he reſided at *Vienna*, when he was advanc'd to the Purple. I knew him at all thoſe *Nunciatures*; I ſaw him at *Rome*, when he went thither to receive the Hat, and I have now ſeen him again at *Bologna*, and find he is the ſame Man now he is both Cardinal and Legate, that he was when but an *Internuncio* *. For 'tis only in vulgar Souls that Honours change Manners.

Notwithſtanding the Reluctance I had to repaſs the *Apennine* Hills a ſecond time, I was forced to reſolve upon it, or elſe to renounce all Thoughts of being at *Leghorn* at the Arrival of the Fleets from *Spain* and *England*. I have been at FLORENCE, and have had the Honour to wait on the Great Duke, and Madame the Electoreſs Palatine Dowager. I had formerly paid my Compliments to this Princeſs, both here and at *Duſſeldorp*, and ſhe was now pleas'd to call me to mind again, and to ſhew me abundance of Reſpect and Kindneſs: Her moſt Serene Electoral Highneſs lives very retir'd, and is almoſt continually at her Devotions: She has her own Ladies of the Bedchamber; but as for the reſt, ſhe is attended by the Officers of the Great Duke, and makes uſe alſo of that Prince's Equipage.

I did not ſuppoſe that I ſhould be able to pay my Reſpects to the Great Duke, becauſe I had been told, that it was very difficult to get an Audience of him; yet I attain'd to that Honour at the very Time when I leaſt of all expected it. As I was going from the Electreſs's Apartment, I met one of the Great Duke's *Valets de Chambre*, who

* Cardinal *Grimani* ſucceeded Cardinal *Bentivoglio* in the Legateſhip of *Bologna*, as ſoon as the preſent Pope had created him a Cardinal; but he died in the Legateſhip, and his Holineſs conferr'd it upon *John Baptiſt Spinola*, whom he had juſt before advanc'd to the Purple.

came

came to tell me, That his Royal Highneſs wanted to ſpeak with me: This Meſſage ſo ſurpriz'd me, that I thought the Man miſtook me for another Perſon, till he convinc'd me of the contrary: I was obliged to yield Obedience, and the *Valet de Chambre* introduc'd me to the Audience: I found the Great Duke ſitting upright in Bed, accompany'd by ſeveral Lap-dogs, with nothing on but a Shirt without Ruffles, and a long Cravat about his Neck of coarſe Muſlin: His Cap was very much beſmear'd with Snuff, and truly there was nothing neat nor grand about him: By his Bed-ſide there ſtood a Table in Form of a Beaufet, upon which there were Silver Buckets, that contain'd Bottles of Liquors and Glaſſes: His Royal Highneſs receiv'd me however with great Marks of Goodneſs, reproach'd me becauſe I had not yet deſired to ſee him, and ſaid to me in the kindeſt Manner poſſible, That I did very ill to treat my old Friends with ſo much Indifference. The Prince remember'd he had known my Father, and he call'd to mind, that when he was at *Berlin*, my Parents paid him all due Reſpects; he aſk'd me what News from the Court of *Pruſſia?* and wanted to know all the Alterations that had been made there ſince his Time: He talk'd to me of the Court of *Rome*, and particularly of the Pope; and ſaid with a Smile, That the Holy Father was at firſt his Subject, afterwards his Equal, and now the Maſter of him, and of all the Catholic Princes. The Converſation at length took a gayer Turn, and ran upon Pleaſures, good Chear, and the Bottle. The Grand Duke ſaid, 'twas too early in the Day to drink Wine, (for 'twas no more than Two o'Clock in the Afternoon) but that he had a choice Dram, of which I ſhould taſte, and he was ſo good as to fill me a Glaſs of it out of a Bottle which was by his Bedſide. 'Twas to no Purpoſe for me to

proteſt, that I never drank Drams; I was fain to drink that Glaſs, then another, and after that a third. The Great Duke aſſum'd no State upon Account of his Rank, but treated me as his Equal, and drank Glaſs for Glaſs with me. I was juſt going to fall at his Knees, and to beg Quarter, when, as good Luck would have it, *Joannino*, his favourite *Valet de Chambre*, came in, and whiſper'd ſomething in his Ear. Upon this the Great Duke put on a ſerious Air, and ſoon after diſmiſs'd me, but charg'd me not to go from FLORENCE before I had receiv'd his Commands. *Make yourſelf as merry as you can*, ſaid the Prince; *but be ſure not to go away without taking your Leave of me.* Two Hours after I return'd to my Inn, his Royal Highneſs ſent me a Preſent of Fowls, *Bologna* Sauſages, Cheeſe, Sweetmeats, and other good Things, together with ſeveral Dozens of Bottles of moſt excellent Wine; ſo that I aſſure you I had Subſiſtence enough for three Months.

I ſtay'd four Days, expecting the Great Duke's Orders; but as none came in all that Time, I deſir'd his Favourite *Joannino* to aſk him if he had any Commands for me; upon which he ſent me word, that he deſir'd I would ſtay two Days longer, and that then he would ſee me. I heard that a Courier was arriv'd from *Leghorn*, which brought him News, that the *Spaniſh* Fleet had been ſeen at Sea; upon which I thought, that the Grand Duke would be very much taken up with his Miniſters; but I was ſoon inform'd, that he left all Matters intirely to the Management of his Miniſters, the Commandeur *d'Elbene*, and the Marquis *Rinuccini*, who ſettled every thing as they thought fit with Father *Aſcanio*, the *Spaniſh* Miniſter.

The Great Duke lay ſnug in his Bed, not that he was ſick, but out of pure Indulgence. 'Tis now twenty-two Months ſince he went out of his Palace, and

and above ſeven ſince he put on his Cloaths. His Levee is not till Noon, and then he ſends for ſuch as he has Buſineſs with to his Bed-chamber; but this is an Honour which the *Florentines* don't eaſily attain to; for he ſeems to be fondeſt of the *German* Nation, whoſe Language he ſpeaks well, and pretends even to know its various Dialects. There are few Pilgrims that paſs this Way, either to or from *Rome*, but he ſends for them to his Court, where he converſes whole Hours with them, refreſhes them with his Cordials, and puts a Crown in their Pockets when they go away: He dines at Five o'Clock in the Evening, and ſups at Two in the Morning: He always eats alone, commonly in his Bed; and ſpends two or three Hours in Table-Talk with *Joannino*, and ſome young Fellows call'd *Ruſpanti*, becauſe they are Penſioners to the Great Duke, and paid in *Ruſpes*, which are a Coin of the ſame Value as *Sequins*; and ſome of them have two, three, and even five *Ruſpes* a Week. They are paid by *Joannino* every *Wedneſday* and *Saturday*; but all their Buſineſs is to attend the Great Duke, whenever he ſends for them at Dinner or Supper; 'tis ſaid their Number conſiſts of above three hundred, and that they coſt his Royal Highneſs 80,000 Crowns *per Ann.* They conſiſt of all Nations, but of *Germans* more than any other. They wear no Livery, nor are they all clad alike; and they are only known by their Locks, which are always very much curl'd and powder'd.

When the two Days which the Great Duke had order'd me to ſtay were expir'd, I again ſent for his Leave to be gone; upon which he commanded me to wait on him, and receiv'd me altogether as kindly as he did the firſt Time: He kept me near three Hours, during which he did me the Honour to talk with me on a thouſand different Subjects; and then he diſmiſs'd me, ſaying, *Farewel*,

wel, go to Leghorn, *and ſee my new Gueſts ſafe aſhore.*

I cannot leave FLORENCE, without thinking it my Duty to mention ſome Perſons of Note to you, whom I was acquainted with at this Court.

The Commandeur *d'Elbene* is Steward of the Great Duke's Houſhold, and Preſident of his Council, and venerable both for his Age and his Merit.

The Marquis *Rinuccini* is the ſecond Miniſter, but is properly the Soul of the Council, having been employ'd in Buſineſs a long time; for in 1711 he was the Great Duke's Envoy at the *Hague*, and about that Time he attended the late Elector Palatine to the Election of an Emperor at *Franckfort*. He was afterwards ſent Envoy from the Great Duke to the Congreſs at *Utrecht*, and from thence he went to *England:* When he return'd from his Embaſſies, the late Great Duke admitted him a Member of his Council, and put him at the Head of Foreign Affairs, of which he has ſtill the Direction. 'Twas he that diſpos'd the Great Duke and the Electreſs to ſubmit to the Times, and to recognize Don *Carlos*, the Infante of *Spain*, for their Succeſſor: And in fine, he is the Man that ſettles all Matters againſt the Arrival of that Prince, who is expected here with very great Impatience.

Tho' the Nobility of FLORENCE are in general very civil to Foreigners, yet 'tis certain, that the Marquis *Richardi* is one of thoſe Gentlemen that give them the beſt Welcome; and as he is one of the richeſt Gentlemen in *Tuſcany*, he is alſo one of thoſe that keep the beſt Houſe; he has three Sons, and one of them is a Prelate; the eldeſt of them, Don *Vincenzo*, who is like ſome Day or other to be the Head of the Family, has travell'd very much, and is certainly a Gentleman of very great Acquirements and Merit.

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There are a great many fine Ladies here, but they don't dreſs well, and have not near ſo much Liberty as thoſe of *Rome:* There's one Madame *Suarez* indeed, that cuts a very great Figure, and keeps open Houſe to all Comers; ſhe receives Foreigners in a grand Manner, eſpecially the *Engliſh*; but her Houſe would be better, if there was not ſo much Gaming in it.

Before I ſet out from FLORENCE, I can't think it will be improper to give you a few Particulars concerning the Family of the *Medicis*, which is near being extinct in the Perſon of the Great Duke *John Gaſton.*

This Family has given ſeven Sovereign Princes to *Tuſcany*. *Coſmo* the Firſt, of that Name, was alſo the firſt Great Duke. He obtain'd that Title about *Ann.* 1568. from the Emperor *Maximilian* II. of whom he had demanded the Title of *King of Hetruria*; but the Emperor return'd him for Anſwer, That he knew of but one King in *Italy*, and that was himſelf. However, to gratify *Coſmo*'s Vanity, *Maximilian* invented the Title of *Great Duke*, that of *Arch Duke* being already the Appenage of the Houſe of *Auſtria.* The Names of the ſeven Great Dukes, with their Alliances, are as follow.

Coſmo I. *who married* Eleanor *of* Toledo.
Ferdinand I. *who married* Joan *of* Auſtria.
Francis I. *who married* Mary Magdalen *of* Auſtria.
Coſmo II. *whoſe Wife was* Claude *of* Lorain.
Ferdinand II. *married to* Mary de la Rovero, *Ducheſs of* Urbino.
Coſmo III. *who married* Margaretta Louiſa *of* Orleans.
John Gaſton, *married to* Anna Maria Frances *of* Saxe-Lawenbourg.

The Family of *Medicis* calls to my Mind that of the *Kettlers*, Dukes of *Courland*; and I fanſy the

following Parallel will hold between the two Families. The *Medicis*, before they were Sovereigns of *Tuſcany*, were Standard-Bearers of FLORENCE; the *Kettlers* were Gentlemen, and Grand Maſters of the *Teutonic* Order in *Courland*. The Emperor *Maximilian* II. made *Medicis* Grand Duke: *Sigiſmond Auguſtus*, King of *Poland*, made *Kettler* a Duke. The two Families have each given ſeven Sovereigns to *Europe*, and they are alike related to the greateſt Families. The laſt of the *Medicis*, and the laſt of the *Kettlers*, were married to Princeſſes of the *Saxon* Family. They both ſee Foreign Powers diſpoſing of their Succeſſion before they are dead *. Both Families began to flouriſh almoſt at the ſame time, at the two Extremities of *Europe*; and in all Appearance their Period is like to be the ſame.

I could ſtay but ſix Days at *Florence* this Journey, becauſe I had a mind to ſee the Landing of the *Spaniards* at LEGHORN. I had no Time neither to loſe, for they came into the Road the Day before I arriv'd, and landed two or three Days after. The Fleet was compos'd of two Squadrons, one of which, *viz.* the *Engliſh*, conſiſting of thirteen Ships, was commanded by Admiral *Wager*. The two Squadrons ſet Sail at one and the ſame time, but had been diſpers'd by a Storm in the Gulph of *Lyons*. The *Engliſh* came in all toge-

* Nevertheleſs there is a Difference between theſe two Families: The Duke *Ferdinand* is the laſt Survivor of that of *Kettler*; but of the Family of *Medicis* there are Princes ſtill living, who have an inconteſtable Right to the Succeſſion; for 'tis certain, that *Bernard de Medicis*, the eldeſt Brother of Pope *Leo* XI. deſcended from *Juvenco de Medicis*, Brother of *Sylveſter Clariſſimus*, the Head of the preſent reigning Branch, which *Bernard de Medicis* was the Son of *Ottaviano*, the laſt Standard-bearer of *Florence* in 1528. This *Bernard* purchas'd the Barony of *Ottajano* near Mount *Veſuvius* in the Kingdom of *Naples*, to which he tranſferr'd this Branch of the *Medicis*; and the preſent Prince of *Ottajano*, and Duke of *Sarno*, who married *Thereſa*, Daughter of *Charles* Prince of *Acquaviva*, is his Great Great Grandſon.

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ther; but the *Spaniards* arriv'd one after another, and ſome of their Tranſports were loſt. In fine, the Troops were all landed on the ſecond of *November*, *All Souls Day*, whereon there fell a terrible Rain, on which the Superſtitious founded diſmal Conjectures. The Marquis *de Charni* *, the Commander of the *Spaniſh* Forces, came on Shore the Day preceding, to adjuſt all Matters with the Marquis *Rinuccini*, whom the Grand Duke had ſent for that Purpoſe to LEGHORN. The *Spaniſh* General was oblig'd to take an Oath of Fidelity to the Grand Duke before the Marquis *Rinuccini*, which when he had done, the *Spaniſh* Forces enter'd the City, incorporated themſelves with thoſe of the Grand Duke, and mounted Guard on the very ſame Day that they landed. It is ſtipulated, that there ſhall be always two Thirds *Spaniards* to one Third of the Great Duke's Soldiers. The *Spaniſh* Army conſiſts of no more than 6000 Men, but then they are the Flower of their Troops, and there are Arms and Equipage for above 20,000. There's one *Swiſs* Regiment, another of *Walloons*.

I have been to ſee the two Admiral Ships: The *Engliſh* has three Decks, and carries 86 Guns: The *Spaniſh*, which had Admiral *Mari* on board, carries 90 Guns, has three Decks alſo, and is by much bigger than the *Engliſh* Man of War: It had been fitted up for bringing over the Infante Don *Carlos*, and no Expence was ſpar'd to render it magnificent. The Admiral's Cabbin was hung with Sky-blue and Silver Brocade; the Tables, Chairs, and the Frames of the Pier Glaſſes, *&c.* were of *Indian* Lacca Red and Gold: But notwithſtanding all this Magnificence, the *Engliſh* Ship was the neateſt, and

* The Count *de Charni* ſigns *N. d'Orleans C. de Charni*. He is a Baſtard of the *Orleans* Family, but by whom is not known. He has advanc'd himſelf at the Court of *Spain*, and is now Commandant of *Naples*, and Lieutenant General of the Kingdom.

far

far out-did the *Spaniard* in the civil Treatment of thoſe that went aboard. The *Engliſh* Naval Officers are almoſt all Men of Quality: They ſtrove who ſhould be the moſt polite to ſuch as came to viſit them, and talk'd very modeſtly both of their Ships and their Tackling; whereas the *Spaniards* bragg'd of theirs beyond meaſure; they pretended that their Ships, which had only two Decks, were much eaſier to work than thoſe of the *Engliſh*, which are all of three Decks; and affirm'd, that as their Ships were broader and longer, and their Decks higher, they were much more formidable than the *Engliſh*, and not ſo much incommoded by the Smoak in a Battle. On the other hand, I was told by an *Engliſh* Officer, That a Ship with three Decks was preferable to one that had but two, becauſe when 'tis a high Sea, and they are forc'd to ſhut up the lowermoſt Deck, there are ſtill two Batteries remaining, whereas a Ship with but two Decks, in the ſame Caſe, can have but one remaining: Beſides, a Ship with three Decks, *ſaid the Officer*, being higher than a Ship with but a couple, has a great Advantage over what the other has, when they come to Boarding. As I underſtand nothing of Navigation, I know not whether my *Engliſhman* was in the right. But be that as it will, I am of the Opinion, which prevails almoſt univerſally, that whenever it ſhall pleaſe God to let ſecond Cauſes have their Effects, it will be always ſafer to *lay a Wager* on the Side of the *Engliſh* than on the *Spaniſh* Ships.

On St. *Charles*'s Day, which was the Feſtival of the Infante Don *Carlos*, the Marquis *Mari* gave us a grand Feaſt: I ſay *us*, becauſe I was there, as well as all *Leghorn*, *Florence*, *Sienna*, *Lucca*, and *Piſa*, which you'll ſay was a goodly Company, and I aſſure you moreover, it was very gay. The *Florence* Gentry, who expected that the Infante would have

have come with the Fleet, had all beſpoke new Apparel; and as they are naturally very prodigal, they ſpar'd no Coſt upon this Occaſion. The *Lucqueſe* Gentry did not come ſhort of them, of whom it may be ſaid, that taking the *Milaneſe* and *Genoeſe* along with them, they are of all the *Italians* the moſt polite, and have moſt of the Air of Men of Quality. Beſides the *Italians*, there was ſo great a Concourſe of *Engliſhmen* and Foreigners at LEGHORN, that all the Lodgings were taken up; nevertheleſs Proviſions were in great Plenty, and as cheap as ever.

The *Engliſh* are return'd home. 'Tis ſaid, that the Infante * will come hither ſpeedily by Land. The *Tuſcans* long mightily to ſee him, and expect he will work Miracles; for beſides what they have heard in his Praiſe, they lay great Streſs upon a Prophecy of *Noſtradamus*, who ſays in one of his Stanzas,

Du plus profund de l'Occident d'Europe,
De doubles Nopces un Enfant naitra,
Qui vers le Po menera grande Troupe:
Son bruit au Regne d'Orient plus croitra.

i. e.

'In the moſt Weſtern Part of *Europe* an Infant 'ſhall be born of a double Marriage, who ſhall 'lead a great Force towards the *Po*, and whoſe 'Fame ſhall ſpread to the Eaſtermoſt Kingdom.'

This Child, *born of a double Marriage*, muſt be the Infante, who is the Son of *Philip* V. by his ſecond Wife.

I heartily wiſh that I cou'd have ſtaid at *Florence* till this Prince arriv'd; but I have order'd

* This Prince went thro' *France*, and arriv'd at *Florence* the Beginning of the Year 1732.

my

my Affairs ſo as to be at *Paris* before *Chriſtmas*, and I muſt ſteer my Courſe accordingly. Yet before I leave LEGHORN, I muſt give you ſome Account of this City, which is of more Note for its great Trade, than for its Antiquity. 'Tis one of the neateſt Cities in *Italy*, and that to which there's the greateſt Concourſe of Foreign Merchants, either for the ſake of Trade, or for Shelter from their Creditors: The City is well built, the Streets broad, ſtrait and lightſome, and ſeveral have Canals in them, after the Manner of *Holland*. The great Square is beautiful, and the Port magnificent, being divided into the great and little Harbours, the former of which has been render'd convenient by the Expence of a fine Mole, and ſome Towers that ſerve for Light-houſes; the other, which has a very narrow Entrance, ſerves for the Gallies. There's an admirable Marble Statue of *Coſmo* I. *de Medicis*, which is rais'd on a Pedeſtal of the like white Marble: The Great Duke is repreſented in Armour, with a Ducal Mantle over his Shoulders, a Turban on his Head, and a Scymitar at his Feet. The Concomitants of this fine Statue are worthy of a nice Obſervation: At the very Foot of the Baſe or Pedeſtal, at the four Corners, there are as many Slaves in Braſs, repreſenting *Turks*, in admirable Attitudes, which ſeem, as it were, chain'd to the Pedeſtal: The *Connoiſſeurs* reckon them Maſter-pieces: Their Proportion, which is twelve Foot, makes the Vulgar think they repreſent four Giants; but Tradition ſays, that they are the Figures of four *Turks*, *viz.* the Great Grandfather, the Grandfather, the Father, and the Son; who being all on board a *Turkiſh* Veſſel, the youngeſt of them, who was an Aſtrologer, propheſied to his Companions, as they embark'd, that on ſuch a Day they ſhou'd all be taken into Slavery by the Chriſtians; which Prediction, to their Misfortune, came to paſs; for they were taken by the

the Great Duke's Gallies, and this Prince caus'd their Statues to be carv'd, to tranſmit the Event to Poſterity.

PISA, tho' a much more conſiderable City than *Leghorn* for its Antiquity, and the Beauty of its Buildings, is not ſo pleaſant a Place by far. 'Tis a large, fine, well built City, but extremely thin of People; 'tis divided into two Parts by the River *Arno*, which comes from *Florence*, and forms two ſtately Kays here. The Cathedral is a great ſtately Fabric of *Gothic* Architecture: It has three great Gates, the Doors or Leaves of which are of Braſs, and repreſent the Paſſages mention'd in the New Teſtament, a Proof how groſly they are miſtaken, who ſay they were the Gates of *Solomon*'s Temple; but they are not near ſo fine as thoſe at the Baptiſtery of *Florence*. The Inſide of the Church is anſwerable to the Magnificence of the Outſide, and the Roof is ſupported by ſixty Marble Columns.

I ſay nothing to you of the Tower that leans to one Side, and which conſiſts of ſix or ſeven Degrees or Rows of Pillars one above another, nor of the ſtately Baptiſtery, much leſs of the Church-yard, call'd *il Campo Santo*. Look into *Miſſon*, he will tell you the Meaſures of every thing; for that Gentleman always carry'd Mathematical Inſtruments about him, ſo that there was nothing but what he meaſur'd and weigh'd.

PISA is a City, which a Traveller can't avoid ſeeing, but 'tis impoſſible for him to ſtay in it; the People being ſo proud of the Honour their Anceſtors gain'd by the Conqueſt of *Carthage*, that their Vanity is perfectly ſurfeiting.

Having ſtay'd but one Day at *Piſa*, I proceeded in my Journey to *Genoa*, paſſing thro' the Foreſt of VIAREGGIO, where, if I had had a great Charge of Money about me, and had credited what my Guide

Guide ſaid, I ſhou'd have ſweat for Fear; becauſe he affirm'd to me, that there was not a Week throughout the Year but Paſſengers were robb'd and murder'd in this Foreſt. But when I came to the Village of *Viareggio*, which ſtands in the Middle of the Foreſt, I heard that every Word my Guide has told me was falſe; and that ſince the Courier from *Lucca* was robb'd, which was eighteen Years ago, they had not heard of any Robbers this Way: This put me very much in Heart again, for, to be plain with you, I don't care to tilt with Highwaymen; but for all this, an *Italian* Lacquey that I have in my Service, cou'd not be eaſy: As we had ſtill three Leagues of this Foreſt to paſs thro', he conjur'd me to take a Guard; but I banter'd him, and proceeded on my Way. My Lacquey rode by me on Horſeback, telling his Beads. I had ſcarce travell'd half a League, but I ſaw five Men coming arm'd; my Lacquey, who was the firſt that ſpy'd them, cry'd out like a Madman, *Jeſu Maria! what! muſt I die without Confeſſion? Miſericordia! Miſericordia!* I put my Head out of the Chaiſe to take a View of the Men, who had innocently put my Lacquey into ſuch a Fright, and found by their Garb, that they were Soldiers from *Lucca*, who patroll'd there for the Security of the Foreſt. The Panic which my Lacquey was under made me at firſt laugh very heartily, but I ſoon chang'd my Note; for when we came to PIETRA-SANTA, a little Place in the State of *Lucca*, he had not Strength to alight from his Horſe; for the Fright had ſo ſeiz'd him, that he was almoſt dead: He wanted a Confeſſor; but I thought a Surgeon would do every whit as well for him, and therefore I ſent for one, and caus'd him to bleed the Fellow, who in two Hours time grew better. I took him into my Chaiſe, and went and lay at MASSA DI CARRARA, the Capital of a very ſmall Feodal Sovereignty

reignty of the Empire, belonging to Cardinal *Cibo*, the laſt of his Family. After his Death, this Principality is to fall to his Niece, who, 'tis ſaid, is deſign'd for the young Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*, Nephew * to the Great *Eugene*, and Lieutenant-General of the Emperor's Forces.

The Founder of this Family was *Alberic Cibo*, the natural Son of *Innocent* VIII. and, for his Sake, the Emperor *Maximilian* II. erected *Maſſa* into a Feudal Principality of the Empire: This City has nothing remarkable in it but the Prince's Palace, which makes ſome Shew. The Emperor keeps a Garriſon in it †. The People at *Maſſa* are of good florid Complexions, and the Country is famous for its Quarries of Marble, and for Oil in abundance.

From *Maſſa* to SERSANA, or SARZANA, a City in the State of *Genoa*, the Country is extremely well cultivated, being planted with Olive-Trees and Vines. In this City the *Genoeſe* have a Governor, or Podeſtat, but they keep a very ſorry Gariſon in it; and if the Republic has no better Soldiers to withſtand the *Corſicans*, who are call'd the *Devils* of *Italy*, I queſtion whether the Rebellion will be ſoon ſuppreſs'd. The Sergeant of the Guard at the Gate made me a very civil Petition for Charity, which he aſſured me was a ſmall Tribute due to him from Foreigners.

From *Serſana* I proceeded to LERICI, a little Town on the Sea-ſide. There I put my Chaiſe on board a Felucca, and arriv'd in leſs than twenty-four Hours at *Genoa*, tho' I ſtay'd ſome Hours at SESTRI, an Epiſcopal City of that Republic: It is a ſmall, but pleaſant Town, and

* This young Prince died in 1734. as his illuſtrious Uncle did in the Year following.

† The *Spaniards* took it at the Beginning of the War, and 'twas the firſt of their Exploits.

very

very agreeably ſituate upon a Rock forming a Cape, which runs very far into the Sea. This Town is defended by a Fort, which ſeem'd to me to be well furniſh'd with Cannon, but the Gariſon is no better mann'd than that of *Serſana.*

GENOA, from that Side which is next the Harbour, affords one of the greateſt and fineſt Points of View in the World; and though moſt of the Streets are narrow, cloſe, and not very lightſome, yet among all the Towns of *Italy* it is with Juſtice call'd the *Superb*; for there is not a City in *Europe*, where there are more ſpacious and magnificent Palaces, and where the Houſes are in general better built. This rich and ſtately City has been ſubject to ſeveral Revolutions, but never ſuffer'd a greater Shock than in 1684. when 'twas bombarded by Order of *Lewis* XIV. The Marquis *de Seignelai*, who was the Miniſter of his Revenge, diſcharg'd his Commiſſion ſo well, that from the 18th of *May* to the 28th, he caus'd 13,000 Bombs to be thrown into the Town. The *Genoeſe* were oblig'd to humble themſelves, and the King granted them a Peace, on Condition that they wou'd ſend four Senators into *France*, to make their Submiſſion to him by the Mouth of the Doge, whoſe Title was to be kept up, tho', according to the Laws of the Republic, he loſes it as ſoon as he ſtirs a Foot out of the City. *Francis-Maria-Imperiali Lercari* was then the Doge, who went to *Verſailles*, and had his Audience there on the 15th of *May* 1685. He affected to appear very gay there, by which means he gave more Luſtre to the Satisfaction which he came to make, than to his own Dignity.

The *French* boaſt very much of this Event, and have not only ſtruck Medals upon it, but have repreſented it in Baſſo Relievo's of Braſs, in Tapeſtries, and in Pictures; and all their Hiſtorians talk of it as one of the moſt glorious Epochas of the Reign

Reign of *Lewis* XIV. Far be it from me to detract from the Glory of a Reign, which all the Univerſe admires, and to this Day reſpects; but I cannot help ſaying, that I queſtion whether the *French* wou'd eaſily pardon any other Nations for making the like Boaſt of their Exploits. The *Spaniards*, who have the Character of being vain, are, in my Opinion, if I may preſume to ſay it, leſs ſo than the *French*. They have a more glorious Paſſage in their Hiſtory, and that is, the Excuſes which *Philibert*, Prince of *Piedmont*, Son to *Charles Emanuel*, Duke of *Savoy*, made in Perſon to *Philip* IV. King of *Spain*, in 1610. That Monarch, being diſguſted at the Conduct of the Duke, becauſe he had made a Treaty with *France*, ſought to be reveng'd on him, and found an Opportunity. *Henry* IV. King of *France* being aſſaſſinated, *Mary de Medicis*, the Regent, was in no Condition to embroil herſelf with *Spain*, by aſſiſting *Charles Emanuel*. *Philip* IV. improv'd this Opportunity, and caus'd Troops to march from the *Milaneſe* towards *Piedmont:* The Duke, in order to divert the Storm, ſent his Son to *Madrid*. The young Prince was very well receiv'd there at firſt, but he had the Mortification to be oblig'd to make the moſt ſubmiſſive Speech that could come from the Lips of a Sovereign Prince: 'Sir, *ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the* 'King, the Duke, my Lord and Father, being hin-'der'd from coming himſelf, by his Age and Buſi-'neſs, has ſent me to ſupplicate your Majeſty on 'my Knees, to accept of the Satisfaction which I 'am now making. I am at a Loſs for Terms ſtrong 'enough to expreſs the Grief of the Duke my Fa-'ther for the Loſs of your Favour. I fall once 'more at your Majeſty's Feet, reſolv'd not to riſe, 'were I to die on the Spot, till you have granted 'me the Favour I deſire of you, which is, to take 'the Duke my Father, and our whole Family, into

'your Royal Protection. By this, *Sir*, you will 'give a Proof of your Readineſs to pardon the 'greateſt Errors, and of the Kindneſs which you 'always had for a Family which is devoted to 'you, and honours you as its Lord and Father. 'This Declaration, which is now made at your 'Knees by a Prince of your Blood, ſhall, if ne-'ceſſary, be ſeal'd by mine. The Duke my 'Father abſolutely relies upon your Majeſty's 'Goodneſs, and we reſign ourſelves to you with-'out Reſerve. If it pleaſes you to grant me the 'Favour which I humbly deſire of you, it will 'be a new Obligation, that will attach us for ever 'to your Intereſts.'

Was not ſo ſubmiſſive a Speech as this more likely to feed the Vanity of the King of *Spain*, than all the Excuſes made by the Doge of *Genoa* to puff up *Lewis* XIV? And is not a Prince of *Piedmont* at *Madrid*, a Perſon of more Conſequence than a Doge of *Genoa* at *Verſailles?* Nevertheleſs, the *Spaniards* have neither ſtruck any Medals, nor raiſed any Monuments to tranſmit that Event to Poſterity. Pardon me, Sir, for this Digreſſion: The Prince of *Piedmont*'s Speech is not to be met with in all the Hiſtorians: I believ'd it would be acceptable to you, and thought it was not altogether foreign to my Subject, to put the Reparation made by that Prince in a Parallel with that of the *Doge*. I now reſume the Thread of my Narrative.

The Street *Balbi*, and the *new* Street, are more like Galleries than Streets. The former lies near the beautiful Church of the *Annunciation*, and the firſt conſiderable Structure that appears in it, is the *Jeſuits* College, of which *James Balbi*, a *Genoeſe* Nobleman, made a Preſent on his Death-bed to the Society, on Condition that his Arms ſhould always remain over the great Gate. The Reverend

rend Fathers the *Jeſuits* have laboured much to efface this poor Remembrance of their Benefactor, and for this End have had great Law-Suits with the *Balbi* Family; but at length they were condemn'd by an Arret of the Senate to keep up the Arms of the Founder, and there they ſtill remain.

The two Palaces *Purazzi*, which are in the ſame Street, are very magnificent, and richly furniſhed. In one of thoſe Palaces there is a Theatre, called the Theatre of the *Falcon*, which is ſo extremely well laid out, that every Spectator may ſee and hear what paſſes with Eaſe, and without incommoding his Neighbour, the Boxes being large and convenient, and the Ornaments diſpos'd every-where with Judgment.

The new Street is every whit as magnificent as the Street *Balbi*. Here are the two Palaces *Brignole*, and indeed they are both ſtately Buildings. Their Ornaments are the fineſt that can be imagined, and of the neweſt Faſhion: The Furniture is extremely rich, there being excellent Pictures by the greateſt Maſters, Chimney and Pier-Glaſſes of an extraordinary Size, and placed to Advantage; Tables of choice Marble upon Stands of an excellent Contrivance, and very richly gilt: In ſhort, one wou'd not wiſh to ſee any thing more fine, and more complete. Meſſieurs *Brignole* are four Brothers, of whom there is but one that has a Son: They are immenſely rich, and have ſeven magnificent Palaces in *Genoa*.

The Palace of the Duke *Doria*, which is in the ſame Street, is grand and ſtately; but not ſo richly furniſhed as the Palace of the Prince *Doria*, without the Gate of St. *Thomas*, which owes its Foundation to the celebrated *Doria*, who was a General of the Emperor *Charles* V. This Palace is

very extenſive, and has a Proſpect of the Sea, but the Apartments are low and old-faſhioned.

The Suburb of St. *Peter d'Arena* is very large, and contains ſeveral noble Palaces, of which the Palace *Imperiali*, where the Emperor and Empreſs lodged at their Return from *Spain*, is eſteemed by the Connoiſſeurs in Architecture.

The People at *Genoa* are more ſociable than they are at *Venice*, and the Nobility here much more eaſy of Acceſs. I don't believe, that they who accuſe the *Italians* of Jealouſy, include the *Genoeſe* in that Charge; there being few Countries in the World where the Women are allow'd more Freedom, and where, to all Appearance, they take more. A Woman muſt have very few Charms indeed, if ſhe has not two or three profeſs'd Lovers. Theſe Sparks, who go by the Name of *Cicisbei*, are never out of their Sight; but they take great Pains in their Amours, being obliged to run ſo faſt by the Side of their Miſtreſſes Sedan, that they earn a Glance from the Fair with the Sweat of their Brows. There are Ladies here, who have five or ſix of theſe Admirers always attending them where-ever they go; and 'tis happy for theſe Rivals, that they never fall together by the Ears. 'Tis true, that if they quarrel, they would be obliged to box it; for the Gentry here don't wear Swords, their Dreſs being like that of the Lawyers in *France*; but they always wear ſhort ſilk Mantles, which I could wiſh the Counſellors of Parliament in *France* would likewiſe wear, in order to diſtinguiſh them from Tailors and Shopkeepers.

The People of Quality here dreſs very well, and the *Genoeſe* of both Sexes have a much better Air than thoſe of *Florence* and *Rome*. The Princeſs of *Modena*'s Reſidence with them has not been to their Detriment; for they have contracted

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a courtly Behaviour, to which the *Italians* are pretty much Strangers. The *Genoese* in general underſtand good Living, and are never deficient in that reſpect, for want of knowing better. Tho' they are ſaid to be a ſorry People, I could like to live here very well. I have been at two of their Aſſemblies, upon Occaſion of the Marriage of a Nobleman, and have not ſeen any thing more magnificent; for a King could not have made a more ſplendid Entertainment. I was introduced to them by the Count *Guiccardi*, Envoy Extraordinary from the Emperor, and received abundance of Civilities. This Envoy is a Subject of the Duke of *Modena*, and was formerly in his Service. He was that Prince's Miniſter at *Vienna*, when he went into the Service of his Imperial Majeſty. He married the Counteſs *Sinzendorff*, who was the Daughter of *Hawitz*, the Grand Marſhal at *Dreſden*. This Lady was a *Lutheran*; but being at *Vienna*, and having a Curioſity to go to Divine Service in the Metropolitan Church of St. *Stephen*, while ſhe was looking upon a Picture of the Holy Virgin, a Flaſh of Lightning came into the Chapel where ſhe was, and ſcorch'd her in a Part, which I verily believe ſhe wou'd not ſhew for all the Gold of *Peru*; but ſhe received no other Harm, and thinking that ſhe ſaw the Holy Virgin protecting her, it made ſuch an Impreſſion upon her, that ſhe embraced our Religion, of which ſhe is an exemplary Profeſſor.

You know that the *Genoese* are actually at War with their Subjects the *Corſicans*, who have newly publiſh'd a Manifeſto of their Reaſons for taking Arms. If all they ſay be true, 'tis certain they have been very ill uſed; and that if any Rebellion can be excus'd, theirs may. This War has already coſt the Republic immenſe Sums, and by the Turn which Affairs are taking, 'tis to be preſumed it

will run them into a much greater Expence. The *Corſicans* have choſe one *Giaffери* for their Leader. He is a Man of Courage, and a good Headpiece: They ſay he has taken an Oath to procure his Country its Liberties; and if the *Genoeſe* are not aſſiſted by ſome Power, he is like enough to ſucceed. * Time will bring all Things to Light. I am, *&c.*

* *Giaffери* did all he could; but was obliged to ſubmit to Force, the Republic being aſſiſted by the Troops which the Emperor had aſſembled in *Lombardy*, to oppoſe the Enterprizes he was then apprehenſive of from the *Spaniards*. *Giaffери* was arreſted, but by a great deal of Art and Cunning he obtain'd his Freedom, after the *Genoeſe* thought the *Corſicans* were diſarmed, deſtitute of Leaders, and reduced to a Senſe of their Duty; and he retired to *Tuſcany*. But the *Corſicans* being no better treated than they were before their Accommodation, took up Arms again, upon which *Giaffери* procured them all manner of Aſſiſtance, and actually returned to that Iſland, and put himſelf at the Head of the Malecontents, who ſeemed to have a fair Chance of regaining their Liberties. They were ſo uppiſh in Expectation of foreign Aſſiſtance, that they rejected ſome new Conceſſions made to them by the *Genoeſe*, in *Dec.* 1734, declar'd *Aitelli* General of the Forces, and one *Coſta*, a Man of great Intrigues, General-Auditor of the Iſland; and, at the ſame time, made Propoſals to the King of *Spain* to take them under his Protection, having renounced all Subjection to the Republic of *Genoa*, declar'd themſelves a free and independent People, and reſolv'd to defend their Liberties to the laſt Man. At length they receiv'd ſome Recruits of Money and Ammunition by one *Theodore*, who call'd himſelf the Baron *de Neuhoff*, and arriv'd in *March* 1736, on Board an *Engliſh* Ship from *Tunis*; but in the Name of what Power he acted, is as yet a Myſtery. He had the Succeſs to be proclaim'd King of *Corſica*, and Copper Money was coin'd there with his Effigies; but he has ſince been obliged to abandon the Iſland; and the *French* have taken upon them to accommodate Matters between the *Genoeſe* and *Corſicans*. It muſt be left to Time, to ſhew whether the *Genoeſe* will have Reaſon to be pleaſed with this formidable Mediation. After all, that Republic has too much Cauſe to remember the Saying of Prince *Lewis* of *Wirtemberg*, who, when he return'd with the Imperial Troops from ſuppreſſing the former Rebellion, told them, That the Iſland was not worth the Expences which the Republic had been at in reducing the *Corſicans*, and what they muſt be at continually to keep them in Subjection.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

SIR, *Turin, Nov.* 28. 1731.

THE Road hither from GENOA is very bad at this time of the Year. During the firſt two Poſt-Stages I croſs'd one River no leſs than thirty-two times, and ſaw a great many fine Houſes on the Banks of it; for tho' the Neighbourhood of GENOA is very mountainous, 'tis very pleaſant, all the Hills being covered with Cheſnuts, and other Fruit-Trees. After I had travell'd about four Poſt-Stages, I enter'd on the Plain which brought me to *Turin*. This is certainly one of the fineſt Countries in the World, and wants nothing but Cauſeys.

The moſt conſiderable City that I met with in my Road, was ALEXANDRIA DE LA PAILLE, which ſtands on the River *Tanaro*. 'Tis a great Town, but not very populous. It formerly depended on the *Milaneſe*, and was yielded by the Emperor to the King of *Sardinia*, who keeps a good Gariſon in it, and has ſet Men at Work to repair the Fortifications, which had really been very much neglected. This City is alſo of Note for its Fairs, which are the moſt conſiderable in *Italy*.

I afterwards came to ASTI, where I found nothing good but an Inn, which indeed is one of the beſt of *Italy*. From thence I went and lay at QUIERI, a great Town in *Piedmont*, ill-built,

but full of People of Quality, and ſituate in a Plain, which is perfectly beautiful; but I was in ſo much Haſte to get to TURIN, that I did not ſtay there. I paſs'd by the Foot of a Hill, on which ſtands the Caſtle of MONTCALLIER, a Royal Palace built by her late Royal Highneſs, the Mother of King *Victor Amedeus*. The Apartments are large and magnificent, and command one of the fineſt Proſpects in the World; but the Gardens belonging to it are no more worth a Traveller's View, than the Village of *Montcallier* itſelf.

At ſome Diſtance from this Place I croſs'd the *Po* over a wooden Bridge, and came thro' a pleaſant Avenue to TURIN, the Capital of *Piedmont*, and the ordinary Reſidence of the Dukes of *Savoy*. Thoſe Princes choſe alſo to make it the Seat of the Chamber of Accompts, and of the Senate, which is what they call in *France* the Parlement; and they have rendered it one of the ſtrongeſt and fineſt Cities of *Italy*, excluſive of its charming Situation. 'Tis divided into two Parts, the *old* and the *new* City, with Baſtions and Outworks, well fac'd, and a Citadel very regularly fortify'd. It ſtands eighteen Miles from the *Alps*, in a Plain which has the *Po* on one Side, and the *Duero* on the other.

This City will always be remembred for the Siege which it ſuſtained in 1704, when the Marſhal and Count *Daun*, Governor of *Milan*, commanded here, by the Emperor's Permiſſion, at the Requeſt of the Duke of *Savoy*. He defended the Place againſt the Duke of *Orleans*, the Grandſon of *France*, and gave Time to Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* to come to its Relief, and oblige the Enemy to raiſe the Siege. The *French* pretend, that all this was done by Order from Court; and that the Ducheſs of *Burgundy*, the Daughter of

of King *Victor Amedeus*, was the Perſon that prevail'd on *Lewis* XIV. to conſent to the raiſing of the ſaid Siege. As I am not privy to what paſs'd at that Time in the Cabinet of the King of *France*, this is an Anecdote, which I can neither affirm nor deny; but as the Belief of what the *French* give out upon this Head is not an Article of Faith, I hope they will not be angry, if I do not give Credit to Rumours, ſo much to the Diſhonour of the greateſt King that ever they had: For how can it be imagin'd, that if *Lewis* XIV. had really a Deſire, that his Army ſhould decamp from before TURIN, he would have choſe to have ſubjected that Army to the Hazard of being obliged to fight againſt his Will and his Orders, and by that Means to have expos'd the Honour of his Nephew, the Glory of his Arms, and the Lives of a great many brave Men, which were loſt in that Defeat? Surely, a Retreat concerted in the Cabinet would have been made in better Order, and would not have had the Appearance of a Flight. But the *French* have this Notion: They were never routed, but 'twas either becauſe it pleaſed the Court that they ſhould be routed, or becauſe of ſome Jealouſy betwixt their Generals. They loſt the Battle of *Hochſtet*, for want of a right Underſtanding betwixt the Elector of *Bavaria*, and the Marſhal *de Tallard*; that of *Ramillies*, becauſe the Marſhal *de Villeroy* would not let the Elector of *Bavaria* have the Honour of beating us; that of *Audenarde*, becauſe the Duke of *Vendoſme*'s receiving that Shock, was a real Satisfaction to the Duke of *Burgundy*, the Preſumptive Heir of the Throne: And M. *de la Motte*, too, ſuffered himſelf to be beaten near *Wynendale*, only in Complaiſance to the Duke of *Burgundy*, who was apprehenſive that he ſhould not be able to perſuade the King his Grandfather

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to the Peace, which he had very much at Heart, if *Liſle* was not taken by the Allies, which City could not have been maſtered, but by letting the Convoy paſs, which M. *de la Motte* had attack'd. The Paſſage of the *Scheld*, the raiſing of the Siege of *Bruſſels*, the Surrender of *Ghent*, without ſtrikeing a Blow; all this was done alſo by Order of the Duke of *Burgundy*, who was for a Peace upon any Terms, and cou'd not obtain it without ſacrificing both the Army and Glory of the King his Grandfather. But to ſpeak the Truth, were all the Marſhals of *France* to tell me the ſame Story, they would find me as great an Unbeliever as St. *Thomas*, and wou'd never prevail with me to be guilty of ſuch an Inſult upon the Memory of the Duke of *Burgundy*, the wiſeſt Prince of his Time, as to believe that he had the Honour of his Country, and the Intereſts of his Family ſo little at Heart.

Nothing can be more regular than that Part of TURIN, which is called the *new City*. The Houſes are of Brick, and three Stories high. The Streets are wide, ſtrait, and well-pav'd. It has fine Churches, particularly the Metropolis, or Chapel of the *Holy Handkerchief*, which is alſo the Royal Chapel, and may be reckon'd the Maſter-piece of Architecture. 'Tis in the Form of an Octogon Dome, all fac'd, not excepting the Roof, with black Marble. The Altar is in the Middle of the Dome. There is preſerved the precious Relique of our Lord's Handkerchief, of which there's the like in St. *Peter*'s Church at *Rome*, and at *Beſançon*. I had been told, that I ſhould be able to diſtinguiſh the very Print of the Face in this Handkerchief, and a Part of our Saviour's Body; but I was not ſo happy as to diſcern any thing like it.

The King's Palace makes no great Appearance, nor indeed is it quite finiſh'd; nevertheleſs, the

the Apartments are well contriv'd. The Furniture is rich, and there are excellent Pictures, and magnificent Cielings. There are Gardens in this Palace, which are artfully diſpos'd in the Manner of Fortifications, according to beautiful Plans; but ſetting this aſide, they are not much adorn'd.

The fineſt, and the completeſt Thing at TURIN, and perhaps in *Europe*, in the modern Architecture, is the Front of the Palace of the late Madame Royale, the King's Grandmother. This Palace is contiguous to the King's Palace, and communicates with it by a Gallery. 'Twas a very old Building, and made a poor Appearance; but Madame Royale ſpar'd no Coſt, either in Gilding or Painting, to ſet off the Inſide. When this was done, it happened that the Stair-caſe was inconvenient; upon which her Royal Highneſs, who was in every Thing magnificent, undertook to build one; and to this is owing the ſtately Front, of which I here make mention. This Princeſs conſulted with all the ſkilful Architects in *Italy*, and fix'd upon the Plans, which to her appear'd the moſt grand and beautiful. Before this Stair-caſe was built, they us'd to ſay that Madame Royale's Palace was a Houſe without a Stair-caſe; and now they ſay 'tis a Stair-caſe without a Houſe; and really, the Stair-caſe wou'd become the *Louvre*, it being by much too big for the Building it belongs to.

I cou'd not get a Sight of the Caſtle of the *Venerie*, three Leagues from TURIN; for while King *Victor* is a Priſoner there, no body is ſuffer'd to go near it. You muſt, no doubt, have heard of that Prince's being under an Arreſt; but I queſtion whether you have been inform'd of what gave Occaſion to that Affair, and of the Manner of his being taken into Cuſtody. What I have heard of it from People of Credit, is as follows.

King

King *Victor Amedeus*, after the Death of the Queen his Wife, who was Daughter of *Philip* of *France*, the late Duke of *Orleans*, by *Henrietta* of *England*, fell in Love with the Marchioneſs of * *St. Sebaſtian*, Lady of Honour to the Princeſs of *Piedmont*, now Queen of *Sardinia*. The Virtue of Madame *de St. Sebaſtian*, and the King's Devotion for her, induc'd him to marry this Favourite. But not thinking it honourable for a King to place a Subject on his Throne, he took a Reſolution to reſign his Crown, before he contracted ſo unequal a † Match. He imparted his Deſign to Madame *de St. Sebaſtian*, who did all ſhe cou'd to prevail with *Victor* to continue upon the Throne; but finding he was reſolv'd not to make her a Queen, ſhe conſented to his Abdication, ſtill thinking herſelf highly honour'd to become the Wife of a Prince, who had worn a Crown. King *Victor* conſulted with his chief Favourites about his Abdication, who all advis'd him not to leave the Throne. His Son King

* The Prince had a Kindneſs for Mademoiſelle *de Cumiane*, before ſhe was married to the Count *de St. Sebaſtian*, when ſhe was Maid of Honour to Madame Royale. She was afterwards a Lady of Honour to the Ducheſs of *Savoy*, and at laſt Tire-Woman to the Princeſs of *Piedmont*, late Queen of *Sardinia*. She has been a Widow ſince 1723. After ſhe was married to the Count *de St. Sebaſtian*, ſhe ſtill preſerv'd the King's Friendſhip and Eſteem, and was always in great Credit with him. When ſhe became a Widow, the old Flames of Love broke out again; the King gave her an Apartment at Court, where he cou'd ſee her without being ſeen, and he took Care of her Family.

† 'Tis ſaid, that the real Motive of this Abdication was his Perplexity on Account of the Succeſſion of *Parma* and *Tuſcany*, and the Introduction of the Infante *Don Carlos* into *Italy*. They ſay he had enter'd into Engagements relating to this Affair, firſt with the Court of *Vienna*, and afterwards with *Spain*; and it not being poſſible for him to ſatisfy either of thoſe Courts without expoſing himſelf to the Reſentment of the other, he reſolved to abdicate, at leaſt for a Time, becauſe he knew of no other Way to extricate himſelf from the Dilemma.

Charles

Charles conjur'd him to keep Poſſeſſion of it. *I proteſt to your Majeſty*, ſaid this Prince, *I never once indulg'd a Wiſh to govern, and think myſelf exceeding happy to be your Firſt Subject.* But all his Remonſtrances were of no Effect; and the 5th of *September*, 1730, was fix'd for the Day of Abdication. Upon that Day, all the chief Perſons in the Government, and the Senate, met in the great Hall of the * Palace. There the King appear'd without any Mark of Royalty, accompany'd by the Prince of *Piedmont*, and declar'd to the Aſſembly, that he was reſolv'd to yield the Throne to his Son; and that from that Moment he exempted them, as he did all his Subjects, from the Oath of Allegiance they had taken to him. He exhorted them, at the ſame time, to acknowledge his Son *Charles*, Prince of *Piedmont*, for their King; and deſir'd them to be as Loyal to their new Sovereign, as they had been to him. Then the Act of Abdication was read with a loud Voice, by the Marquis *del Borgo*, Secretary of State, and *Charles* was recogniz'd for King.

After the Ceremony was over, King *Victor*, with the Marchioneſs of *St. Sebaſtian*, whom he had married, on Condition † that ſhe ſhou'd wear no other Title, ſet out for *Chamberry*, which he had choſe for the Place of his Retirement. But

* The Abdication was performed the 3d of *September*, in the Caſtle of *Rivoli*. The declar'd Motives, were the Fatigues of a Reign of fifty Years, the Infirmities of old Age, and the Neceſſity of ſome Interval of Retirement, between a Throne and a Tomb.

† The King was not marry'd to the Counteſs of *St. Sebaſtian*, till he came to *Chamberry*, where ſhe met him; for he ſet out from *Turin* without her. When he marry'd her, he gave her one hundred thouſand Crowns, with which ſhe purchaſed the Marquiſate of *Spigo* for her Children, and then exchang'd her Title of Counteſs of *St. Sebaſtian* for that of Marchioneſs of *Spigo*.

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ſcarce a Month was paſt, ere he began to repent of having given the Reins out of his Hands, though the King his Son behaved as dutifully to him, as if he had been ſtill his Subject. When King *Victor* reſign'd, he adviſ'd his Son to cauſe the Lands of the Nobility and Gentry to be ſurvey'd, and to impoſe a Tax on them, in Proportion to the Number of Acres. This Scheme, tho' it had a View to the Increaſe of the King's Revenues, tended to the Ruin of the Nobility; for which Reaſon, *Charles*, when he came to the Crown, did not think proper to put it in Execution. *Victor* being incenſed at it, wrote about it to his Son, rather in the Style of his Lord and Maſter, than his Father; and perceiving that *Charles* was ſtill averſe to his Counſel, he entertained a Thought of reaſcending the Throne †. To this End, he ſecretly felt the Pulſe of the People, and found them all faithful Subjects to *Charles*: Yet all this did not diſcourage him; he relied upon the Troops, which he knew had an Eſteem for him, and he thought they wou'd alſo be his Friends; for moſt of the Officers having been preferr'd by him, he did not doubt but they were ſtill attach'd to him, and he flatter'd himſelf with their Concurrence to his Deſigns. He wrote to the Marſhal *Rhebinder*, in general Terms indeed; but in a Style that was very ſoothing and tempting. This General, who was Commander

† *Victor Amedeus* took it into his Head to reaſcend the Throne, as ſoon as he heard of the Concluſion of the Treaty of *Vienna*, by which the Emperor conſented to the Introduction of the *Spaniards*. He then let the Marchioneſs *del Spigo* into the true Motives of his Abdication, and into the Meaſures he intended to take for reaſcending the Throne. This ambitious Woman encourag'd him, and being withal a very cunning intriguing Perſon, ſhe left no Stone unturn'd to bring a Project to bear, which would ſet her on the Throne; and ſhe engag'd all her Friends and Relations in the Affair, of whom ſome betray'd her.

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in Chief of the Forces, being ſenſible of what Conſequence it was to deprive King *Victor* of the leaſt Hopes of reaſcending the Throne, returned him Anſwer, that he owned he was obliged to him for his Eſtate, Honours, and every Thing: 'Your Majeſty, *ſaid the Marſhal in his Letter*, 'has made me all that I am. I am under no 'Obligation to King *Charles*; but my Engage-'ments to your Majeſty are inexpreſſible; tho' of 'all the Favours which you have heap'd upon 'me, the Honour of your Eſteem was always 'to me the deareſt. Give me leave therefore, Sir, 'to preſerve that Eſteem, which I preſume to 'ſay, I have acquir'd by the Blood I have ſpilt 'for your Service; whereas, Sir, I ſhou'd forfeit 'it, were I ſo unhappy as to be guilty of Per-'jury to the King whom you have given me, 'and to whom you have injoined me Obedience. 'I ſhall be as true to him as I was to your 'Majeſty, and will ſhed the laſt Drop of my 'Blood to maintain him on the Throne. I am 'however always ready to give your Majeſty the 'moſt ſincere Marks of my Reſpect for your 'Perſon, being fully perſuaded, Sir, that your 'Majeſty will lay no Commands on me, but ſuch 'as are agreeable to that Juſtice, which ever ac-'companied all your Actions, *&c.*'

This Anſwer was not ſufficient to cool King *Victor*'s Ambition to reſume the Government. He wrote a ſecond time to the Marſhal *de Rhebinder*, and to other General Officers. He aſſumed an imperious Style, and ſignify'd, that he knew how to puniſh thoſe that refus'd to obey him. All theſe Letters were carried to King *Charles*, who being concerned to ſee his Father ſo uneaſy, ſaid to thoſe who brought them, What wou'd you have me do? *He is my Father, I depend upon your Fidelity, and reſign myſelf to Providence.*

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The King was ſtill in Hopes, that he ſhou'd be able to make *Victor* eaſy, and was willing to have an Interview with him; and for that Purpoſe he went with his Queen to *Evian*, and from thence to *Chamberry*, where *Charles* paid his Father a Viſit, but found him very much out of Temper. The Prince however bore all with the Dutifulneſs of a Son. But when he took leave of *Victor*, he paid a Viſit to Madame *de St. Sebaſtian*, with whom he had a long Conference. He deſir'd this Lady to pacify King *Victor*, and to diſſuade him from concerning himſelf any farther with State Affairs. *He hath made me King*, ſaid *Charles*, *and King I will be. You can do any thing with him; therefore make him eaſy. If he does not like this, let him chooſe any other Caſtle or Place in my Dominions that he likes better, of which he ſhall have the intire Diſpoſal.* They ſay *Charles* dropt a Hint in this Converſation, that he was inclin'd to yield his Father a Province in Sovereignty; however, he promis'd great Advantages to Madame *de St. Sebaſtian*, not only for herſelf, but for the Son that ſhe had by her former Marriage, and for her Brothers. This Lady promis'd the King all that he deſir'd, but kept her Word very ill; for her Ambition to be Queen prompted her to make King *Victor* every Day more and more uneaſy.

Victor after this obſerved no Meaſures, and ſaid publicly, that he would reaſcend the Throne. To this End, he thought it neceſſary for him to be nearer TURIN. He therefore wrote to the King his Son, that the Air of *Chamberry* was bad for his Health, and deſir'd him to let him go and reſide at the Caſtle of *Montcallier*. *Charles* was return'd to TURIN when he receiv'd this Letter; but before he had Time to anſwer it, he underſtood that the King his Father, and Madame *de St. Sebaſtian*, were already come to *Montcallier*.

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He was not at all ſorry for it, becauſe, as he knew King *Victor*'s Deſigns, he cou'd better obſerve his Motions, when ſo near him: And King *Victor*, on his Part, was glad that he was at *Montcallier*, in Hopes that the Neighbourhood of TURIN might give him a better Opportunity of tampering with the Gariſon, and the commanding Officer of the Place. He did all that was in his Power to gain them, and gave ſuch publick * Proofs of his Intention to reaſcend the Throne, that *Charles*'s Miniſters †, fearing leſt he ſhould call in Foreigners to his Aſſiſtance, unanimouſly advis'd the King to confine him. The young Prince exclaim'd ſeveral times againſt this Propoſition. *What!* ſaid he, *make my Father a Priſoner! No, I can never conſent to that:* And indeed, it was a long time ere he cou'd agree to it; but at length he was prevail'd on by the ſtrenuous Solicitations of his Council; tho', when he ſign'd the Order for confining him, his Hand ſhook to ſuch a Degree, that the Secretary of State was obliged to guide it.

The Count *de la Perouſe*, Lieutenant General of his Forces, was charged with the Execution of the Warrant for arreſting King *Victor*, and had a Detachment given him of three thouſand Men, drawn out of the Gariſons of TURIN, and other neighbouring Places, to ſupport him in the Undertaking. They all march'd out at the ſame

* Theſe Proofs were his ſending for the Marquis *del Borgo* to *Montcallier*, demanding the Inſtrument of Abdication from him, giving him but twelve Hours time to fetch it, and his appearing before the Citadel of *Turin*, with a View of getting into it, and of animating the Gariſon to aſſiſt him in his Enterpriſe.

† Theſe were all Privy Counſellors and Great Men, who being aſſembled by Order of the King, and conſulted on the imminent Danger of his being dethron'd, were all of Opinion for putting *Victor Amedeus* and his Conſort under an Arreſt.

Hour from their Quarters, without knowing whither they were to go; and at Two o'Clock next Morning they all came to the Place appointed at *Montcallier*. The Count *de la Perouſe*, attended by the Chevalier *de Solare*, Lieutenant Colonel of the Guards, at the Head of a Detachment of Grenadiers, with their Bayonets ſcrew'd to their Muſquets, went up to the great Stair-caſe of the Palace, which led to King *Victor*'s Apartment, while the Marquis *d'Ormea*, Secretary of State, who carry'd the Order ſign'd by King *Charles*, ſecur'd the Back-ſtairs with another Detachment of the Grenadiers. M. *de la Perouſe*, finding the Apartment ſhut, broke open the Door; and, after ſeizing a Page in waiting, that was aſleep in the firſt Anti chamber, he made his Way farther, and forc'd open all the Doors, till he came to the Chamber where the King was a-bed with Madame *de St. Sebaſtian*. This Lady, hearing a Noiſe, aroſe immediately, and having only Time to ſlip on a Night-gown, ran to the Door; when ſeeing ſo many arm'd Men, ſhe cry'd out, *Oh! Sir, we are betray'd!* They gave her no Time to ſay more; but two Officers carry'd her into the next Chamber, where they caus'd her to be dreſs'd, and afterwards conducted her to *Ceve*, a Fortreſs of *Piedmont*.

Neither the Outcry of Madame *de St. Sebaſtian*, nor all the Noiſe that was made, had awak'd King *Victor*, who always ſlept ſound. The Chevalier *de Solare* ſeiz'd the King's Sword, which he ſaw lying on a Table; and the Count *de la Perouſe* went to the Bed-ſide, and open'd the Curtains. Upon that, the King ſtarted out of his Sleep, and aſk'd what was the Matter. The Count *de la Perouſe* ſaid to him, That he had Orders from the King to arreſt him. *What King do you mean?* ſaid *Victor*: *'Tis I that am your King and Maſter; you ought to acknowledge no other. Your Majeſty has been ſo*, reply'd

ply'd the Count, *but you are ſo no longer*; *and ſince it has pleas'd you to give us King* Charles *for our Lord and Maſter, and to command us to obey him, I hope you yourſelf will ſet us an Example of ſuch Obedience.* The King was in a violent Paſſion, threaten'd the Officers, and refus'd to riſe. The Chevalier *de Solare* coming too near the Bed, the King punched him with his Elbow in the Belly, and commanded him in Wrath to withdraw. As he ſtill continued obſtinate in his Refuſal to riſe, the Officers lifted him up, and dreſs'd him. The King was heard to ſay, in the mean time, that he only wiſh'd to ſit two Hours on the Throne, that he might hang up the Raſcals that had miſled his Son; and he nam'd the principal Lords of the Court.

As ſoon as he was dreſs'd, the Officers ſurrounded him, and conducted him down the great Stair-caſe to his Coach, that waited for him in the Yard. The King, ſeeing the Anti-chamber full of Grenadiers, ſeem'd ſurpriz'd at it; and the Soldiers, who as yet knew not on what Errand they were ſent, ſeem'd no leſs ſurpriz'd, when they ſaw their old King was to be carry'd off a Priſoner. *What! Our King!* ſaid they ſoftly to each other, *What has he done? What is the Matter?* The Count *de la Perouſe*, fearing a Mutiny, call'd out *Silence*, in the King's Name, *on Pain of Death.* The old King found drawn-up in the Court-yard a Regiment of Dragoons, which he had always valu'd above the reſt of his Troops. The Sight of it affected him, and he wou'd have ſpoke to it; but no Time was allow'd him, and he was oblig'd to go into the Coach. The Count *de la Perouſe*, and the Chevalier *de Solare*, aſk'd his Leave to ſit with him; but the King anſwer'd, That he would not ſuffer it: So they mounted their Horſes, rode by the Sides of the Coach, which was ſurrounded by the Soldiers, and conducted him to *Rivoli.* I

had almoſt forgot to tell you, that when he went from *Montcallier*, he aſk'd for three Things; his Wife, his Papers, and his Snuff-Box, the laſt of which was all he obtain'd.

The Day after he came to *Rivoli*, as they were clapping iron Bars, and double Shutters, to the Windows of his Apartment, the King aſk'd the Glazier what he was going to do! *I am going*, ſaid the Man, *to put on double Shutters to your Windows, that you mayn't catch Cold this Winter. How now, Varlet!* ſaid the King, *Do you think I ſhall ſpend all the Winter here? Ah! by my Faith*, reply'd the Glazier, *you will paſs this Winter here, and I believe many more.*

This Prince is attended with Care, and treated with all the Reſpect due to his Perſon; and they ſay, he begins to be ſedate. The Chevalier *de Solare*, and two Captains of the Guards, are ſet over him, with whom he ſometimes plays at Billiards. They have Orders to treat him with all manner of Reſpect; but to give no Anſwer to any of his Complaints *.

In the whole Courſe of this Affair, 'tis fortunate for King *Charles*, that not one of his Subjects has fail'd in his Allegiance to him; he has not been oblig'd to ſtain his Government by any bloody Execution; nor has he caus'd above three Perſons to be apprehended, among whom were King *Victor*'s two Phyſicians, that carried his Letters; but they are lately ſet at Liberty, and a good Underſtanding is like to be quickly reſtored between the Father and the Son.

They ſay, that Madame *de St. Sebaſtian* is fallen into a deep Melancholy; and that ſhe lives intirely upon Broth, which is of her own making. After her Diſgrace, her Son, who was an Enſign in the Guards, was no longer ſeen at Court. The young

* He died Oct. 31. 1732.

King

King miſſing him, ordered the Marquis *d'Ormea*, Miniſter and Secretary of State, to acquaint him, that he might come to Court, and continue in his Employment; and that his Majeſty aſſured him he did not intend that he ſhould be a Sufferer for any Crime whatſoever, which Madame *de St. Sebaſtian* had committed, and that he would take Care of his Fortune.

The *Piedmonteſe* are charm'd with their new King, and indeed, he is a Prince that has the Qualities of a good Monarch: He is humane, compaſſionate, generous and beneficent. He is a little under Size in Stature, but very well ſhaped, dances well, loves Pleaſures, and particularly Hunting. Without Flattery, one may ſay, he is endowed with a great many Virtues; and that if he has Faults, 'tis only owing to the Human Nature, with which intire Perfection is incompatible.

The Queen † is of the Family of *Heſſe Rhinfels*. She is tall and ſlender; her Air is both majeſtic and modeſt; ſhe is fair, and has a very fine Complexion, is a Princeſs of ſolid Piety, charitable to the Poor, and ready to do Good to all Mankind, but particularly to her Family. She is the Mother of two lovely * Princes, and a Princeſs, and ſeems very attentive to give them an Education ſuitable to their Birth.

The Ceremonial of this Court is pretty much the ſame with that which is obſerved at the Court of *France*. The King and Queen always eat together, and permit none to be Spectators but the Officers of their Houſhold. The Ladies muſt not come to the Palace, without being in the Court Dreſs, the Queen alone wearing a Mantua. Her Majeſty has ſix Ladies of Honour to attend her,

* There is now but one Prince, the youngeſt being dead; but there are three Princeſſes.

† She died *Jan.* 13. 1735. and his Majeſty has ſince married Siſter of the preſent Great Duke of *Tuſcany*.

who muſt be all Wives, and as many Maids of Honour. She has a Drawing-Room every Night, when the Queen is ſeated in an Arm-chair, the young Princeſs of *Carignan*, and the Queen's youngeſt Siſter, ſitting on Folding-chairs, two Rows off, by the Side of the Queen's Chair; and all the Ladies ſtand, with the Gentlemen behind them. This Drawing-Room holds for about an Hour, when the Queen riſes, and, ſaluting the Princeſſes and Ladies, retires. After this, all the Nobility repair to ſome Houſe where there is an Aſſembly. The gayeſt of all is held at the Houſe of the Marchioneſs *de Prie*, whoſe Huſband was Lieutenant Governor of the *Netherlands*, who often gives a Ball, at which the King is ſometimes preſent.

There's an Air of Eaſe and Freedom in this City, which is not to be enjoy'd in all *Italy* beſides; and the *Piedmonteſe* don't think themſelves *Italians*; ſo that I am often aſk'd, Whether I came laſt from *Italy*? Or, Whether I am going to it? I could like to live in this City better than in any other. I think this Mixture of the *French* Manners with the *Italians* is perfectly agreeable and juſt. The People here live well. There are ſeveral Noblemen that keep a good Table, and are very civil to Strangers. For this, the Marſhal *de la Rhebinder* is particularly noted. This General is a Native of *Livonia*: He commanded the Elector Palatine's Troops in *Italy*, and then went into the Service of the Duke of *Savoy*, in Quality of Lieutenant General, and Colonel of a foreign Regiment of Foot. King *Victor* created him a Velt-Marſhal, and he is actually Commander in Chief of the King of *Sardinia*'s Troops.

The Marquis *d'Ormea* is the Chief or Preſident of the Council, firſt Secretary of State, and Prime Miniſter. He was heretofore in the Confidence of King *Victor*. That Prince had ſent him to *Rome*, where

where the Marquis *d'Ormea* obtained great Advantages of Pope *Benedict* XIII. for the King his Maſter; particularly the Nomination to all Benefices. This Miniſter was recall'd in the firſt Year of the Pontificate of *Clement* XII. when his Holineſs was ſo inclement as to revoke all that his Predeceſſor had granted. Not long before King *Victor*'s Abdication he returned to TURIN. King *Charles* does nothing without him. He is a Gentleman of Good-nature, an Enemy to Subterfuges, and is ſacred to his Promiſes. I knew him at *Rome*, and have the Honour of ſeeing him here as often as the Multiplicity of his Affairs will permit him to receive my Viſits. Every body here applauds and ſpeaks well of him, which is not always the good Fortune of People elſewhere, that are in Places: This Miniſter has a Brother a * Cardinal, and an only Son, who is a very lovely Youth, and has a natural Inclination to tread hereafter in the Steps of his Father.

The Youth here don't ſeem to be ſo hair-brain'd as they are elſewhere: I don't know whether they are really wiſer, but however they ſeem to be ſo in Public. Were I to adviſe a Father of a Family, it ſhould be to ſend his Children to the Univerſity here, than which I queſtion whether there's a better in *Europe*, as well with regard to the Maſters of the Exerciſes, as to the Care taken of the Youth, who are boarded, dieted and inſtructed in all the Sciences and Exerciſes, and divided into two Claſſes; of which the one only ſtudies the Law, and therefore does not pay ſo much as the other; but they muſt be all Gentlemen. They are only allow'd to go abroad on certain Days of the Week; but then they may appear at Court, and go where they pleaſe, except to Houſes of Gaming.

* This is the Cardinal *Ferrero*, Biſhop of *Verceil*.

The Out-parts of TURIN are infinitely pleaſant. The Country is adorned with a great many pretty *Caſſines* or Pleaſure-Houſes, which are only ſeparated by Meadows, that are conſtantly water'd by a Number of little Brooks. I take the Air every Day upon the *Eſplanade*, between the City and the Citadel, where there are fine Walks, and one often meets with very pretty Women. The Blood here is perfectly good, and all the *Piedmonteſe* Ladies have a great deal of Life and Spirit. I am very ſorry to leave them, but the Misfortune is unavoidable, and Haſte preſſes me to be gone. I propoſe to be in ten or twelve Days at *Lyons*, if I don't ſtay at *Chamberry*; but this you will know by my next Letter. Don't fail to write to me at *Paris*, and believe me to be, *&c.*

LETTER XXXVII.

SIR, *Lyons, March* 2. 1732.

THO' I had paſs'd Mount *Cenis* twice before, and travers'd *Savoy*, yet I thought the Paſſage of the *Alps* as diſagreeable as ever; and am heartily glad to find myſelf in this City, which is better than all *Savoy* put together.

From *Turin* I went and lay at LA NOVALAISE. I firſt paſs'd by the Caſtle of *Rivoli*, which ſtands on an Eminence, and to which there's an Avenue from *Turin* in a ſtrait Line of three Leagues in Length. Then I travell'd thro' SUSA, which, by the way, is a very dirty Town, upon the Banks of

of a River form'd by Torrents from the neighbouring Mountains, which ſeem, as it were, to bury *Suſa* alive. This City, and the Valley in which 'tis built, are commanded by the Fort DE LA BRUNETTE, an important Place, which King *Victor Amedeus* caus'd to be erected for the Defence of *Piedmont*. Nature and Art have alike contributed to fortify it. 'Tis provided with a good Gariſon, and all Neceſſaries to ſuſtain a Siege; and if it had been built in the Time of *Lewis* XIII. I doubt whether that King, and his Miniſter the Cardinal *de Richelieu*, would ſo eaſily have paſſed the Mountains.

LA NOVALAISE is a ſorry Town, with a wretched Inn, which is the more diſagreeable, becauſe Strangers are oblig'd to ſtop there to unload their Effects, and put them on the Backs of Mules to carry them to the other Side of the Mountain. I was carried over it in a matted Elbow-chair by four Men, who relieved one another at proper Diſtances, and often took me upon their Shoulders; ſo that if I had been ever ſo little given to Chimeras, I ſhould have fanſied myſelf a Pope.

At the Top of the Mountain is a * Lake, and alſo an Hoſpital, which I thought made but a poor Appearance. Pilgrims are there entertain'd, and other Foot Paſſengers, for three Days; and there are two Prieſts to receive the Paſſengers, and to ſerve the Church. This is a very laudable Foundation in a ſorry wretched Country, where, notwithſtanding this Proviſion, People are often found dead in the Snow. Thoſe poor Reverends may boaſt, that they live in one of the ſaddeſt Places in the World, their greateſt Amuſement for nine Months in the Year, being to ſee the Snow

* This wou'd be very extraordinary, as Mr. *Addiſon* obſerves, were it not for other neighbouring Mountains that riſe above it.

fall,

fall, and to blow their Fingers. The Deſcent from Mount *Cenis* on the Side of *Savoy* is by much the * eaſieſt, where in the Winter-time People have the Pleaſure of rolling down in a Sled, which the Country People call *ſe faire ramaſſer*. This Way of travelling is very commodious and diverting, and ſo ſwift, that an Arrow from a Croſs-bow does not fly faſter. I knew an *Engliſh* Gentleman that ſtay'd a Week together at *Lanebourg*, and who, after he had come down this Mountain, went up again and again, purely for the Pleaſure of *ſe faire ramaſſer*.

LANEBOURG and its Inn are no better than *La Novalaiſe*; but one is oblig'd to ſtop again here for freſh Horſes. Thoſe who don't travel Poſt, and make uſe of the Carriers of *Turin* or *Chamberry*, are ſeldom put to this Trouble, becauſe moſt of theſe People have Pack-horſes on both Sides the Mountain, and have nothing to do but to ſend their Baggage away, which is very quickly loaded. From *Lanebourg* to *Chamberry* all the Road is bury'd, as it were, by Rocks and Mountains, and frightful Precipices: There are Rails indeed, but not ſtrong enough to ſtop a Carriage: I ſaw a Cart drawn by four Horſes tumble down one of thoſe Precipices, by which the Horſes were kill'd, and the Cart with its whole Lading, which conſiſted of Porcelain and Glaſs Wares belonging to the Prince of *Carignan*, broke in a thouſand Pieces; The Carrier, tho' he was not at all to blame, drew out his Knife in order to ſtab himſelf, and wou'd actually have done it, if my Poſtilion and other People had not hinder'd him.

I paſs'd thro' ſeveral little Towns in my Way hither, that are not worth mentioning; ST. JOHN DE MAURIENNE is the chief, becauſe 'tis the See

* This ſhews another Miſtake of *Miſſon*, who ſays this Side is the moſt rugged.

of

of a Biſhop, and the Capital of a Province of that Name; 'tis a very antient County, and the firſt Inheritance of the Princes of *Savoy*; this Valley extends from the *Alps* to the River of *Iſere* on one Side, and from the *Tarentaiſe* to the *Dauphinois*.

CHAMBERRY, the Capital City of *Savoy*, is not a Town where you muſt expect ſumptuous Fabrics, the Houſes there making but a mean Figure, yet the Place is not for that Reaſon one jot the leſs agreeable; 'tis ſituate on the Banks of the River *Orbanno* in a very little Plain encompaſs'd with Hills, where there are charming Walks, and ſpecial Company. There's a great Number of Nobility, who indeed are not the moſt money'd Men; yet they make good Entertainments, and keep a great deal of Company. The Ladies are beautiful, and the Gentlemen handſome, the common People good-natur'd and civil, and the *Savoyards* in general are a very good Sort of People. They are accus'd of being too thrifty, but perhaps 'tis more out of Neceſſity than Inclination; for when a Man is oblig'd to ſupport the Dignity of a Noble or Gentleman, and has but a ſmall Fortune, he is forc'd to be a good Huſband whether he will or no.

At the Diſtance of five Leagues from *Chamberry* I deſcended a high Mountain, in which I perceiv'd a Road had been cut for half a League. I ſaw by a *Latin* Inſcription at the Foot of the Mountain, which I had not Time to copy, that the *Romans* formerly undertook to make this Road; but, judging it impoſſible, gave it over; yet *Charles Emanuel* II. for the Good of his Subjects, and the Public in general, undertook it, and had the Glory to carry it to a Concluſion, which was the moſt uſeful and magnificent Thing that a great Sovereign could do: But I queſtion whether he wou'd have accompliſh'd it, if, like the *Romans*, he had not

not made uſe of Gunpowder. There was a Neceſſity for the blowing up of prodigious high Rocks for eſtabliſhing the Bed of the Cauſey, which is fenc'd on both Sides by Rocks cut out in Form of Walls, that are as high as the Top of the Mountain. This hollow Way is ſubject to great Miſts; when I paſs'd, it was the fineſt Weather in the World on the Plain; but when I enter'd the Valley, I found a Miſt ſo thick, that I could not ſee my Poſtilion.

This Miſt brought me to the Town of ECHELLES, which is at the Foot of the Mountain at the Entrance of a Plain that leads to *Lyons*. I alſo paſs'd to PONT DE BONVOISIN, a little Town which is ſhar'd betwixt the Kings of *France* and *Sardinia*. Both theſe Princes have their Cuſtom-houſes here, the Officers of which are not very tractable. The King of *France* keeps a Commandant, and two free Companies, in that Part of *Bonvoiſin*, which belongs to him. This is the firſt Town of *Dauphiny*, which is not one of the leaſt Provinces in the Kingdom. It was granted to *Philip de Valois* by *Humbert de la Tour*, the laſt Sovereign Prince of *Dauphiny*, who bore the Title of Dauphin of the *Viennois*. Hiſtory ſays, that *Humbert*, finding himſelf childleſs, made a Grant of his Principality to the King of *France*, and choſe a Monaſtic Life at *Lyons* in the Order of St. *Dominic*, in the Rules of which he liv'd with the very great Eſteem of good Men. He was afterwards elected Prior of this Convent, and nominated Patriarch of *Alexandria*. Some ſay, that having been the innocent Author of the Death of his only Son, his deep Concern for this Accident made him reſolve to embrace the Monaſtic Life; but others pretend, that having a ſecret Grudge againſt the Duke of *Savoy*, whom he was too weak to cope with, he made an Agreement with the King of *France*, on purpoſe that the Duke might

might have a Neighbour powerful enough not only to oppoſe, but to reduce him to Reaſon. But if this be true, it muſt be own'd to be a ſad Sort of Revenge for a Prince to ſtrip himſelf of a Sovereignty, purely to injure his Neighbour. I fanſy there are few Princes wou'd be of the Humour to take ſuch a Revenge. The ſame *Humbert* requir'd, that the eldeſt Son of *France* ſhou'd be ſtyl'd the Dauphin, which was granted him, and has been obſerv'd ever ſince. The Duke of *Orleans*, the firſt Prince of the Blood of *France*, is Governor of *Dauphiny*. This Province has a Parliament, which is held at *Grenoble*. The antient Dauphins reſided at *Vienne*, which is an Archbiſhoprick. 'Twas to the Neighbourhood of this City, that *Herod* and *Pilate*, our Saviour's Judges, were baniſh'd.

LYONS is ſo conſiderable a City, that the *French* commonly ſay, *Next to* Paris, Lyons *. The *Sâon* runs thro' this City, and the *Rhone* waſhes its Walls;

* The *French* are not the only People who boaſt of the Grandeur and other Advantages of *Lyons*, as appears from this Epigram by *Scaliger*.

Flumineis Rhodanus qua ſe fugat incitus undis,
Quaque pigro dubitat flumine mitis Arar,
Lugdunum jacet, antiquo novus orbis in orbe,
Lugdunumque vetus orbis in orbe novo.
Quod nolis, alibi quaras; hic quare quod optas:
Aut hic, aut nuſquam, vincere vota potes.
Lugduni quodcunque poteſt dare mundus habebis:
Plura petas, hæc urbs & tibi plura dabit.

i. e.

Where Rhone *impetuous rolls, and where the ſlow*
And gentle Sâon *with milder Streams does flow,*
There Lyons *ſtands; where we united find,*
What ſcatter'd thro' the World delights the Mind;
And if you ſtill ſeek more with greedy Eye,
Lyons *can ev'n more Wonders ſtill ſupply.*

'tis

'tis a large opulent City, for the Inhabitants are induſtrious, laborious, and given to Trading. There's not a Town in *France*, if in the whole World, where they make ſuch fine Stuffs. They endeavour to imitate them at *Turin*, in *Holland*, and elſewhere, but they can't come up to them. The City of LYONS is the See of an Archbiſhop, who is at preſent M. *de Rochebonne*, and therein ſucceeded the late M. *de Villeroi*, Son to the late Marſhal of that Name, who was *Lewis* the XVth's Governor. The *Villeroi* Family has been for a long time in Poſſeſſion of the Government of *Lyons*, and the chief Dignities of its Province. The late Marſhal obtain'd the Government of *Lyons* and the *Lyonnois* from King *Lewis* XIV. who alſo granted him the Reverſion of the ſaid Government for his eldeſt Son, the Archbiſhoprick for his ſecond Son, and the Abbey of *St. Peter* in *Lyons* for his Daughter. The Duke of *Orleans*, when Regent of the Kingdom, conferred on him moreover the Reverſion of the Government of *Lyons* for his Grandſons the Duke *de Retz*, and the Marquis *d'Alincourt*, and nominated the latter Lieutenant-General of the Province. Tho' Authority generally renders thoſe hated who are veſted with it, yet the Gentlemen of the Name of *Villeroi* have ever eſcap'd that Fate; 'tis true they have always acted with very great Moderation, and are beneficent, well-bred, civil and generous, ſo that they are mightily belov'd in *Lyons*, where the late Marſhal was as much reſpected as the King himſelf; for he procur'd great Advantages for the Province, and for the City in particular.

They tell a very good Story concerning the Admiſſion of the firſt *Villeroi* to the Archiepiſcopal Dignity of this City. The Chapter of *Lyons* is one of the moſt haughty in all *Chriſtendom*, and 'tis not without Reaſon; for it is founded upon the Blood of

of above 20,000 Martyrs, and has always been reputed the Seminary of Popes, Cardinals and Biſhops, who have been taken from thence to govern the Church. Nobility is inſeparable therein from the Prieſthood, and 'tis an Obſervation made by ſeveral Authors, that in the third Century the Chapter conſiſted of ſeventy-four Canons, of whom one was the Son of an Emperor, nine the Sons of Kings, fourteen the Sons of Dukes, thirty the Sons of Counts, and twenty were Barons. 'Tis no wonder therefore, that the Counts of *Lyons*, for they are not called Canons, made a Scruple to admit for their Archbiſhop *Camillus de la Neuville*, who was not of their Body, and whom King *Lewis* XIV. had nominated to this Archbiſhoprick. *Neuville* is known to be the Name of the Family of *Villeroi*. The Grandfather of this Prelate was the firſt of the Family that was of any Eminence; he had been Treaſurer of the War-Office, and *Prevôt des Marchands* of the City of *Paris*; his Grandfather *Nicolas de la Neuville* had been Secretary of State, and his Father *Charles de la Neuville* was the firſt of the Family who had a Title of Honour, which was that of Marquis *d'Alincourt*, Sieur *de Villeroi*, an Eſtate which *Peter le Gendre*, Treaſurer of *France*, had giuen to his Grandfather. The Marquis *d'Alincourt* was Governor of *Lyons* and the *Lyonnois*, and dying in the Service of the King, as Ambaſſador at *Rome*, his Majeſty gave his Son the Archbiſhoprick of *Lyons*, when it became vacant. The Chapter refus'd to admit him, becauſe he was not of a ſuitable Rank, nor a Member of their Body; but the King found a way to make himſelf obey'd, and when the Archbiſhop harangu'd the Chapter, he took theſe Words of the Pſalmiſt for his Text, *The Stone which the Builders had rejected, is become the head Stone of the Corner*. The Diſcourſe he made was, they ſay, as inſulting to the Chapter as one would

would expect from the Choice of the Text. The Dean, whose ready Wit was applauded, made no other Answer to the Archbishop, than by taking the next Verse to that which the Prelate had chose, *viz. This is the Lord's* (the King's) *Doing, it is marvellous in our Eyes.* Notwithstanding this, the new Archbishop found means to become both the Spiritual and Temporal Governor of this City; for he was made Lieutenant-General in the Government of the *Lyonnois* till the Year 1693, when he was succeeded by the Son of the Marshal *Villeroi* his Nephew, and the latter was succeeded by M. *de Rochebonne.*

The Person who commands in the Absence of the Duke *de Villeroi*, Governor of the City, is the *Prevôt des Marchands*, which is so much the worse for any Foreigner that comes Post; for he is carried to his House, and as strictly examin'd as if he was a Prisoner at the Bar. I was also oblig'd to conform to this Custom; having made me wait a long time in an Anti-chamber, where was a Mixture of People of all Sorts, he appear'd at last with an Air of Importance, which was not natural to him. The Questions he put to me, and the Answers I gave, were very Laconic, and I imagine that there is no Love lost betwixt us.

The *Prevôt des Marchands* ought to be chang'd every three Years; but when he is acceptable to the Court, he is commonly continued. One wou'd think, that the transitory Grandeur of these Gentlemen shou'd not make them so vain; for when they are turn'd out of their Employment, they make just the same Figure as a Stage-Player, after he has put off the *Roman* Habit, in which he has represented *Mithridates* or *Pyrrhus.*

I have reason to be as much pleas'd with M. *Poultier* the Intendant, as I have to dislike M. *Perichon*, the *Prevôt des Marchands.* I have been to make

make him a Viſit, which he has return'd; and for theſe four Days that I have been here I go every Night to his Houſe, where I ſee the beſt People of this City, in which there's good Company, tho' few Nobility. The Merchants of the firſt Rank live like petty Sovereigns, and have fine Houſes, both in the Town and the Country. If a Foreigner has ever ſo little Acquaintance here, he cannot fail of being diverted; for the *Lyonnois* are civil and obliging, and not ſo much abſorb'd in Commerce as to neglect good Manners. They are extraordinary civil to me, and make me very welcome. They delight in Gaming, and are not inſenſible to Love and the Bottle.

The Comedy here is tolerable, and as much frequented as if it was the beſt: The Comedians generally make their Fortunes in this City, and if they don't get an Eſtate, they can at leaſt ſhew a fine Wardrobe. At one of theſe Madams Levees a Captain is oblig'd to yield the Precedence to a Journeyman Shopkeeper. There's an old Actreſs here, who forty Years ago was the Darling of the Generality of *Lyons*: The People of good Taſte wiſh her baniſh'd from the Theatre, but there's no perſuading this ſuperannuated Beauty not to expoſe her wither'd Charms: She has the Direction of the Comedy, which brings her in 20,000 Livres a Year. An Attempt has been made to cut off her Penſion, which really might be better employ'd; but Mademoiſelle *Marez*, which is the Name of this Matron, remonſtrated, that ſhe cou'd not live with leſs than 35000 Livres a Year, that her Gallant was not able to furniſh her the odd 15,000 any longer, that ſhe had no Eſtate; and that if they touch'd her Penſion, ſhe ſhou'd be undone for ever. Reaſons ſo juſt as theſe prevail'd, ſo that it was not thought fit to puſh poor Mademoiſelle *Marez* to an Extremity. A Lady of this Province happen-

ing to be in Town, and hearing it reported that Mademoiſelle *Marez* had no leſs than 15,000 Livres a Year from her Gallant, ſaid ſmartly, *Ah! baſe Jade! ſhe ought to be burn'd; ſhe takes the Bread out of the Mouths of above fifteen honeſt Wives.*

I often take the Air here in the Square of *Belle-Cour*, or *Lewis le Grand*, where I am ſure to meet with good Company, there being always a great many very pretty Women, and well dreſs'd, who act the Ladies of Quality very well. But I mention my Walks at *Belle-Cour* to you, without acquainting you what Sort of Place it is: 'Tis not pav'd, nor near ſo wide as it is long: The Houſes at both Ends are uniform, and finely decorated; and it were to be wiſh'd, that thoſe on the two Sides were of the ſame Proportion. On one Side of this Square there's a Row of Trees, and in the Middle an Equeſtrian Statue of *Lewis* XIV. who is there repreſented on Horſeback on a Pedeſtal of white Marble; but with no other Inſcription than the Name, LEWIS XIV. which, after all that can be ſaid, is a great deal of Praiſe in a little Compaſs; and the late Marſhal *de Villeroi*, who engag'd the Citizens of *Lyons* to be at the Expence of it, thought it the greateſt and moſt reſpectful Compliment that cou'd be paid to the Original.

There's another Square here call'd *les Terreaux*, which is worthy of Notice; in the Front of it ſtands the Town-houſe, which is a grand and magnificent Edifice of Stone. *Lewis* XIV. on Horſeback is repreſented in Baſſo-Relievo over the Gate. On the Left-hand of the Town-houſe upon the Square of *Terreaux* ſtands the Abbey of St. *Peter*, which is a great Building, and, when finiſh'd, will not want for Magnificence. I am, *&c.*

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

SIR, *Paris, March* 20. 1732.

FOR the ſake of good Wine I preferr'd the *Dijon* Road to *Paris*, before the great Road from *Lyons* thro' *Tarare*; but I have been rightly ſerv'd for being ſo over-nice in my Palate, for I have been ſadly impos'd on, and did not meet with one Glaſs of good Wine at any Houſe of Entertainment in all the Road, which in other reſpects I found pleaſant enough. I ſent my Chaiſe to *Chalons* upon the *Saone*, and went thither by Water in the Boat that carries Paſſengers, who go in the *Diligence* (Stage Coach) to *Paris*. In this Vehicle, which otherwiſe was not a very pleaſant one, I happen'd to meet with a Couple of Officers of my Acquaintance, very amiable Gentlemen. We paſs'd by TREVOUX, the Capital of the Principality of *Dombes*, of which the Duke *de Maine* is Sovereign: It came to him by Inheritance from the late Mademoiſelle *de Montpenſier*, Daughter of *Gaſton* of *France*, Duke of *Orleans*, a Princeſs who render'd herſelf famous in the Civil Wars by the taking of *Orleans*, and by ordering the Cannon to be fir'd from the Baſtille upon the Army of *Lewis* XIV. who never intirely forgave her for that Piece of Diſreſpect, and to puniſh her wou'd never give her leave to marry *. 'Twas to reconcile the King

* Her Amours with M. *de Lauzun* have made a great Noiſe.

to her, that her Ladyſhip made the Duke *de Maine* her Heir. *Dombes* has a Parliament, and *Trevoux* is famous for the *Literary Journal* printed there, which cauſes ſuch frequent Diſputes among the Learned.

After having paſs'd *Trevoux*, we ſaw ſeveral other Towns, Villages and Manſion-houſes in a Country, one of the fineſt Landſkips that 'tis poſſible to imagine. We din'd very much in Haſte at a Village, and went and lay at MACON, an Epiſcopal City, where the Canons of the Cathedral have the Title of Counts, as well as thoſe of the Church of St. *John* at *Lyons*. This City did not ſeem to me to have any thing remarkable, and whether there is any good Company in it, I did not ſtay long enough to ſee.

CHALONS upon the *Saone* is alſo the See of a Biſhop, but did not appear to me to be one jot more conſiderable than *Macon:* I went to ſee the Caſtle, which has a full Command of the Town: There I was ſhew'd the Apartment where the Ducheſs of *Maine* was kept Priſoner during the Regency of the Duke of *Orleans*. A Perſon had need of all that Spirit which ſhe is known to have, to bear up under a Diſgrace equal to hers: 'Twas but a little before, that all the People of *France* were fond of making their Court to her; her Grandeur was not equall'd by any Princeſs of the Blood, and her Lodgings were perfectly ſuperb; but on a ſudden ſhe fell from all her Splendor, and was oblig'd to live in a miſerable Caſtle, with no Companions but the Women that are abſolutely neceſſary to attend her *. I will hereafter give you a more particular Ac-

* This Misfortune came upon the Duke and Ducheſs of *Maine*, merely from a Suſpicion which the Regent entertain'd, that the Duke had a Hand in the pretended Conſpiracy of the Prince of *Cellamare*, the Ambaſſador of *Spain*; which, they ſaid, was to remove

Account of this Princeſs; but I now proceed on my Journey.

From *Chalons* I went to DIJON, after having paſs'd thro' *Beaune*, and along by the beſt Vineyards in all *Burgundy*. To tell you frankly my Mind, I had quite another Idea of *Dijon*, than what I really found it to be: 'Tis an ancient City, and moſt of the Houſes are old, and make no great Appearance, tho' they are very convenient, and well fitted up. In the Street of *Conde*, which is newly built, the Houſes are of equal Proportion. The lower Part conſiſts of Shops, and over them are the Merchants Lodging-Rooms, and there are Iron Balconies at the Windows, which, if the Houſes were higher, wou'd make a fine Sight. This Street leads to the Place Royale, in which there's an Equeſtrian Statue of the late King *Lewis* XIV. which is plac'd on ſo high a Pedeſtal, that it even raiſes the Statue higher than the Houſes that ſurround the Place, which moreover is by much too ſmall to contain ſo great a Monument. The Houſes are actually very low, and if they were to be carry'd higher, the Statue would look as if it were impriſon'd in a Cage. This Maſs of Copper was caſt in *Paris*, and firſt carry'd by Water to *Auxerre*, where it remain'd a long while, it being ſo very heavy and large, that it was in a manner immoveable; but at laſt it was remov'd by Land Carriage to *Dijon*, but not without very great Difficulty, and as great Expence; yet it appeared to me to be one of the leaſt Statues in the Kingdom.

move the Duke of *Orleans* from the Regency, and to veſt it in the King of *Spain*, who wou'd have put the Duke of *Maine* in his Place, according to *Lewis* XIVth's laſt Will. The bare Suſpicion however amounted to fix the Guilt upon this Prince, and all that belong'd to him. It were to be wiſh'd, that ſome Eye-witneſs of what was then tranſacted at Court, and in *Bretagne*, wou'd give the Public an exact Account of it.

This Statue faces the *King's Houſe*, where lives the Duke of *Bourbon*, Governor of the Province. 'Tis a very ſpacious Building, with two advanc'd Wings, but can only be reckon'd a very irregular Structure. I did not go to ſee the Apartments, becauſe I was told, that they were not furniſh'd, and not worth the Trouble of a View.

The Palace, where the Parliament meets, is very ancient, and one of the vileſt in the Kingdom. Whether the Dukes of *Burgundy* reſided there heretofore, I know not; but if they did, they were not very ſumptuouſly accommodated.

Dijon was erected, but a few Years ago, into a Biſhoprick, by the late Pope *Benedict* XIII. at the Requeſt of the Duke of *Bourbon*; who was very glad to procure that Honour for the Capital of his Government.

The Ring at *Dijon* is the fineſt Thing about this City; which is really neither fine nor agreeable. The common People are not over and above civil, and thoſe of Quality value themſelves very much upon their Nobility. Pray read only the Letters of *Buſſi Rabutin*, and you will know what Sort of Gentry the *Burgundians* are; for they are all, like him, puffed up with their Birth. The Parliament of this Province conſiſts generally of Perſons of Quality.

The Duke of *Bourbon* is the fourth Governor of *Burgundy*, of the *Conde* Family; to which this Government is a Sort of Appenage. This Prince never comes to *Dijon*, but to hold an Aſſembly of the States. The Count *de Tavannes*, who is Lieutenant-general of the Province, commands there in his Abſence. There is an Intendant, and all the Sovereign Courts. Notwithſtanding ſo much Company, I thought *Dijon* a melancholy Place; and I have ſeen a great many Towns in *France* of leſs Note, which to me had a more gay and agreeable

Appear-

Appearance. There is a public Concert here, to which I was forc'd to go, whether I would or not; I thought, before I went, that it would be but indifferent, and ſo indeed I found it. The Hall was magnificent, the Company numerous and ſplendid, and the Concert would have been very good, if there had been Muſicians; but as it was, it reſembled the Butchers Concert of Marrow-bones and Cleavers.

From *Dijon* I went to AUXERRE and SENS, of which the laſt is the See of an Archbiſhop; and that's all I can ſay of it, becauſe I only ſtaid there to change Horſes. When I came to *Auxerre*, I found the whole Street where the Poſt-houſe ſtands in an Uproar, it being full of Mob, and eſpecially of Women, who all ſeem'd very much enrag'd. This was owing to a Tranſaction the Night before, when the Wife of a Baker qualify'd her Husband for one of the chief Poſts in the Seraglio: The Motive which induc'd her to this barbarous Action was Jealouſy: Her Husband, who was about twenty Years old, and a very likely Man, was (at leaſt, as the ſcandalous Chronicle of *Auxerre* ſaid) a little too intimate with a Paſtry Cook Woman, who was young and handſome. The Baker's Wife, who was old and ugly, not being able to bear the Thoughts of her Huſband's Inconſtancy, had taken Care to lay a Razor under her Bolſter; and at the very Time when her Huſband was giving her the Marks of his Tenderneſs for her, ſhe made him a ſecond *Abelard*. This Tragedy having happen'd juſt as I arriv'd at *Auxerre*, the Inhabitants were all very much incens'd againſt the Baker's Wife, and hurry'd the poor Wretch to Priſon. The Women curs'd her heartily, yet in their ſerious Imprecations there was ſomething perfectly comical. I verily believe, that if they had

had her at their Mercy, they would have tore her to Pieces.

FONTAINEBLEAU, a Royal Palace which I paſs'd thro', is fourteen Leagues from *Paris*. There's a great Village belonging to it, which ſtands in the Middle of a large Foreſt, wherein a great Number of long Roads is cut, for the Conveniency of Hunting. The Palace is irregular, becauſe all the Kings from *Francis* I. to *Lewis* XIV. have made very conſiderable Additions to it; nevertheleſs the Apartments are grand and magnificent. There's a great Number of Cielings painted by celebrated Maſters, whom *Francis* I. ſent for on purpoſe from *Italy*. The Gallery of the Stags is noted for the cruel Action committed there by *Chriſtina*, Queen of *Sweden*; who caus'd her Maſter of the Horſe, and her Favourite *Monaldeſchi*, to be aſſaſſinated there before her Face, after having ſhewn him ſome Letters, which he had the Indiſcretion to write, and reproach'd him for his Treachery, in the Preſence of the Miniſter * of the Order of the Holy Trinity, whom ſhe had ſent for to give the poor Man Confeſſion, and who in vain ſolicited his Pardon. *Lewis* XIV. was very much diſguſted at an Execution thus committed in his Palace, and, as it were, under his Noſe: Indeed, rather than be oblig'd to manifeſt his Reſentment, he choſe to keep a profound Silence; but tho' he diſſembled it as much as poſſible, *Chriſtina* perceiv'd, that ſhe had ſtaid too long at his Court, and reſolv'd to retire to *Rome*, where in 1689 ſhe died.

But *Fontainebleau* has lately been the Scene of an Action more pleaſant, grand and glorious, *viz.* the Ceremony of the Marriage of King *Lewis* XV. The Duke of *Orleans* having marry'd the Queen by

* The Friar, who in the other Orders is a Prior, is call'd a Miniſter in this Order, which is better known in *France* by the Name of the *Mathurins*.

Proxy,

Proxy, at *Strasbourg*, the Princeſs came by ſhort Days Journies to a Place about a League from *Moret*; where ſhe was met by the King, and the Princeſſes of the Blood. I had the Pleaſure of being an Eye-witneſs of this Interview. When the Two Coaches of the King and Queen came in Sight of each other, they advanc'd a few Paces upon the Trot, and then ſtopp'd; when their Majeſties alighted, and walk'd to each other upon Carpets. When the Queen came near to the King, ſhe kneel'd down upon a Cuſhion of blue Velvet, ſeeded with Fleurs-de-Lys of Gold. The Dukes of *Orleans* and *Bourbon* rais'd her up again, when the King ſaluted her, but ſaid nothing to her: The Princes and Princeſſes ſaluted her alſo, and ſhe receiv'd them with ſuch a good-natur'd, modeſt Air, as prepoſſeſs'd the whole Court in her Favour. Then the King went into his Coach, where the Queen ſeated herſelf on his Left-hand; and the Princes and Princeſſes having plac'd themſelves according to their Rank, they thus proceeded to *Moret*. I heard the late Ducheſs of *Orleans* ſay, that there was a very great Silence obſerv'd in the Coach for ſome time, becauſe all that were in it, out of Reſpect to the King, waited for him to ſpeak firſt: But as he ſaid nothing, the Ducheſs of *Orleans*, who had ſeen the Queen in *Germany*, and at *Metz*, was the firſt that broke Silence; and, by degrees, the Converſation became general. When they arriv'd at *Moret*, the King and the Queen, attended by the Princes and Princeſſes, went into the Queen's Cloſet: There the King talk'd; and after having ſtay'd about an Hour, he return'd to *Fontainebleau*, with the ſame Train that attended him when he ſet out from thence.

The next Morning, at Eight o'Clock, the Queen arriv'd at *Fontainebleau*, without any other Retinue than what ſhe had during her whole Journey. Being

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in an Undreſs, ſhe went ſtrait to her Apartment, and ſat down to the Toilet; when ſhe was dreſs'd, Word was brought to her, that the King was arriv'd; who, in a few Moments after, made his Appearance, in a Mantle of Gold Brocade, trimm'd with *Spaniſh* Point of Gold, the whole enrich'd with Diamonds. His Majeſty, having ſaluted the Queen, walk'd the ſame Inſtant towards the Chapel, and the Queen follow'd immediately after him, ſupported by the Dukes of *Orleans* and *Bourbon:* She was dreſs'd in a Blue Velvet Gown, ſeeded with Fleurs-de-Lys of Gold; her Petticoat, and the Tail of her Gown, were fac'd with Ermin, and adorned with Diamonds; and her Royal Mantle, which was like her Gown, was held up by the Princeſſes of the Blood. She had the Royal Crown on her Head; and 'tis certain, that every thing about her was truly magnificent, and made a very grand Appearance. The Chapel was adorn'd with a rich Suit of Hangings, of blue Velvet, imbroider'd with Gold. The Elector of *Cologne*, the Electoral Prince of *Bavaria*, now Elector, the Duke *Ferdinand*, and the Biſhop of *Freiſingen* and *Ratisbon*, were preſent *incognito* at the Ceremony. The Cardinal *de Rohan* gave their Majeſties the Nuptial Benediction. The Queen happening to be out of Order during the Maſs, the Duke of *Bourbon*, who perceiv'd it, gave her ſome Balm-water, by which her Majeſty found immediate Relief.

After Maſs was ended, they return'd in great Ceremony to the Queen's Apartment; and ſoon after was the Royal Feaſt, when the Princes and Princeſſes din'd with their Majeſties. All this was very fine, but the Room was ſo much too ſmall, that they who were in it were ready to be ſmother'd, and three Fourths of the People could not get in.

When

When the Feaſt was over, their Majeſties chang'd their Apparel, and took an Airing with the Royal Family in a Calaſh, round the great Canal, preceded by all the Court Nobility, and the Officers of the King's Houſhold, and follow'd by the Ladies, in Coaches drawn each by Six Horſes. But 'tis certain, that in the whole, there was nothing more magnificent than the Number of the Perſons, and their Cloaths; for as to their Equipages, they were very ordinary; there was not ſo much as one new Coach, the Liveries were old, and the Nobility very ſorrily mounted.

When the King and Queen were return'd to the Palace, there was a Drawing-room; after which, their Majeſties ſupp'd with the Princeſſes of the Blood; and during the Supper, there was a Concert. When their Majeſties aroſe from Table, they went to the Windows, and ſaw the Firework, and the Illumination in the Park; which was very much admir'd, but really appear'd trifling to us *Germans*, who are accuſtom'd to ſee Fireworks that coſt immenſe Sums, and which are executed in a Manner that ſurpaſſes every thing done elſewhere of the Kind. Thus ended all the Rejoicings upon account of the King's Marriage. They ſay there were great Illuminations and Bonfires alſo at *Paris*; but as I was at *Fontainebleau*, I did not ſee them. 'Tis certain tho', that how much ſoever the *French* were pleas'd with the Marriage of their King, they were in no very great Humour to rejoice at a Time when a Pound of Bread coſt eleven Sols, and few were they that had a Belly-full. 'Tis no laughing Matter, when the Guts grumble. But I leave this long Digreſſion, and reſume the Thread of my Narrative, by proceeding with the Deſcription of *Fontainebleau*.

This

This Royal Palace is accompanied with a fine Park, which, tho' not near ſo much adorned as the Park of *Verſailles*, has remarkable Beauties, not to be met with in that. The great Canal is ſuperb, and, generally ſpeaking, the Palace of *Fontainebleau*, with all that environs it, has much more of the Air of a Royal Palace, than *Verſailles* and *Marly*. The Village or Town of *Fontainebleau*, for I know not which to call it, is very well built. Moſt of the Lords have great Houſes here, where they put their Equipages and Domeſticks; it being the Cuſtom at the Court of *France*, for every Lord that belongs to the Court, to be lodg'd in the King's Palace; and the *French* are ſo infatuated with this Practice, that a Nobleman had rather be lodg'd in a Manger at Court, than in an Apartment ever ſo commodious and magnificent, in his Houſe at *Verſailles* and *Fontainebleau*.

The Road from *Fontainebleau* to *Paris* is pav'd all the Way. There are a great many fine Houſes on it, particularly PETITBOURG, belonging to the Duke *d' Antin*, to whom it came by Succeſſion, from his Mother, the Marchioneſs *Monteſpan*. Very great Buildings have been erected there within theſe few Years, which have the Appearance of Magnificence and Grandeur; not to mention the rich Furniture, the Pleaſures of the Park, and ſeveral other Things, ſo ingeniouſly choſe, and ſo beautifully diſpos'd, as are infinitely delightful.

CHOISY, which belongs to the firſt Princeſs Dowager of *Conti*, Daughter of *Lewis* XIV. by Mademoiſelle *de la Valiere*, is, to my thinking, one of the fineſt Houſes in the Kingdom. 'Tis built intirely in the modern Taſte, and ſtands by the River Side. The Apartments are richly adorn'd. The Garden which belongs to it is ſpacious, and

ſeveral

ſeveral Alleys are cut out in it, which yield very fine Walks, and render *Choiſy* an inchanting Place. Were I to mention all the other fine Houſes to you that are upon the Road, I ſhould never have done. If you conſult the *Delices de la France*, you will find a large Account of all thoſe Houſes, as well as of their Names and Situation. For my part, my Head akes ſo much at this Inſtant, that 'tis impoſſible for me to add any more: But in a few Days, you ſhall hear farther from me; and then I will give you ſome Account of *Paris*: In the mean time, believe me to be always Yours intirely, *&c.*

LETTER XXXIX.

SIR, *Paris, April* 1. 1732.

DON'T imagine, that I am going to give you an exact Deſcription of the City of PARIS; for that would be an Undertaking to as little Purpoſe, as it is beyond my Ability. PARIS has been ſo fully deſcrib'd, and is ſo much talk'd of, that moſt People know what Sort of Place it is, though they have never ſeen it. Several Authors are ſo divided about the Antiquity of PARIS, that I can ſay nothing poſitive to you upon this Head. *Cæſar*, in his Commentaries, ſpeaks very much in its Favour, and ſays, that in his Time, this City was call'd *Lutetia*. The Learned differ alſo about the Origin of

of this * Name; but I ſhall leave them to diſpute this Matter as long as they pleaſe, and aſſure them, that I am not concern'd in their Quarrel.

According to Father *Daniel*, PARIS was the Capital City of *France*, in the Reign of *Clovis*, about the Year 507. But even then, PARIS was a Place of very little Conſequence; and, if it be duly conſider'd, could not be rank'd among the great Towns, before the Reign of *Philip Auguſtus*. That Prince made it his Endeavour to embelliſh it, and added Buildings to it, which at that Time were reckon'd very magnificent. Since his Reign, PARIS has always been the Seat of the Kings, and has been continually increaſing in Grandeur and Beauty. But none of its Kings has contributed ſo much to the Magnificence of PARIS, as the Prince who leaſt reſided in it, I mean *Lewis* XIV. who caus'd ſuch Structures to be rais'd in it, as are worthy of the greateſt Monarch in the World. Of ſome of theſe Works, I may hereafter give you a more particular Account.

The *French* pretend, that no City in *Europe* contains ſo many Inhabitants as PARIS; but the *Engliſh* ſay, the moſt populous is *London*; yet, without the leaſt Heſitation, I determine it for the latter of the two Rivals. My Reaſon for it is this: At PARIS, eighteen or twenty thouſand

* In all Appearance, the *Latin* Name *Lutetia* comes from *Leucothecia*, which ſignifies *white Town*, a Name that *Strabo* gives to this City, the Houſes of which were plaiſter'd. By Abbreviation it was call'd *Lutetia*. As to the Name *Paris*, 'tis certain, that it comes from *Para-Iſis*, near *Iſis*, a well-known Goddeſs, who had ſeveral Temples in this Canton; where ſhe was ſo particularly worſhipp'd, that from her Name the Inhabitants were call'd *Para-Iſians*, the Neighbours of *Iſis*. They, who have carefully examin'd the Gate of the *Carmelites* Church, and the Building of its Chapel, will own, that it was formerly the Temple of this Goddeſs; whoſe Statue, in Iron, holding a Handful of Ears of Corn, is ſtill on the Front of the Building.

People

People die every Year, and at *London* twenty-three or twenty-four thouſand; tho' I don't diſpute, but PARIS ſeems more populous: For in the latter, every body is to be ſeen in the Streets, either on Foot or in Coaches; whereas at *London*, Paſſengers are continually going up and down the *Thames*; which River is ſeldom without carrying forty or fifty thouſand People, who, if diffus'd in the Streets, would make them look fuller of People than thoſe of PARIS. Beſides, what makes the Capital of *France* appear to be more populous, is, that it has more Coaches and Carts; whereas at *London*, one always ſees Goods going up or down the River; which is the Reaſon, that Carts are not ſo much in Uſe there: And moſt of the Ladies, inſtead of Coaches, ride in Sedans. But a *Frenchman* will tell me, you ſhall ſee five or ſix Families in one Houſe at PARIS; whereas at *London*, they are ſeldom two. To this I ſhall anſwer, that 'tis true, there are more Lodgers in the Houſes of PARIS; but this ſtands for nothing, and only proves, that there are more Houſes at *London*. At PARIS, there are many Hôtels, or great Houſes, Convents, large Gardens, public Squares, Quays, and a River that runs through the Middle; all which takes up a great deal of Ground; and in ſeveral of the Suburbs, without which PARIS itſelf is but a little Place, there are intire Marſhes. But at *London*, 'tis quite otherwiſe, ſuch Hôtels are uncommon there, and few Houſes there have Courts to them. They are all very much pent up, and many a Houſe at *London* is not ſo big as the Halls in a great many of the Hôtels at PARIS.

But what matters it, whether *London* is bigger or leſs than PARIS? I ſhall now ſpeak of the latter, not as the biggeſt, but as the moſt beautiful City in *Europe*. 'Tis reckon'd, there are in PARIS nine

nine hundred Streets, with above twenty thouſand Houſes, of which four thouſand have great Gates, and Courts to turn Coaches in. The Number of Inhabitants amounts to above eighty thouſand; in which muſt be reckon'd one hundred and fifty thouſand Domeſtics. There are at leaſt twenty thouſand Coaches, and near one hundred and twenty thouſand Horſes for Carriages of all Sorts, of which, one Year with another, ten thouſand die. In fine, the very Expence of the Lanthorns, which are lighted nine Months in the Year, is computed at two hundred thouſand Crowns at leaſt. The common Revenues which the City of PARIS produces, are ſaid to amount at leaſt to twenty-eight Millions of Livres; a Sum, which, I believe, is not rais'd by ſome Kingdoms.

PARIS enjoys all the Prerogatives that can be enjoy'd by the Capital of a powerful Kingdom. This City has not only the Reputation of being the Reſidence of Kings, but is the Seat of an Archbiſhop, a Parliament, an Univerſity, an Intendant, a Governor, and of all the Sovereign Courts in the Government. Its Metropolitan Church, which was heretofore no more than the See of a Biſhop, Suffragan to the Archbiſhop of *Sens*, is dedicated to the Virgin *Mary*. St. *Denys*, who liv'd in the firſt Ages of Chriſtianity, is own'd to be its Founder, or at leaſt its firſt Biſhop. Its firſt Archbiſhop was *Francis de Gondy*, who obtain'd that Dignity by a Bull of Pope *Gregory* XV. in 1622. ſince which Time there have been ſeven Archbiſhops. Whoever is the Archbiſhop, has the Title of Duke of St. *Cloud*, and in that Quality is both Duke and Peer of *France*. The preſent Archbiſhop's Name is *N. N. de Vintimille* of the Counts *du Luc*. He ſucceeded *Lewis-Antony*, Cardinal *de Noailles*, and finds his Dioceſe as diſobedient to his Mandates, as it was to thoſe of his Predeceſſor.

The

The good Prelate does all he can, to bring back his * ſtray'd Sheep; but it ſeems as if moſt of the *Pariſians* know not what they would be at; and indeed the greateſt Number diſpute about Matters, which they don't underſtand. I find the Talk of all PARIS engroſs'd by two grand Subjects; I mean grand for the *Pariſians*, and, if I may venture to ſay it, for the *French* in general: For, to be plain, 'tis owing to the Want of ſomething elſe to talk of during a long Peace, that they buſy themſelves very ſeriouſly about Things, which at other Times they would think unworthy of their Attention. The one is the Affair of Father *Girard* and *la Cadiere*; the other, the pretended Miracles of the Abbé *Paris*. There is nothing ſo baſe, with which Knavery and a furious Zeal can inſpire a Party, but what has been ſaid and written on theſe Subjects. The Enemies of the *Jeſuits* have † invented, that

* The Author does not ſay *whither* nor *from whence* thoſe Sheep are ſtray'd. All thoſe Sheep feed in the ſame Paſture, or at leaſt, there are but few of 'em that feed in the Paſtures to which M. *de Vintimille* could wiſh to bring the others. Some Slanderers don't ſcruple to ſay, that this *good* Prelate gives himſelf more Uneaſineſs about the *Excellency of the Diſhes* at his Table, than the Goodneſs of the Paſture for his Sheep: For he has been ſeen to give the ſame Welcome to the *Jeſuits*, and the *Fathers of the Oratory*, to the *Capuchins* and the *Benedictins*, &c. For the Sake of ſuch of our Readers as have a Taſte for *French* Poetry, we inſert the following *Epigram*; which was made upon this Prelate's Mandate in Favour of the Conſtitution:

Le Public eſt un Sot, d'être ſcandaliſé
Du Mandement que Vintimille
Vient de repandre dans la Ville,
Me diſoit ce Matin un Docteur aviſé!
Il eſt, dit il, d'Uſage indiſpenſable,
Pour qu'un Saint ſoit canoniſé,
D'entendre l'Avocat du Diable.

† This is a Thing in Queſtion; and the Negative ſeems to be plainly prov'd by the Opinions of the Counſellors of the Parlement, all Men of unexceptionable Character, who voted for putting the Reverend Father to Death.

Father *John Baptiſt Girard*, a Native of *Dole* in *Franche Comté*, debauch'd one *la Cadiere*, who came to him for Confeſſion; they prevail'd on the young Woman to accuſe him of Crimes, the very Idea of which is ſhocking, and which the moſt reſolute Villain would not dare perhaps to be guilty of, much leſs Father *Girard*; who, till accus'd of this Wickedneſs, had always *paſs'd* for an honeſt Man, whoſe Conduct and Morals had been edifying in Places where he had been, and particularly at *Toulon*, where nevertheleſs he is ſaid to have committed the moſt horrid Enormities. But *la Cadiere* has recanted; and the Parlement of *Aix*, before whom the Cauſe was pleaded, has declar'd Father *Girard* innocent. Yet the *Janſeniſts* exclaim, and wiſh that the King would cauſe the Members of that Parlement to be hang'd up, becauſe they could not in Conſcience bring in Father *Girard* guilty.

The following *Epigram* is lately publiſh'd upon that Parlement:

Pour avoir immolé le Fils du Tout-Puiſſant,
Pilate *moins que vous nous parut deteſtable;*
Il ne reçût point d'or pour punir l'Innocent,
Mais vous en recevez pour ſauver le coupable.

i. e.

Pilate, tho' he ſacrific'd the Son of the Almighty, is even leſs deteſtable in our Eyes than you; for he receiv'd no Gold to puniſh the Innocent, but you take it to ſave the Guilty.

Or thus:

Of Judges that in Judgment ſit,
Whether incurs moſt Banns,
He that for Gold doth Vice acquit,
Or Virtue gratis *damns?*

Pilate,

Pilate, *who ſacrific'd the Son*
Of the Almighty Lord,
Becauſe no Golden Bribe he won,
Is leſs than you abhorr'd.

Father *Girard*'s Adventure calls to my Mind a great Scandal of this Nature, that happen'd in the fourth Century, on Occaſion of a Lady's Confeſſion to a Deacon; which obliged the Patriarch *Nectarius* to aboliſh Auricular Confeſſion throughout the *Eaſt*; as may be ſeen in the fourth Tome of *Fleuri*'s *Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory*. This Author, in his Sixteenth Tome, ſays, that in the twelfth Century there were Abbeſſes in *Spain*, who preach'd, gave Bleſſings, and confeſſed Perſons of both Sexes. If this Practice was re-eſtabliſh'd, there would be no Room to fear ſuch Diſorders and Scandals as have happen'd in *Provence*.

The ſecond Topic, which takes up a great deal of the *Pariſians* Converſation, is the pretended Miracles of the Sieur *Paris*, to whoſe Tomb People flock as much as they could be ſuppos'd to do to the *Holy Sepulchre* itſelf. Curioſity drew me thither as well as others; and I found ſuch a vaſt Crowd of People, that 'twas with much ado I could get to the Stone which covers the Saint of the Populace. While I was looking at this Tombſtone, I heard 'em cry behind, *Stand by*, *make Room there*; ſo that I thought ſome Prince of the Blood was coming; but 'twas no more than a mean-looking Fellow, who, with a very contrite Air, went and ſtretch'd himſelf on the Tomb; where he had not lain many Moments, but I ſaw him turn up the Whites of his Eyes, grind his Teeth, foam at the Mouth, and twiſt his Body into ſuch Poſtures, that he look'd more like one that had the Devil in him, than the Favourite of a Saint. Theſe Agitations laſted as long as the

Man had any Strength; after which he was carry'd off, and I aſſure you, that when he was taken from the Tomb, he had a much more ſickly Look than when he came to it. Nevertheleſs the People bawl'd out, *A Miracle!* and I even heard it ſaid, *Who can doubt one Moment, after ſo manifeſt a Cure as this, that* Paris *is a Saint!*

Such Miracles, as this that I have now related to you, are work'd here every Day: One can't ſet a Foot into a Houſe, without being entertain'd with ſome new Story plac'd to the Accompt of the Abbé *Paris*; yet I proteſt, that not one ſingle Miracle has been pro'vd: and M. *Herault*, the Lieutenant-General of the Police, to whom all theſe Miracles are reported, ſaid, in my Hearing, that there was not one of them true; that 'twas a palpable Deluſion; and that 'twas only tolerated, the better to trace it up to its Source, and to undeceive the Populace; which, I believe, will be no eaſy Matter, they are ſo much prepoſſeſs'd in Favour of their Saint. The only Way would be for the Pope to canoniſe the Sieur *Paris*, and then I am perſuaded, that all the Devotees of this new Saint wou'd abandon him, rather than be in the Holy Father's Meſs. But here I leave both Father *Girard* and the Abbé *Paris*, though perhaps I ſhall find an Opportunity of diſcovering all that I may hear of them to you, when I think it worthy of your Regard; but I ſhall be far from troubling you with every impertinent Tale that is ſpread about them; for I verily believe, that all the Songs and Verſes that are made upon them wou'd form ſeveral Volumes: And it muſt be expected this Humour will laſt, till ſomething new ſtarts up to drown both theſe Subjects of preſent Converſation. I own to you, that I am very much in Pain to think what the *French* can have to amuſe them after this is over; for their Genius is ſuch, that it muſt have ſomething

to

to work upon, tho' 'tis happy for them that a mere Nothing ſuffices, and that ſuch Nothing is always treated by them as a ſerious Affair, and proves to them an inexhauſtible Fund of Something.

You aſk me, how I employ my Time here? which is a Queſtion that is not very ſoon anſwer'd. My Amuſements are of ſuch various Kinds, that, to be plain with you, I find myſelf at a loſs to account for them. I ſhould often be very much puzzled to prove an *alibi* of two Days. This Country is my Centre, and PARIS is to me the Spring of Youth. Never was any Reflection more mortifying to me, than the Thought that I am not in a Condition to fix my Habitation here; for tho' I find Faults in the *French*, as well as in all other Nations, yet I acknowledge they have a thouſand good Qualities; and I think them much more amiable at home than they are abroad, where, be a Man ever ſo much prepoſſeſs'd in their Favour upon other Accounts, he is ſurfeited with their eternal Criticiſms, and to hear them inceſſantly remarking, *They don't do ſo at* Paris. *You don't ſee this in* France. Here they are polite, good-natur'd, humane, civil and engaging; and a Foreigner, who can bring himſelf ever ſo little into their Way of Thinking, Acting, and Speaking, will always be ſorry to leave them.

But I am not about giving you the Character of the *French*; what I am now to acquaint you with is, how I live with them. In a very irregular Courſe of Life, I aim at a certain Regularity: I riſe very late, becauſe I don't go to Bed till Two or Three o'Clock in the Morning: When I am dreſs'd, I go to ſome Cabinet of Curioſities, ſome Library, or to ſome Structure or other, which, tho' I have ſeen perhaps an hundred times, I reviſit with Pleaſure, becauſe I always find ſome new Beauty in it. Such are the Hôtel or Hoſpital of the *Invalids*,

founded and built by *Lewis* XIV. *Val de Grace*, the Church which is the Repoſitary of the Hearts and Bowels of the Kings and Princes of the Royal Family, and was founded by *Anne* of *Auſtria*, Mother to *Lewis* XIV. the Choir of *Notre Dame*, adorn'd with Marble and Braſs by *Lewis* XIV. to fulfill a Vow made by King *Lewis* XIII. his Father; the *Louvre*, with all the Beauties it contains; and, in fine, a Number of other ſtately Fabrics, which I don't mention or deſcribe to you, becauſe a thouſand Authors have already given a better Account of them, than I am able to do. After having thus ſaunter'd away two or three Hours, I return home to Dinner; for I rarely dine abroad: When I have din'd, if I am alone, I read for an Hour or two; after which I go out, either to make Viſits, or elſe to take the Air. I often go to their Plays, not only becauſe I have a Taſte that way, but to avoid Gaming; for you can't go into a Houſe, but they bring out the Cards. After the Comedy is over, which I am forc'd, whether I will or not, to prefer to the Opera, I go to ſome Houſe, where there's no ſaying nay, but I muſt make one at Quadrille, to eaſe me of my Money; for I know not what 'tis to win. I am entertain'd with a good Supper, and then I join in a ſecond Party at Quadrille, and ſometimes in a third; and go home at three o' Clock in the Morning, with an empty Pocket.

This Itch for Gaming, which has infected the Generality of the *French*, is look'd upon as one of the Plagues of the Nation. I can't imagine how 'tis poſſible for People, who can ſcarce ſtay a Quarter of an Hour in one Place, but are generally reſtleſs where-ever they are, to ſit five or ſix Hours together in cutting and ſhuffling the Cards. 'Tis however a neceſſary Evil, eſpecially for a Foreigner, who muſt otherwiſe make a very ſilly Figure,

Figure, till he is quite initiated in the Cuſtoms of the Country. The Ladies ſay of a Man who does not play, that he is a uſeleſs Piece of Lumber; and the moſt flaming Lovers ceaſe to make Love, as ſoon as Cards are brought upon the Carpet.

There are ſome Houſes however, where this Paſſion for Gaming is not quite ſo prevalent; 'tis ſaid too, that the Lawyers Houſes are not ſo liable to the Contagion; but I own, I am not converſant enough with them to know the Difference. 'Tis certain, that at Court they play deeper than anywhere, and very many of the Nobility have impair'd their Fortunes, for the ſake of having the Honour to be one of a Party with the King. His Majeſty commonly plays at Lanſquenet; the Party conſiſts of twelve Cutters, who ſet a *Lewis d'Or* upon the Card. The King, and the principal Gameſters, as the Count *de Tholouſe*, the Duke *d'Antin*, the Duke *de Grammont*, and the like, ſet two, and ſometimes four *Lewis d'Ors* upon a Stake. The King is reckon'd to have the beſt Luck of all that play in the Queen's Apartment: Any body that is well dreſs'd is admitted to make one of the Company, which forms a great Court, tho' a mix'd Aſſembly. All the Ladies ſit round the Gaming-table, and the Men ſtand. The *French* ſay, that Gaming ſets every body upon a Level. There's one *S. Remi*, who had been a Lacquey firſt to the Marſhal *d' Eſtree*'s Lady, and then to the Duke of *Bourbon*, who preferr'd him to be his *Valet de Chambre*, and at the Queen's Arrival gave him a Poſt in her Majeſty's Houſhold, which he held at the ſame time that he officiated as the Duke's *Valet de Chambre:* I have ſeen this Man raiſe or fall the Mirth of the King's Company at Pleaſure; 'tis true, he does not cut; but he is at every Card, and makes very good Paſtime. At *Fontainebleau*, I heard him one Day bet the King twenty *Lewis*

d'Ors, upon his own Card againſt his Majeſty's. The King anſwer'd coolly, *No*, *Marquis*; which is a Nickname that his Majeſty has given him, and may nevertheleſs be tranſmitted to the Poſterity of this *S. Remi*, who is moreover Fop enough to be a Marquis.

This Medley of People at Play has been the Cuſtom in *France* at all times. I remember to have heard the late Mother of the Regent ſay, That when ſhe went upon a time from *Verſailles*, where ſhe reſided with the King, to ſee her Husband, *Lewis* XIVth's Brother, who was gone to ſpend a few Days at St. *Cloud*, ſhe found him playing at Lanſquenet with a dozen Cutters, of whom ſhe knew but two; and when the Game was out, ſhe aſk'd her Husband, who the People were that he had been playing with: *They are very honeſt Fellows*, reply'd the Prince, *good ſubſtantial Tradeſmen of* Paris, *who play well, and for a great deal of Money.* The old Lady gave us moreover to underſtand, that ſhe had not been at that time long in *France*, and that ſhe was ſo vex'd to find her Huſband in ſuch Company, that ſhe cou'd not forbear to upbraid him for it; but her Husband turn'd it all off with a Laugh, and made her Anſwer, *That ſhe had ſtill a Spice of the* German *Haughtineſs, but that it would wear off in Time.*

'Tis certain however, that this Liberty, with which all Sorts of People are indulg'd, of coming in for a Game and away, renders them ſawcy. That noted Comedian *Baron*, the greateſt Coxcomb of all Men living before the *Quinaults*, was one Day at the Houſe of the Prince *de Conti*, the ſame that had been choſe King of *Poland*, where they were playing at Lanſquenet. *Baron*, pulling his Purſe out with a careleſs Air, ſaid to the Prince, *Ten Lewis D'Ors upon the Knave*, M. de Conti. *Done*, Britannicus, ſaid the Prince *de Conti*, who knew that

Baron

Baron had been juſt acting that Part in a Play. It is certain, that at many of the Womens Houſes, the Gameſters are as much pamper'd as a Father Confeſſor is by his Female Votary. A great many Houſes ſubſiſt here by the Emoluments of Gaming, where, were it not for the Money ariſing from their Cards, their Suppers would be very light, and many that now ride wou'd go on Foot. The Duke *de Gevres*, Governor of *Paris*, and the Prince *de Carignan*, who have a Grant for licenſing all manner of Gaming, have farm'd it out, and get 120,000 Livres a-piece by it clear Money; which one ſhall hardly find in any City in the World.

This Gaming puts me in mind of a Lottery they have here every Month, which is a Sort of Game too, where the Banker is the greateſt Gainer. Theſe Lotteries have been ſet on foot by the Parſon of the Pariſh of St. *Sulpice*, to help build his Church, and twenty Sols is the Price of each Ticket; but they prove the utter Undoing of many a Lacquey and Maid-Servant; which made a Friend of mine ſay, that the Parſon of St. *Sulpice*, out of Gratitude to the poor Devils, for burying their Wages in his Lottery, could do no leſs, when they die, than bury their Carcaſes for nothing. This Lottery is worth to the Parſon about 20,000 Livres a Month, beſides the Sums he gets from the pious Contributions of ſeveral Perſons zealous for the Houſe of God: Nevertheleſs theſe Works go on ſo ſlowly, that the Parſon's Trowel is not like to be laid aſide yet-a-while, tho', if his Church be ever finiſhed, 'twill be the greateſt and the fineſt in the Kingdom; for all the new Works are deſign'd by *Giles Maria Oppenord*, the Duke of *Orleans*'s chief Architect, and one of the moſt ſkilful of his Profeſſion in *France*.

The Parſonage of St. *Sulpice* is the moſt conſiderable, not only of *Paris*, but perhaps of *Europe*; for

for it brings in the Parſon as much as ſome good Dioceſes do their Biſhops. The Right of Preſentation to it is in the Abbat and Friers of the Abbey of St. *Germain*. The preſent Incumbent is M. *Languet de Gergy*, who has one Brother that is Biſhop of *Soiſſons* *, and another now an Ambaſſador at *Venice* †. The Vigilance both of the Paſtor, and of the Prieſts whom he employs for adminiſtring the Sacraments, cannot but be commended: The latter form a numerous Society, attend their Function with Application, and Divine Service is perform'd in the Church with very great Edification. The Society, and ſeveral Seminaries join'd to it, form together the moſt numerous Body of Clergy in all the Kingdom. The Seminary of St. *Sulpice* is one of the moſt frequented, becauſe the Eccleſiaſtical Diſcipline is there taught and practis'd with Care; perhaps too, becauſe Subjects are often taken from thence for the chief Dignities of the Church. Nothing is more edifying than to ſee the Proceſſion of this Pariſh upon the Day of *Corpus Chriſti*, when there's a numerous Appearance of the Clergy in magnificent Copes: The Canopy, under which the Holy Sacrament is carry'd, is extraordinary rich. Twenty-four young Clergymen go before the Holy Sacrament, and twelve always walk backward, perfuming the Hoſt, as they go, with Cenſers of Silver. There is not a Proceſſion in the Kingdom that is made with more Dignity and Order ‡. With your Favour, I will conclude this Letter

* He is now Archbiſhop of *Sens*, and very well known for the famous Story of *Maria Aliacoque*, a celebrated Saint of his own making.

† The Count *de Gergy* died in 1733 in his Embaſſy, and was ſucceeded by the Count *de Froulay*.

‡ As the Parſon of St. *Sulpice* ſtretches his Invention to the utmoſt, how to allure the Multitude, in 1734 he out-did all that he had ever done before, ſo that his Proceſſion was more like the

Letter with the bare Mention of this Sacred Ceremony. As I propoſe to go to-morrow to *Verſailles*, I ſhall ſend you what Obſervations I make there. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XL.

SIR, *Verſailles, April* 15. 1732.

I HAVE been now juſt ten Days at *Verſailles*, where I have had the Honour of greeting the King and Queen, and all the Royal Family. I perceiv'd the King ſince his Marriage is grown very fat, but he is ſtill one of the fineſt Princes in *Europe*. It may be ſaid of *Lewis* XV. that he is a Prince born without Vice, and free from that Haughtineſs, which is commonly attach'd to Royalty: He is familiar with his Courtiers, reſerv'd to Perſons that are unknown to him, and particularly to Ambaſſadors, and more ſecret and circumſpect than Perſons of his Age. He has the Morals, Behaviour, and Sentiments of a good Man, and from thence *France* may expect his Reign will be gentle and peaceful. It appears, as if *Lewis* XV. will be content with the Government of one of the moſt powerful Monarchies of the World, and that he

the March of an Army than any thing elſe, becauſe of the many Trumpets, Kettle-drums, Hunting-horns, *&c.* which made the Air echo with their Flouriſhes. It may by Degrees come to be like the Proceſſions at *Cambray*, *Antwerp*, *Bruſſels*, and other Towns of the *Netherlands*; where, to the Scandal of the Chriſtian Religion, we ſee the Revival of all the Impertinencies of the Pagan.

will

will not be inclin'd to diſturb *Europe*, for the ſake of conquering a Town or a Province. He has been educated in ſuch Sentiments of Juſtice, that his Neighbours ought not to be afraid of him, ſince God has undoubtedly choſe him to be one of the Arbitrators of *Europe*, in order for the Preſervation, and not for the Deſtruction of Equity: *Lewis* the *Pacific* and the *Debonaire* will be his diſtinguiſhing Titles: Muſt not theſe be dearer to his Subjects, than the bloody Title of *Lewis* the *Conqueror?* And may he not be great, and at the ſame time a Lover of Peace? Hitherto the King ſeems to follow the Plans of Government chalk'd out by the late Duke of *Burgundy*, his Father, whoſe Wiſdom is ſtill rever'd by *France*. God grant that he may always take them for his Models, and that his Reign may be long, and end as glorious as it begun!

I never caſt my Eyes upon *Lewis* XV. without admiring the Providence which has preſerv'd him, contrary to the People's Expectation. I have had the Honour to ſee him Duke of *Anjou*, his Brother, the Duke of *Bretagne*, being then alive. I have ſeen him the Dauphin of *France*, and at length I have ſeen him on the Throne: He had at one time a pale Complexion, which did not promiſe long Life. What Diſeaſes has he not labour'd under! yet he now enjoys a perfect State of Health, and the Crown, which was ſo likely to devolve to collateral Branches, is eſtabliſh'd upon the Head of this young Prince, and like to deſcend to his own Poſterity. In fine, a King of *France*, Father of five Children living before he is twenty Years of Age, is ſuch a Phænomenon as is hardly to be parallell'd in antient or modern Hiſtory, and 'tis in my Opinion more extraordinary even than the advanc'd Age, and the long Reign of his Great Grandfather.

The Queen is a Princeſs of exemplary Virtue, whoſe ſole Application is to diſcharge her Duties to God,

God, the King, and her Children: She is extremely gracious and civil, and has a great Happineſs of expreſſing herſelf in the *French*, *German*, and *Poliſh* Languages: She had formerly a great Taſte for Muſic, and is now fond of Reading; but being entirely conformable to her Huſband's Sentiments, ſhe takes no manner of Share in the Government: She loves no Pageantry nor Ceremony, and the Rank of being the firſt Queen in the World ſeems to have no other Effect upon her, than to render her Virtues more venerable and conſpicuous.

As for the Children of *France*, they are as yet too young to be characteris'd. Mean time I aſſure you, 'tis a fine Sight to ſee them going to the Queen's Apartment, or running along the Gallery, with at leaſt forty Attendants in their Train, including the Ladies and Chambermaids. The Perſon intruſted with the Care of the Education of the Children of *France* is the Ducheſs *de Ventadour*; but as ſhe is very far advanc'd in Years, and not able to be with them every-where, the Ducheſs of *Tallard*, her Grand-daughter, is join'd with her in the Commiſſion. This Lady is the Daughter of the Prince *de Rohan*, Brother to the Cardinal: The Choice which has been made of her to ſucceed the Ducheſs of *Ventadour*, has been applauded by the whole Court; and in ſhort, there are few Ladies that have a more noble Carriage, more Politeneſs, and ſublimer Sentiments: And 'tis very remarkable, that ſince the Birth of the Dauphin, *Lewis* XIVth's only Son, the Mother, the Daughter, and the Grand-daughter have always been truſted with the Education of the Children of *France*.

Her Royal Highneſs, the Widow of the Regent, who is Daughter to *Lewis* XIV. by Madame *de Monteſpan*, is the firſt in Rank at Court, and ſhe is the only Princeſs that has a Right to ſit at Table with their Majeſties, when they dine in State; but

'tis

'tis a Prerogative that ſhe does not often make uſe of, becauſe ſhe has ſuch a Diſlike to Dreſs, that ſhe appears little at Court; and when ſhe comes to the King or Queen, 'tis in private: She commonly reſides at *Paris*, or at *Bagnolet**: She is the only Princeſs of the Kingdom that has Guards, and enjoys the Honours of a Daughter of *France*. King *Lewis* XIV. granted all theſe great Diſtinctions to the late Duke of *Orleans*, in Favour of this Marriage, to which that Prince agreed againſt the Conſent of his late Father, and the expreſs Prohibition of his Mother; who was ſo exaſperated againſt her Son, for not reſiſting *Lewis* XIVth's Will and Pleaſure, that ſhe lifted up her Hand againſt him, when he told her that he was juſt marry'd, would not ſee her Daughter-in-law for a long time, and never could endure the Thoughts of the Match, till ſhe ſaw her Grand-daughter marry'd to the Duke of *Berry*. Since that time, ſhe has not been ſo ſtrongly prejudic'd againſt her, but acknowledges her Royal Highneſs's Virtues, and always kept a good Correſpondence with her. This Princeſs lives very retir'd in the Midſt of the Court, and is very much employ'd in Works of Piety.

Her Son, the Duke of *Orleans*, is a Prince of exemplary Devotion, being almoſt continually at Prayer, or performing Works of Charity: He made two or three Attempts to retire from the World, but the King thinking his Preſence neceſſary in his Council, would not conſent to it. His moſt ſerene Highneſs is the firſt Prince of the Blood, and Governor of *Dauphiny*; and he was once Colonel and Captain General of the *French* Infantry, but he reſign'd that Poſt ſome Years ago. This Prince marry'd the Princeſs of *Baden*, by whom he has a Son ſtyl'd Duke of *Chartres*, a hopeful young Prince, who is

* The Mode of *Bagnolette*, *i. e.* Bathing-tubs, came from this Village, to which the Country-women carry them.

educated

educated at St. *Cloud*, remote from the Grandeur and Hurry of the Court.

The Duke of *Orleans* has alſo four Siſters in the Kingdom, the eldeſt of whom is the Abbeſs *de Chelles*, who was formerly ſtyl'd Mademoiſelle *de Chartres*. This Princeſs, in ſpite of all the Perſuaſions of the late Regent and the Ducheſs, who did their utmoſt to divert her from it, took the Habit of a Nun, tho' ſhe was one of the moſt amiable Princeſſes in *Europe*, and might have made a great Prince happy.

The ſecond Siſter is the Queen of *Spain*, the Dowager of *Lewis* I. whom ſhe marry'd when he was Prince of *Aſturias*, before his Father reſign'd the Crown of *Spain* to him; but the young King did not live long to enjoy it, and after his Death, the young Queen Dowager having a Deſire to return to *France*, their Catholic Majeſties conſented to it, and the King of *France* allow'd her the Caſtle of *Vincennes* to reſide in, where for ſome time ſhe liv'd: She had not been there many Weeks, when ſhe receiv'd a Viſit from the King, who ſaid, before he went, that his Viſit would be ſhort. *I am not very talkative*, ſaid his Majeſty, *and they ſay, that the Queen of* Spain *does not talk at all; ſo that I don't believe we ſhall have much Converſation:* And indeed the Viſit was very ſhort. The Queen receiv'd the King at the Step of the Coach, and the King taking her by the Hand, led her into his Chamber, where two Arm Chairs were plac'd for them under a Canopy. The King ſeated himſelf on the Right Hand, and after a few Words ſpoke by the Duke *de Bourbon*, and the Duke *de Noailles*, who, as Captain of the Guards, ſtood behind the King's Chair, his Majeſty roſe, and went away with the ſame Ceremonies as he came. Some time after this, the Queen of *Spain* went to viſit the King, when her Guards were plac'd in all the Poſts

of

of *Verſailles*, the King's Guards being order'd to make room for them. The King receiv'd the Queen as ſhe allighted from the Coach, and every thing paſs'd with the ſame Formality as at *Vincennes*. The Queen of *Spain*, after ſome Stay at the Caſtle of *Vincennes*, went to live in thoſe Apartments at *Luxembourg*, which had been the Reſidence of her Siſter the Ducheſs of *Berry*; but ſome time ago ſhe retir'd to a Convent, and her Family, which was at firſt exceeding numerous, was very much reduc'd. If we except the vain Honours of Royalty, ſhe would have been far more happy, if ſhe had never been a Queen; for then ſhe might have marry'd again; whereas now ſhe muſt continue a Widow, and paſs the Prime of her Days in Solitude and Retirement.

The third Siſter of the Duke of *Orleans* is Mademoiſelle *de Beaujolois*, who was deſign'd as a Match for the Infante, Don *Carlos*; but when the Infanta of *Spain* was ſent back from *France*, return'd to this Kingdom with the Queen, her Siſter: She is one of the moſt beautiful and moſt amiable Princeſſes upon Earth, worthy to reign, and worthy of the Infante *.

Mademoiſelle *d'Orleans* †, her Siſter, is a very charming Princeſs, with an exceeding graceful Air, and Behaviour fully anſwerable to her Birth.

Next to the Family of *Orleans*, the firſt in Rank is that of *Conde*, which conſiſts of three Princes, and ſix Princeſſes: The Duke *de Bourbon* is the chief, who is great Steward of the King's Houſhold, and Governor of *Burgundy*. His Highneſs loſt one Eye in Hunting, by an unfortunate Shot from the Duke

* *Philippa Eliſabeth* of *Orleans*. She died of the Small-pox *May* 21, 1734. unmarried, and univerſally lamented.

† *Louiſa Diana* of *Orleans*. She was married in 1732. to *Lewis* of *Bourbon*, Prince of *Conti*, by whom ſhe had a Son, born *Sept.* 1, 1734. while the Prince was in the King's Army upon the *Rhine*.

of

of *Berry:* He was marry'd very young to Mademoiſelle *de Conti* his Couſin, who died without Iſſue. He was alſo but young when he made the Campaigns in *Germany*, in Company with his Brother-in-law the Prince of *Conti*. After the Deceaſe of *Lewis* XIV. the Duke went to Law with the legitimated Princes, and caus'd the Duke *de Maine* to be degraded from the Rank of Prince of the Blood, to which he had been promoted by an Arret ſolemnly regiſter'd in Parliament during the Life of the late King. The Duke of *Bourbon* demanded, as firſt Prince of the Blood, whom he then repreſented, by reaſon of the tender Age of the Duke of *Chartres*, now Duke of *Orleans*, to have the Superintendance of the King's Education, to which Poſt the Duke *de Maine* had been nominated by the late King's laſt Will: He obtain'd his Demand, and the Duke *de Maine* retir'd to *Seaux*. The Duke *de Bourbon* had after this a great Share in the Affairs of the Regency, and the Duke of *Orleans* took care to keep him in good Humour. At the unexpected Death of the Regent, the Duke, being then at *Verſailles*, went to the King, and demanded the Poſt of Prime Miniſter, vacant by the Death of his Royal Highneſs, and obtain'd it. The late M. *de la Vrilliere*, Secretary of State, being perhaps a little too forgetful of his Obligations to the Son of a Prince who had heap'd Favours upon him, drew up the Patent inſtantly, and caus'd it to be ſign'd by the King, before the Duke of *Chartres*, who was at the Opera at *Paris*, could hear the News of his Father's Death; ſo that tho' he went Poſt to *Verſailles*, and demanded the Office of Firſt Miniſter, the Duke of *Bourbon* told him, that the King had diſpos'd of it to himſelf. The Duke was no ſooner veſted with the Authority of Prime Miniſter, than he made great Alterations in the Government; but theſe are the Subject of Hiſtory rather than of a

Letter. M. *le Blanc*, who had been Secretary at War, and was the Darling of the Officers, was committed to the *Baſtille*; and M. *de Breteuil*, who had been formerly Maſter of the Requeſts, and Intendant of *Tours*, ſucceeded him in that Office; which was the Conſequence of a Miſunderſtanding, or rather a Hatred, between two Ladies, who were the Miſtreſſes, the one of the Duke of *Bourbon*, the other of M. *le Blanc*. All the Friends of the latter, among whom was M. the Count *de Belle-Iſle*, ſhared in his Diſgrace. The four Brothers of the Name of *Paris* had the Management of the Finances, of which Brothers two had been Soldiers in the Guards; but they had the Cunning to extricate themſelves from that melancholy State, and to render themſelves neceſſary to the Government during the Time of the Regency. M. *d' Argenſon* Keeper of the Seals had been their Patron, and rais'd them upon the Ruins of Mr. *John Law*, and his Syſtem. Whatever was done by theſe Brothers is foreign to my Purpoſe: Their rapid Fortune drew Envy upon them, and they ſoon became the Objects of the public Hatred.

The moſt remarkable Tranſactions of the Duke's Adminiſtration, were the ſending back of the Infanta, and the Marriage of the King. The Duke, foreſeeing the Inconveniencies to which *France* would be liable, if the King ſhould die without Iſſue, thought it beſt to prevent ſo fatal an Accident, which it had not been poſſible for him to have done without marrying the King. The Infanta of *Spain* was a Child, and it would be at leaſt eight Years before they could hope for any Iſſue from her; whereas by marrying the King to another ſpeedily, there was a Chance of having a Dauphin very ſoon, who would ſecure the Tranquillity of the Kingdom. His moſt Serene Highneſs therefore propos'd this Affair to the Council, which at firſt he found very much

much divided about it; for they were apprehenſive of the Reſentment of the King of *Spain*, and the Duke himſelf was heartily ſorry, that he was under a Neceſſity of giving their Catholic Majeſties juſt Cauſe of Diſguſt for the ſake of the public Good: The Council being at laſt agreed, they paſs'd a Reſolution unanimouſly to ſend back the Infanta. This was accordingly notified to the Court of *Spain*, where News ſo unexpected was receiv'd with all the Indignation poſſible. The Infanta was ſent back. The Ducheſs of *Tallard* had the Care of conducting her to the *Spaniſh* Frontier. All the Honours due to the Daughter of a great King were paid to this Princeſs, and every thing that could be thought of, was done to ſoften the Diſpleaſure of their Catholic Majeſties for her Return. All *France* murmur'd in ſecret at the Departure of this Princeſs; for ſhe had won the Hearts of all who had ſeen her, by a Behaviour and a Genius ſo vaſtly above one of her Age, that they prognoſticated ſhe would one Day be a great Queen. Not long after ſhe was ſent away, the King was married to a Princeſs ſo happy in Child bearing, that Heaven thereby ſeems to applaud what the Duke has done, and the People, quite forgetting the Infanta, bleſs his Name.

The King, after he had been married a few Months, thought it was not convenient for a Prince of the Blood to have the Direction of his Affairs; and therefore he diſplac'd the Duke of *Bourbon* from the Poſt of Prime Miniſter, and made the late Biſhop of *Frejus*, now the Cardinal *de Fleury*, the ſole Depoſitary of his Authority. The Duke receiv'd Orders to retire to *Chantilly*, a Seat he has near *Senlis*; and there his Friends put it into his Head to marry a ſecond Wife: Several Princeſſes were propos'd to him, but he determin'd his Choice for *Eleonora* of *Heſſe-Rhinfelds*, Siſter of the Princeſs

of *Piedmont*, now Queen of *Sardinia* *; and the Brother of this Princeſs, having a Proxy ſent to him from the Duke, married her at *Rotenbourg*, in Preſence of the Count *de Gaſſe*, whom the Duke had ſent to aſſiſt in his Name at this Ceremony. The young Ducheſs no ſooner arriv'd in *France*, but her Beauty, and the Charms both of her Perſon and Mind, made her admir'd by the whole Court, of which ſhe is now one of the principal Ornaments: She is belov'd and reſpected by all Mankind, and every body pities her, that the Duke has not all that Tenderneſs for her which ſhe deſerves, and which it were to be wiſh'd he had for the Support of the *Conde* Family, of which the two only Princes remaining, *viz.* the Counts *de Charolois* and *Clermont*, are not married.

The Count *de Charolois* is tall, handſome, and well-ſet: His Entrance upon the Stage of Action was much taken Notice of; for a Thirſt after Glory was the Paſſion of his Soul, as ſoon as he came to the Years of Underſtanding. The War being kindled in *Hungary*, and Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* having gain'd a Victory near *Temiſwar*, which reviv'd that Hero's Reputation in *France*, the Count *de Charolois* had a mind to learn the Art of War under ſo great a Maſter, and to make the Campaign which immediately follow'd that of *Temiſwar*; but he did not dare to diſcover his Intention, and fearing that he ſhould not obtain the Conſent, either of the Duke of *Orleans* the Regent, the Ducheſs his Mother, or the Duke his Father, he reſolv'd to ſet out privately, being ſure that he ſhould be applauded for his Undertaking, if he could be ſo happy as to put it in Execution. He imparted his

* It ſhould have been obſerv'd in the Article of *Turin*, that this Queen died the ſecond of *January*, 1735. O. S. and the King has ſince marry'd the eldeſt Siſter of the preſent Duke of *Lorain*.

De[illegible]

Deſign in Confidence to M. *de Billy*, one of his Gentlemen, and to *Renault* his firſt *Valet de Chambre*, and with theſe two Attendants he ſet out from *Chantilly* on Pretence of Hunting. He travell'd five or ſix Poſt-Stages with the very Horſes that belong'd to the Duke his Father; after which he left them to the Care of the Poſt-maſter, and hir'd freſh Horſes, with which he reach'd *Liege*; where he reſted ſome Days, and having provided himſelf with Linen, went to the Court of the Elector of *Cologn*, whom he had known in *France:* His firſt Viſit at *Bonn*, was at the Houſe of M. *de S. Maurice*, the Elector's Prime Miniſter; but he did not find him at home. M. *de Billy* thereupon deſir'd to ſpeak with his Lady, and told her, that a certain Punctilio of Honour had oblig'd him to come from *France* with the young Gentleman in his Company; but Madame *de S. Maurice*, not thinking he was a Prince of the Blood, and taking the Count *de Charolois* for ſome petty Officer, gave him a very cold Reception: However, ſhe ſent for her Husband, who was then attending the Elector's Perſon; and when the Count *de S. Maurice* came, he preſently knew the Count *de Charolois*, paid him all due Reſpects, and haſten'd to notify his Arrival to the Elector, who at firſt was concern'd to hear it, becauſe his Electoral Highneſs knew not but he might diſoblige the Court of *France* by receiving the Count, who he imagin'd had left the Kingdom upon ſome Diſguſt. Nevertheleſs, after reflecting with himſelf, that whatever the Count *de Charolois* might have done, the Court of *France* could not be angry with him for paying a Regard to his Quality as Prince of the Blood, he ſent to invite him to his Palace. The Count went thither accordingly, by the Name of the Count *de Dammartin*, which he always travell'd with as long as he was abſent from the King-

dom. The Elector receiv'd him with all the Marks of the higheſt Eſteem, kept him ſeveral Days at his Court, and then furniſh'd him with Money for his Journey to *Munich*; where he no ſooner arriv'd, but he wrote to the Duke his Father to ſend him Remittances, and the neceſſary Equipages for the Campaign which he was then going to make.

Tho' the Count *de Charolois* did not find the Elector of *Bavaria* at *Munich*, yet he was as well receiv'd as if he had been there; and the Electreſs, tho' he had not been to ſee her, no ſooner heard of his Arrival, but ſhe order'd all due Honours to be paid to him. When the Elector return'd to *Munich*, he was overjoy'd to find this Prince there, and offer'd to make his Peace in *France*, in which he ſucceeded ſo far, as to get his Departure out of the Kingdom approv'd by the Ducheſs and the Regent. When the Count's Domeſtics were arriv'd, he ſet out for *Hungary*, and paſs'd through *Vienna* without ſaluting the Emperor, or the Empreſs Dowager his Couſin German. The Empreſs was ſo offended at it, that ſhe wrote to her Aunt, who was the Prince's Grandmother, and ſignified to that Princeſs, that ſhe did not think it handſome for a Prince of ſuch Deſcent as the Count *de Charolois*, to paſs through *Vienna* to ſerve in the Imperial Army, without having ſeen the Emperor. The Count's Relations did not fail to reproach him for his Want of Reſpect to their Imperial Majeſties. He excus'd himſelf, by ſaying that he did not know what Treatment he ought to expect; but the Anſwer he receiv'd, was an Order from the Regent in the King's Name, to wait on their Imperial Majeſties as he return'd from the Campaign.

He ſignaliz'd himſelf in it very much, but with ſo little Care of his Perſon, that Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* often reproach'd him for it: He took a Pleaſure to go up to the very Breaſt-work of the Trenches;

Trenches; and from thence with Screw-Guns he fir'd at the *Turks*, as if he had been ſhooting at ſmall Birds: On the other hand the *Turks* did not ſpare him, but ſent their Balls whizzing about his Ears in Return for his Frolic. The Count was preſent at the Battle of *Belgrade*, and ſaw that Place taken: He afterwards went to *Vienna*, and ſtaid there ſome Weeks, where he had an Audience of the Emperor, not *incognito*, but as the Count *de Charolois*. The Emperor receiv'd him at the *Favourita* ſtanding: His Audience was attended with this odd Circumſtance. The Count, being not acquainted with the Ceremonial, did not know that he ſhould find the Emperor all alone; and therefore, when he enter'd the Cloſet, and ſaw a Man in a very plain Dreſs leaning with his Back againſt a Table, he took him for ſome private Gentleman; but in a few Moments he ſpy'd the Golden Fleece: He was doubtful in his Mind, after all, whether 'twas the Emperor; but he advanc'd, ſaying within himſelf, that in either caſe there was not much Harm in being miſtaken. The Emperor receiv'd him with very great Marks of Diſtinction, and the Count kiſs'd his Hand, becauſe he had been told it was the Cuſtom, and that all the Princes of the Empire did the ſame. He afterwards went to the Apartment of the Empreſſes, and had reaſon, where-ever he came, to be ſatisfied with his Reception.

From *Vienna* he return'd to *Munich*, after which he made the Tour of *Italy*, and lodg'd at *Rome* at the Houſe of the Cardinal *de Tremouille*, who had then the Care of the Affairs of *France*. After having repaſs'd the Mountains, he came back to *Munich*, where he ſtay'd a Year and an half, being always lodg'd and defray'd, together with his Retinue, at the Expence of his Electoral Highneſs, who kept a Table for him for twelve Gueſts, beſides Hunting-Equipage, and Horſes at his Command.

Hunting is this Prince's chief Amuſement ſince he return'd to *France:* He appears ſeldom at Court, and neither meddles nor makes with Affairs of State. They talk often of getting him a Wife; but he does not ſeem to have any more Goût for the Sacrament of Marriage, than his younger Brother the Count *de Clermont*, a young Prince of a lovely Perſon, a ſweet Nature, and who ſeems to have a way of Thinking becoming his Birth. They who approach him, and know him intimately, have aſſur'd me, that he has all the Qualities that can be to form hereafter a great Prince. It ſeems as if he were deſign'd for the Church, ſince his moſt Serene Highneſs actually enjoys ſeveral conſiderable Abbeys; but hitherto this Prince dreſſes in the Lay Habit, and performs no Spiritual Function. While I was ſpeaking of the Count *de Charolois*, I forgot to tell you, that he is Governor of *la Touraine*, in which Honour he ſucceeded the late M. *Dangeau*, firſt Gentleman-Uſher to the late Ducheſs of *Burgundy*. In his time *la Touraine* was not reckon'd among the great Governments; but as the Regent was willing to give one to the Count *de Charolois*, after having granted away the Reverſions of all the great Governments, he thought of no other Expedient, than to put *la Touraine* in the Rank of the other Provinces.

The three Princes that I have juſt mention'd, are the Sons of Madame the Ducheſs (of *Bourbon*) the legitimated Daughter of *Lewis* XIV. and Madame *de Monteſpan:* She is a Princeſs who has been cry'd up in *Europe* for her Wit, Beauty, and the Charms of her Perſon. Tho' ſhe is the Mother of a numerous Family, ſhe may ſtill be reckon'd among the Beauties of the Court; and 'tis certain, that when the Ducheſs is with the Princeſſes her Daughters, ſhe ſeems rather to be their Siſter than the Mother. This Princeſs is immenſely rich, thoſe who manage

nage her Affairs having acquir'd a vaſt Eſtate in the contagious Actions of the *Miſſiſippi*. She lives with very great Magnificence, and has lately caus'd a Palace to be built, which may be rank'd with the fineſt Structures in *Europe*. Her moſt Serene Highneſs is often at *Chantilly* with the Duke her Huſband, but the reſt of her Time ſhe divides betwixt the Court and City.

The Princeſs of *Conti* the ſecond Dowager, the Princeſſes of *Charolois*, *Clermont* and *Sens*, are her Daughters, and form one of the moſt beautiful Families that ever was. 'Tis pity that Princeſſes ſo beautiful and accompliſh'd are not well match'd, but their Greatneſs is a Bar to their Settlement in Marriage; beſides, this Century has been more prolific every-where in Princeſſes than in Princes. The Princeſs of *Conti*, who has ſome Thoughts of a Wife for the Prince her Son, has juſt bought the fine Houſe which was built by the Count *de Belle-Iſle*, out of the vaſt Sums which he got by *Miſſiſippi* Stock; there ſhe propoſes to end her Days, and ſhe already appears but ſeldom at Court, which indeed the Trouble of Dreſſing hinders a great many Princeſſes and Ladies from frequenting. The Princeſs of *Conti* was very young when ſhe married, and has had two Sons; but there's only one of them living, who in his Father's Life-time was ſtyl'd the Count *d'Alais*, and is now the Prince of *Conti* *.

As for Mademoiſelle *de Charolois*, all the Charms imaginable are united in her Perſon: She has a noble Aſpect, a very lively ſparkling Wit, and of all the Ducheſs's Daughters ſhe is the moſt like her Mother, and has the moſt ſprightly Ideas. During the Regency of the Duke of *Orleans*, when Money was become extraordinary ſcarce, Mademoiſelle *de Charolois* appear'd at the Royal Palace

* He is married ſince 1732, to *Louiſa-Diana* of *Orleans*, youngeſt Daughter of the late Regent.

with

with two *Lewis d'Ors* in her Ears for Pendants; upon which the Duke of *Orleans* asking her the Meaning of that new Faſhion, ſhe made him Anſwer, that ſhe found *Lewis d'Ors* ſcarcer than Diamonds, and that therefore ſhe wore them as ſuch. Mademoiſelle *de Charolois* lives in the little Hôtel *de Bourbon*, which formerly belong'd to *Anne* of *Bavaria* the Palatine, the Widow of *Henry Julius* of *Bourbon*, Prince of *Conde*, Grandmother to the Princes and Princeſſes of the *Conde* Family. This Princeſs has a Family here independent on Madame the Ducheſs (of *Bourbon*); but ſhe generally follows the Court, and as ſhe is very fond of Hunting, and rides well, ſhe makes one at all the King's Matches.

Mademoiſelle *de Clermont* is not only very beautiful, but has an Air of Quality, good Nature and Modeſty, which diſtinguiſhes her from all the Grandees of the Court. Calumny, which does not always favour the Royal Blood here, could never ſhed its Venom upon this Princeſs, and the whole Court ever admir'd her for her Sobriety and Virtue. She is Superintendante of the Queen's Houſhold, and went in this Quality with the Ladies of Honour to meet her Majeſty at *Strasbourg*.

Mademoiſelle *de Sens*, with her Beauty, is both graceful and modeſt: She was brought up under her Grandmother the Princeſs; and after her Deceaſe, the Ducheſs of *Brunſwic*, her Great Aunt, Mother to the Empreſs *Amelia*, who ſpent her latter Years in *France*, had the Care of her Education, and form'd her one of the moſt amiable Princeſſes upon the Earth.

The *Conti* Family, which is the third Branch of the Princes of the Blood, conſiſts at this time of two Dowager Ladies, a young Prince, and a Princeſs, call'd Mademoiſelle *de la Roche-ſur-yon*. The Princeſs of *Conti*, the firſt Dowager Lady, is the legitimated

legitimated Daughter of King *Lewis* XIV. by Mademoiſelle *de la Valiere:* This Princeſs is celebrated for her Beauty, Wit, and noble Air, which ſhe ſtill retains: She happen'd to be a Widow when ſhe was very young. Some ſay that the King of *Morocco* demanded her in Marriage, but I have been aſſur'd by many People, that 'tis a mere Fiction. Be this as it will, ſuch a Match was not practicable; for tho' Religion had been altogether out of the Queſtion, King *Lewis* XIV. would never have ſacrific'd a Daughter ſo dear to him, and one who was the Ornament of his Court, to a *Marabou* *. The Princeſs

* The Origin of the Fable is this. *Mehemed Ben Aſchen*, or the Son of *Aſchen*, Admiral of *Sale*, was deputed from the King of *Morocco*, but I know not in what Year, to the Court of *France*. When this Corſair was at *Paris*, he heard great Talk of the Princeſs of *Conti*'s Beauty, and of the particular Affection which the King had for her: In order to ingratiate himſelf with the *French*, he gave out, that the Emperor his Maſter having ſeen the Picture of that Princeſs among other Effects which belong'd to a Chriſtian who was taken into Slavery, he thought her the moſt beautiful of her Sex; and that his *Mooriſh* Majeſty ſaid, That if he had ſuch a Lady in his Seraglio, he ſhould never deſire any other. *Mehemed*'s Story was preſently carried far and near, but it was told quite different from the Truth; for it was reported in a very little time, that he was come to demand the Princeſs in Marriage for *Muley Iſmael* his Maſter. As there ſeem'd to be ſomething myſterious in the Picture, a Meſſenger was ſent in all Haſte to the Ambaſſador's Lodgings, to know the Name of the Slave from whom it was taken; but his *Mahometan* Excellency ſo prevaricated, that his Anſwer was far from being ſatisfactory. Nevertheleſs, his pretended Demand of this Princeſs was ſo much the Subject of Converſation among the *French* for ſeveral Months, that according to the Cuſtom of this People, they at length made a Sonnet upon it, which follows.

To the Tune of *Je ne ſuis né ni Roi ni Prince.*

Votre beauté, grande Princeſſe,
Porte les traits dont l' Amour bleſſe,
Juſques aux plus ſauvages lieux:
L' Afrique avec vous capitule,
Et les conquêtes de vos yeux
Vont plus loin que celles d'Hercule.

S'il

Princeſs of *Conti*, ſince the Death of her Brother the Dauphin, has not appear'd in public, and only viſits the King and Queen privately in their Majeſties Cloſet. Her Occupations are Works of Piety and Charity, and her Life is an Example of Virtue: She commonly reſides in her Hôtel at *Paris*, which is beautiful and magnificent, and formerly belong'd to the Marſhal Duke *de Lorges*.

The legitimated Princes, Sons of *Lewis* XIV. are the Duke *de Maine*, and the Count *de Tholouſe*. The former is Grand Maſter of the Ordnance, Colonel-General of the *Swiſs* and *Griſons*, and Governor of *Guienne:* He married *Louiſa-Benedictina* of *Bourbon-Condé*, by whom he has two Sons and a Daughter. The Duke *de Maine* poſſeſſes the Sovereignty of *Dombes*, which the late Mademoiſelle, Daughter of *Gaſton* of *France*, Son of *Henry* IV. left him by Will. This Prince ſignaliz'd his Valour in his Youth: He has the Misfortune to halt, but he has a ſuperior Ge-

S'il eſt bien vrai qu'il vous adore,
Que je plains ce pauvre Roi Maure,
D'être ſenſible à vos appas!
En vain envers vous il s'explique;
La France ne donnera pas
Son Ange au Diable de l' Afrique.

Which may be thus Engliſh'd,

Your Beauty, Great Princeſs,
Carries Love's killing Shafts
To Nations the moſt ſavage;
Afric *with you capitulates,*
And the Conqueſts of your Eyes
Even thoſe of Hercules *ſurmount.*

If it be true that he adores you,
How do I pity the poor Negro King,
Who is ſo ſmitten with your Charms!
In vain he makes his Paſſion known to you;
For ſure France *will never give*
Her Angel to the Devil of Africa.

nius,

nius, and is a Man of true Chriſtian Piety. The late King diſtinguiſh'd him above all his Children, of which he gave an illuſtrious Proof, when he appointed him Superintendant of the Education of *Lewis* XV. and when he made him a Sharer in the Authority of the Regency, together with the Duke of *Orleans*, whom he would have been glad to have intirely excluded from it, if his Royal Highneſs's Birth had not given him an abſolute Title to it. Some Years before this, the ſaid King, by a Declaration the moſt ſolemnly regiſter'd that ever any was, had recognis'd the Ability of the Duke *de Maine*, the Count *de Tholouſe*, and their Poſterity, to ſucceed to the Crown on Failure of Iſſue by the lawful Princes. The Princes of the Blood, in Complaiſance to *Lewis* XIV. before whom every Knee was bow'd, did not oppoſe a Declaration ſo little for their Honour: But in the Beginning of *Lewis* XVth's Reign they commenced a Suit upon it againſt the legitimated Princes. The Arret which call'd them to the Succeſſion of the Crown was revok'd, and the Count *de Tholouſe* was the only one that retain'd for his Life the Honours that were annex'd to the Dignity of Prince of the Blood. The Duke *de Maine* and his Children were depriv'd of theſe great Prerogatives, and reduc'd to the Rank of their Peerage. Some Years after, however, it pleas'd the King to reſtore thoſe Honours to the Duke *de Maine*, and to his Sons the Prince of *Dombes*, and the Count *d' Eu*; but theſe Princes continue excluded from the Crown.

I have already acquainted you how the Duke of *Bourbon* depriv'd the Duke *de Maine* of the Superintendance of *Lewis* XVth's Education: But that was not the only Circumſtance that mortified him; for at that Juncture the Point that ſeem'd to be ſolely in View, was to undo every thing that had been

been done by *Lewis* XIV. And the Duke, together with his Employments and Honours, alſo loſt his Liberty. He was accus'd of holding a Correſpondence with the Prince *de Cellamare*, the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, who endeavour'd to excite the *French* to a Rebellion againſt the Regent, by promiſing them Aſſiſtance from the King his Maſte: Hereupon the Duke *de Maine* was arreſted, and committed Priſoner to *Dourlens* in *Picardy*, where he was cloſely confin'd. They who are not the moſt zealous of this Prince's Friends, agree that he ſupported this Reverſe of Fortune with an heroic Conſtancy. I heard it ſaid by the People who were ſet to watch him, that they never ſaw him once deviate from that Serenity of Mind, and that good Nature which accompany all his Actions. But the Ducheſs of *Maine* did not receive the News of his Diſgrace with the ſame Tranquillity; for being born with all the high Spirit of the Great *Conde* her Grandfather, ſhe rav'd againſt the Regent, but eſpecially againſt her Nephew the Duke, whom ſhe look'd upon as the Author of her Misfortunes. They ſay moreover, that the Duke *de Maine* himſelf was rattled by her before he was confin'd. 'Twas on the Day that *Lewis* XV. came to the Parlement to hold his firſt Bed of Juſtice, when the Duke *de Maine* was turn'd out of that Share which the late King's laſt Will gave him in the Regency. As this Duke came home from the Parlement, he found his Wife in the utmoſt Impatience to know what had been done; of which when he had given her an exact Account, the Ducheſs could not bridle her Paſſion, but looking on her Husband with Indignation, ſhe ſaid, *I have nothing left then to poſſeſs, but the Shame of having married you!* When ſhe received Orders to quit to the Duke of *Bourbon* that Apartment which ſhe had in the *Thuilleries*, while the Duke

Duke *de Maine* was Superintendant of the King's Education; *Yes*, ſaid ſhe, *I will quit it with a Vengeance*, and at the ſame time order'd it to be ſtripp'd quite bare of Furniture; and for the more Haſte ſhe daſh'd the Looking-glaſſes, China, and all Goods of that Sort in Pieces. Nevertheleſs, when ſhe was apprehended, and during the Time that ſhe was detain'd, ſhe was not heard to utter a Complaint or a Murmur; but ſupported her Diſgrace with that Magnanimity for which ſhe is admir'd, a Quality which elevates her ſo far above other Women, and ſets her on a Par with the greateſt Men.

The Duke and Ducheſs of *Maine* are often at *Seaux*, a fine Houſe but a little Diſtance from *Paris*, on the high Road to *Orleans*, built by *John Baptiſt Colbert*. Here they have always a gay Court. This Ducheſs is ſo much in Love with the Arts and Sciences, that all Men of Letters look on her as their Patroneſs; and there are few Poetical Compoſitions which are not firſt preſented to her. The laſt Time I paid my Court to her, the following Piece, compos'd of no more than two Rhymes, was read there, and ſo highly applauded, that I herewith ſend you a Copy of it *.

The

* 'Tis a Letter *from a Gentleman retir'd from the World, to a Friend of his*, wherein he celebrates the happy Innocence, and the Freedom of his tranquil Retreat, in a Style that cannot but be pleaſing to the Admirers of *French* Poetry; and for their Sakes we inſert the Original, with only an *Engliſh* Paraphraſe in the Margin.

Je vois regner ſur ce rivage
L'Innocence et la Liberté.
Que d'Objects dans ce paiſage,
Malgre leur contrarieté,
M'étonnent par leur Aſſemblage!
Abondante frugalité,
Autorité ſans Eſclavage
Richeſſes ſans Libertinage,
Charges,

The Author begins with expreſſing his Surpriſe at the Concurrence of Objects of different Qualities in his Retirement; ſuch as Abundance with Frugality, Authority with Indulgence, Riches with Sobriety,

Honours

The Prince of *Dombes*, the Duke of *Maine*'s eldeſt Son, is a tall handſome well-ſet Gentleman, and

Charges, Nobleſſe, ſans fierté.
Mon choix eſt fait, ce voiſinage
Détermine ma volonté.
Bienfaiſante Divinité,
Ajoutez y votre ſuffrage.

Honours with Humility: And having therefore fix'd on this Spot for his Reſidence, he implores the Sanction of the Divine Providence to his Choice.

Diſciple de l' Adverſité,
Je viens faire dans le village
Le volontaire apprentiſſage
D'une tardive obſcurité.
Auſſi bien, de mon plus bel âge
J'apperçois l'inſtabilité.
J'ai deja, de compte arrêté,
Quarante fois vu le feuillage
Par le Zéphyr reſſuſcité.
Du Printems j'ai mal profité:
J'en ai regret; et de l' Eté
Je veux faire un meilleur uſage.

Here he ſays, that having been train'd-up in the School of Adverſity, he prefers a voluntary Obſcurity in the Village; that he has experienc'd the Inſtability of Youth; that he has ſeen the Return of 40 Springs, which he regrets that he has ſo ill improv'd; and promiſes to make a better Uſe of the Summer of his Life.

J'apporte dans mon Hermitage,
Un cœur des longtems rebuté
Du prompt et funeſte eſclavage,
Fruit de la folle vanité.
Paiſan ſans ruſticité,
Hermite ſans patelinage,
Mon but eſt la tranquillité.
Je veux pour unique partage,
La paix d'un cœur qui ſe dégage
Des filets de la Volupté.

He ſays he brings to his Hermitage a Heart which has been for a long Time the fatal Slave of fooliſh Vanity; but that now he is become a Peaſant without Clowniſhneſs, a Hermit without Bigotry; and that Tranquillity being his Aim, he deſires no other Portion in Life but the Peace of his Mind, diſentangled from the Snares of Pleaſure.

L'incorruptible probité,
De mes Ayeux noble Heritage,
A la Cour ne m' a point quitté.
Libre et franc, ſans être ſauvage,
Du Courtiſan fourbe et volage
L'exemple ne m' a point gâté.
L'infatigable activité,

Here he declares, that incorruptible Probity, the noble Inheritance he deriv'd from his Anceſtors, did not forſake him at Court, where being frank and free, without being rude, the Example of the crafty giddy Courtier had not tainted him. He obſerves the good Effect of his former Miſcarriage; that it has made him active and indefatigable; and he hopes from

Reſte

and has the Reverſion of his Father's Offices. Whether the Count *d' Eu* has any Employments, I know not. Both theſe Princes are commonly at Court. Mademoiſelle *du Maine* is a very amiable Princeſs, whoſe Education has been fully anſwerable to her Birth, and who, by her Manners and Politeneſs, approves herſelf the worthy Daughter of her Mother.

Reſte d'un utile naufrage,
Mes Etudes, mon Jardinage,
Un Repas ſans art appreté,
D'une Epouſe œconome & ſage
La belle humeur, le bon ménage,
Vont faire ma félicité.

from henceforwards to be happy in his Studies, in his Garden, and in a plain Diet dreſs'd by his frugal prudent Wife, whoſe good Nature is equal to her Oeconomy.

C'eſt dans ce Port, qu'en ſureté
Ma Barque ne craint point l'orage.
Qu'un autre à ſon tour emporté,
Au gré de ſa cupidité,
Sur le ſein de l'humide plage,
Des Vents oſe affronter la rage;
Je ris de ſa témerité,
Et lui ſouhaite un bon voyage.
Je réſerve ma fermeté
Pour un plus important paſſage;
Et je m'approche avec courage,
Des portes de l' Eternité.

In this Port, ſays he, my Veſſel dreads no Storm. Let who will defy the Rage of the Winds, while he coaſts along the Shore, I laugh at his Preſumption, and wiſh him a good Voyage; but reſerve my Courage for a more important Paſſage, and approach with Boldneſs to the Gates of Eternity.

Je ſai que la mortalité
Du Genre humain eſt l'appanage:
Pourquoi ſeul ſerois-je excepté?
La vie eſt un pelerinage:
De ſon cours la rapidité,
Loin de m' alarmer, me ſoulage.
De ſa fin, quand je l'enviſage,
L' infallible neceſſité
Ne me ſauroit faire d'outrage.
Brulez de l'Or empaqueté,
Il n' en perit que l' embalage:
C'eſt tout. Un ſi leger dommage
Devroit-il être regreté?

The Poet concludes with a Reflection, that ſince Mortality is intail'd upon all Mankind, why ſhould he alone think to be exempted? And he ſays, that ſince Life is but a Pilgrimage, the Rapidity of its Race, inſtead of alarming, comforts him; and that the infallible Neceſſity of his Death, when he ſeriouſly conſiders the Matter, is no more an Injury to him, than the burning of a Bale of Gold is to the Metal, which remains intire, tho' the Caſe that contains it is conſum'd; which, he adds, is too trifling a Loſs to be regarded.

The Count *de Tholouſe*, great Admiral of *France*, is the ſecond Son of King *Lewis* XIV. by Madame *de Monteſpan*. In the laſt War he commanded the Naval Army of *France*. He is one of the handſomeſt and comelieſt Lords at Court. He is noble and magnificent in every thing that he does, and they ſay, he is generous. He is very polite, and has always been as much eſteem'd for his Merit, as for his Rank of a legitimated Prince, which he has preſerved, tho' his Brother was diveſted of it. It was believed for a long time, that this Prince would not marry, and that his great Eſtate would fall to the Children of the Duke *de Maine*; but he married ſome Years ago, *Maria Victoria* of *Noailles*, Widow of the Marquis *de Gondrin*, Son to the Duke *d' Antin*, by whom he had a Son, who is now the Duke *d'Epernon*. The Count *de Tholouſe* has had a Son by her alſo, who is called the Duke * *de Ponthievre*; by which Title, the Count has the Rank of a Peer in Parliament. This Prince, ſince his Marriage, has commonly reſided at *Rambouillet*, where the King frequently makes Parties for Hunting. His Majeſty ſhews a very great Regard for the Counteſs of *Tholouſe*, which gives her Authority to talk to his Majeſty with a great deal of Freedom. The *French* ſay, ſhe was the Occaſion of the Duke of *Bourbon*'s being put out of the Miniſtry. 'Tis certain, however, that the King was at *Rambouillet*, when the Duke *de Charoſt* went and told the Duke, That it was his Majeſty's Pleaſure, that he ſhould quit the Station of Prime Miniſter. The Duke being at *Verſailles* when he receiv'd

* The King gave this young Duke, when he was but nine Years old, the Reverſion of the Poſt of Great Admiral, for a New-Year's Gift, on the firſt of *January* 1734. He is handſome, well-ſet, all Life and Spirit, and gives very fair Hopes of being a great Man.

the

the unwelcome News, they ſay, he deſired to ſpeak with the King and Queen; but that the Duke *de Charoſt* told him, he had Orders for his Removal to *Chantilly*. His moſt Serene Highneſs obey'd, and did not appear to be afflicted for the Loſs of his Authority, ſo much as for the falling-off of his Friends and Creatures. The Marchioneſs *de Prie*, Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Queen, whom he honoured with a very ſingular Eſteem, received Orders to leave the Court, and to retire to *Normandy*; where, during her being in Favour, ſhe had purchaſed a conſiderable Eſtate. The Brothers of the Name of *Paris*, thoſe Objects of the Public Odium, were diveſted of their Authority. M. *de Blanc* came again into the Miniſtry: M. *de Belle-Iſle* regain'd his Liberty, and obtained the Command of the Troops of the Government of *Metz*, and the three Biſhopricks. The Marchioneſs *de Prie* had the Mortification to ſee her Employment of Lady of the Bed-chamber fill'd up by the Daughter of M. *le Blanc*, to whom ſhe was a declared Enemy, and whom ſhe had endeavoured to ruin. This Lady was not able to ſupport herſelf long under her Diſgrace; for having been uſed to bear a Sway, ſhe could not reconcile herſelf to Retirement; but languiſhed for a while, and at length died of a Colic, which gave her horrid Pains. She was not much regretted, becauſe ſhe had made few Friends: Ambition and Self-Intereſt had taken intire hold of her. She thought her Diſgrace unſufferable, and the little Reflection ſhe made upon the Revolution of Fortune, rendered hers but the more intolerable. I will hereafter give you an Account of the Cardinal *de Fleury*, and of the Perſons now of the Firſt Rank at Court; but at preſent my Pen is ready to drop out of my Fingers; for 'tis One o'Clock in the Morning, and if I write any more,

I ſhall but give you my Dreams. Therefore I am, with all the Eſteem, poſſible, *&c.*

LETTER XLI.

SIR, *Verſailles, May* 1, 1732.

IN my laſt Letter I mention'd the Princes and Princeſſes of the Blood Royal to you; in this I am to give you an Account of thoſe Perſons at this Court, who are in the moſt exalted Stations.

The Cardinal *de Fleury*, by his Dignity of Cardinal, and much more by his Character, as the Depoſitary of the Royal Authority, has the firſt Rank in the State next to the Princes of the Blood. This Prelate, tho' far advanced in Years, is brisk and lively to Admiration. His Stature is ſomewhat above the middle Size; he has a happy Phyſiognomy, to which Fortune has not given the Lye; and he is humble, good natur'd and civil. You know that he was Biſhop of *Frejus*. He reſign'd that See to excuſe himſelf from the Paſtoral Charge of Souls, when the late King *Lewis* XIV. nominated him, by his Laſt Will, Preceptor to the young *Dauphin*, now King *Lewis* XV. This was almoſt the only Article of *Lewis* the Grand's Will, which the Regent put in Execution. M. *de Frejus* won the Heart of the young Monarch to ſuch a Degree, that the Prince was intirely wrapp'd up in him; and his Affection for him has increas'd ſo much ever ſince, that now it may be literally ſaid,

ſaid, that the Cardinal *de Fleury* is the Depoſitory, or Truſtee, of the Royal Authority. The Regent, a Prince of Penetration, if ever there was one, quickly perceived what an Aſcendant M. *de Frejus* had over the young Monarch; and being apprehenſive of what might be the Conſequences of it, he was continually contriving how to remove the Prelate from Court. With this View he offered him the Archbiſhoprick of *Rheims*, which was vacant by the Death of the Cardinal *de Mailly*; but M. *de Fleury*, who reſigned the Biſhoprick of *Frejus*, that he might not have the Charge of Souls, was ſo far from accepting one of the greateſt Archbiſhopricks in the Kingdom, that he abſolutely refuſed it. The Duke of *Orleans*, who was intent upon carrrying his Point, offered to make him a Cardinal; for he hoped, that the Pope's ill State of Health would quickly bring on a Conclave; and that then M. *de Frejus* would be obliged to go to *Rome*, where he thought he ſhou'd be able to continue him, on Pretence of managing the King's Affairs there; and that then the young Monarch's Fondneſs to ſee his Favourite would by that Means inſenſibly be weaned. But M. *de Frejus* ſaw the Hook that was hid under this Bait. The red Hat did not dazzle his Eyes; and he knew moreover, that if he kept cloſe to the King's Perſon, he could be ſure of a Hat whenever he pleaſed. However, he thank'd the Duke of *Orleans*, and told him, he had no ſuch ambitious Views, and that he preferred his Station in the King's Council, before all the Dignities, to which, in his Goodneſs, he had Thoughts of promoting him. The Duke of *Orleans*, however chagrin'd at the Prelate's Moderation, was forc'd to keep it to himſelf; he was afraid to make uſe of his Authority; for it was not long before this, that he baniſh'd the Marſhal *de Villeroy* to *Lyons*,

at which the People grumbled; and to put away the Preceptor too, would have rais'd a Clamour againſt him, throughout the whole Kingdom. M. *de Frejus* continued at Court as a Member of the Privy Council, and there was not a Courtier who gave more conſtant Attendance; and in this Station he ſupported the Miniſtry of the Cardinal *du Bois*, the Duke of *Orleans*, and the Duke of *Bourbon*; but he confin'd himſelf all the while within the Bounds of his Office. At the King's Marriage, he accepted of that of Great Almoner to the Queen, and by that Means his Attachment to the Court became more ſtrict. When the Duke *de Bourbon* was diſgrac'd, the King offered the Place of Prime Miniſter to M. *de Frejus*, who, indeed, accepted of that eminent Poſt; but 'twas on Condition, that he ſhould not be compelled to take the Title, and that he might always lay an Account of every Thing before the King.

The Biſhop of *Frejus* being thus become Maſter of the Government, it was but reaſonable that he ſhould be adorned with the Purple, to give the more Luſtre to his Character. Mean time *France* had no Hat to demand, for the Number of her Cardinals was completed. The Emperor having a Pretenſion at that Time to a Hat, the King deſired him to yield it to him for his Firſt Miniſter; and the Emperor, overjoy'd that he could oblige the King, and that he could make the Miniſter ſome ſort of Amends for his pacific Sentiments, gave him his Nomination accordingly. Pope *Benedict* XIII. ſent the Cap to the Biſhop, who then aſſumed the Title of Cardinal *de Fleury*; and with this Title he now governs the State, not with the general Applauſe of the *French*, becauſe the Thing is impoſſible; but at leaſt, with the Approbation of his King, of Foreigners, and indeed,

of

of every Man in the Kingdom, who is thoroughly inform'd of the State of *France* in particular, and of *Europe* in general. Yet thoſe who have the leaſt Affection for the Cardinal, muſt acknowledge his Diſintereſtedneſs and Integrity; for the worſt Enemy he has, cannot accuſe him of amaſſing Riches, or of coveting to aggrandize his Family; in which reſpect he is, perhaps, negligent to a Fault, his Kindred having the Character of Perſons of Worth.

The Cardinal's Expences are as much circumſcrib'd as his Dignity will admit of. He is very regular in his Way and Manner of Living, and no doubt, 'tis the ſtrict Regimen which he obſerves, that keeps him in ſo vigorous a State of Health: For he gives very great Application to Buſineſs, and I don't think he can be upbraided with waſting of Time in his Diverſions.

The *French* (I ſpeak of thoſe who hope to make their Fortune by the Sword) find fault with his Temper as too pacific. *We are deſpis'd*, (ſay they) *our Neighbours make Treaties and Alliances without us, and* France *is no longer what ſhe was in the Time of* Lewis XIV.

I am not here propoſing to make a Panegyric on the Cardinal, but I cannot help letting you ſee how weakly thoſe People talk, who cenſure his Conduct as to Foreign Affairs. I don't pretend to enter into the Domeſtic Affairs of the Kingdom, tho' I am very well perſuaded, that the Cardinal's Integrity, and his Zeal for the King, incline him to act to the beſt of his Power. I will only leave you to judge if his Inclination to Peace is blameable. When he came into the Miniſtry, he found the King's Coffers exhauſted, and the Kingdom in a Condition, which requir'd Reſt rather than a War, the Event of which is always uncertain. But after all, Who is there to go to

War with? What ſhall be the Pretence? Who is it that inſults *France?* Or, Who deſires any thing more of her than her Friendſhip? Have not the Treaties of *Utrecht*, and *Baden*, and all the Treaties made ſince, during the Regency of the Duke of *Orleans*, ſettled the Intereſts of *Europe?* Did not *England* earneſtly court the Alliance of *France?* Has the Emperor ſeem'd leſs deſirous of it? Nay, Did not *Spain* itſelf, forgetting the ſending back of the *Infanta*, enter into her former Engagements with this Crown, as ſoon as the Cardinal *de Fleury* was veſted with the Miniſtry? In what reſpect then, can the *French* think themſelves deſpis'd by their Neighbours? I will take upon me to prove, on the contrary, that *Lewis* XV. during the Cardinal *de Fleury*'s Miniſtry, inſtead of being neglected, has been as much courted by the Foreign Powers, as *Lewis* XIV. was in all that Glory which procured him the Title of *Louis le Grand.* When the Clamour was for aboliſhing the *Oſtend* Company, How did *England* and *Holland* beſtir themſelves to make the King a Party in their Quarrel? What did not the Emperor do to engage him in his Intereſt? Every thing was uncertain, as long as *France* remained undetermined. The *Engliſh* and the *Dutch* prepared to attack the Emperor, and the latter made ready for his Defence. The Cardinal having got the King to declare for the Maritime Powers, the Emperor aboliſh'd the *Oſtend* Company immediately. What more could have been obtained by a War?

When the Talk was, of introducing the Infante *Don Carlos* into *Italy*, what Meaſures, what Solicitations were not employ'd by the Powers concerned, either to bring over *Lewis* XV. to their Party, or to oblige him to a Neutrality? Count *Sinzendorf*'s coming from *Vienna* to *Verſailles*, on purpoſe to treat for the Tranquillity of *Italy*, ſeems

to

to me a Proof, that the Emperor does not neglect *France* to ſuch a Degree as the Uneaſy and Diſaffected would fain have it believed. In good Truth, if *France* had not threatened to attack the Emperor, in caſe he did not conſent to the Introduction of the *Infante* into *Tuſcany*, would his Imperial Majeſty have been influenced by the bare Menaces of *Spain?* That Monarch is too well eſtabliſhed in *Italy*, to fear any thing from that Crown; and if Equity and Juſtice did not always accompany his Actions, it would have been eaſy for him to have taken Poſſeſſion of *Tuſcany*; and the *Spaniards*, who have never been able to retake *Gibraltar*, and who, perhaps, would never have reduced *Barcelona* without the Aſſiſtance of the *French*, would have found it a very difficult Matter to have turned them out of it. The Cardinal *de Fleury* having perſuaded the King to declare in Favour of the *Infante*, he threatens to join the *Engliſh* and *Spaniards*; and the Emperor ſeeing all *Europe* againſt him, but eſpecially *France*, which is capable of ſtriking the hardeſt Blows, yields to the Times, and grants every thing that is deſired of him. Can there be any thing more to the Honour of the Cardinal? And, Why ſhould a War be undertaken, if Menaces alone are ſufficient to obtain what is deſired?

But, ſay the Diſaffected, we purchaſe Peace of all the World by our Money. The Cardinal is not chargeable with laviſhing the King's Money. I know not that he gives away any, unleſs it be the Subſidies granted to the Crowns of *Denmark* and *Sweden*. If that be purchaſing a Peace, *Lewis* XIV. and the Regent after him, were much more laviſh of the Royal Treaſure, and perhaps with leſs Profit; and it would be eaſy to demonſtrate, that in order to diſlodge the *Spaniards* from *Sicily*, the Regent ſent more Money into *Germany* and *England*,

England, in one Month, than the Cardinal gives away in a Year to the Northern Crowns; tho' one of 'em has for Time out of Mind been uſed to draw Subſidies from *France*. Yet all this while, the Regent was not accuſed of purchaſing a Peace of his Neighbours; becauſe, in order to make it neceſſary to buy a Peace, ſome Prince or other muſt have threatened him with a War. But 'tis certain, that no Power did then, or does now, think of attacking *France*. Let her continue peaceable, and there we will leave her.

But on the other hand, tho' it were not juſtifiable for the Cardinal to entertain pacific Sentiments, and tho' he were to indulge the Paſſion of the *French*, I would fain know of thoſe who are ſo hot for a War, Whether they are well aſſured it would have a happy Iſſue? And, Whether, when a War is once begun, it would be in their Power to put an End to it, whenever they thought it conſiſtent with their Affairs? Nay, I will ſuppoſe that every thing ſhould happen as they would wiſh, and that the War ſhould prove a fortunate one; What Acquiſition can *France* make, which would not be more to her Expence than her Advantage? For the farther ſhe extends her Conqueſts, the more Enemies ſhe will have of Courſe, and the more Troops ſhe will be oblig'd to maintain. The Frontiers of the Kingdom are ſecured. Are a few more Towns, nay, an intire Province, a ſufficient Temptation for a King of *France?* And are they an Equivalent for the Blood and Treaſure that muſt be expended to acquire them? No, ſurely, the Cardinal is perfectly in the right, and I muſt beg the *Frenchmens* Pardon, when I tell 'em, they know not what they would be at. How deſirous were they of the late Peace? And they have ſcarce taſted the Fruits of it, but they now want a War. If the Cardinal ſhould enter into a War, and

and the Conſequences of it ſhould prove fatal, Would they not throw the Blame upon him? They would ſay for the Purpoſe, that it was inconſiſtent with a Prieſt to make War. For my Part, I think the Cardinal *de Fleury* has ſubſtantial Reaſons for doing what he does. The *French* have been ſo long accuſtomed to the turbulent Reign of *Lewis* XIV. which was interſperſed throughout with great Events, that they know not how to reconcile themſelves to one that is more placid and calm; but 'tis to be hoped, they will ere long. Whatever they do, the Cardinal ſeems to be very eaſy, let them ſay what they will of him. As he knows that he has nothing to reproach himſelf with, and that he has always preferred the Good of the Public to his own private Intereſt, he is afraid of no Revolution in his Fortune. He is ſenſible that Innocence always holds up its Head, and that real Merit is above the Reach of Envy and Malice.

M. *Dagueſſeau*, the Chancellor of *France*, is the Chief Magiſtrate of the Kingdom, and his Office is attended with ſuch great Prerogatives, that the King cannot take it from him. The Perſon whom he ſucceeded in this eminent Dignity, was M. *Voiſin*, who being Secretary of War, was made Chancellor by *Lewis* XIV. upon M. *de Pontchartrain*'s reſigning that Poſt, to devote the Reſidue of his Life to God in Retirement. M. *Voiſin* dying ſuddenly in the Beginning of the Duke of *Orleans*'s Regency, M. *Dagueſſeau*, then Attorney General, was, by his Royal Highneſs, appointed Chancellor in his Room. All *France* applauded this Choice. Every body was ſo ſatisfied of this Magiſtrate's Candour and Integrity, that nobody doubted he would aſſert Juſtice and Equity; and in ſhort, he perfectly anſwered the Expectations of the Public. But as true Merit

is

is always the moſt envied, a Cabal was ſoon formed againſt his Integrity. M. *Dagueſſeau* refuſed to put the Seal to certain Edicts, which he thought contrary to the Welfare of the Government; at which the Duke of *Orleans* was ſo incenſed, that he baniſhed the Chancellor to *Frene*, a fine Seat belonging to that Miniſter near *Meaux*; and the Seals were given to M. *d' Argenſon*, Lieutenant of the Police, with the Title of Keeper of the Seals, which was formerly no more than a bare Commiſſion; but the Regent was then for erecting it into an Office. The Parliament of *Paris* exclaimed very much againſt this Innovation, but the Regent, after all, was obey'd. Upon the Death of M. *d' Argenſon*, the Chancellor was recall'd, and the Seals reſtor'd to * him; but he held them not long; for the Regent, who was reſolved to have no Miniſters but ſuch as knew how to obey, diſgraced the Chancellor a ſecond time for oppoſing his Will, and gave the Seals to M. *d' Armenonville.* The latter dying during the Cardinal *de Fleury*'s Miniſtry, the Seals were given to M. *de Chauvelin*, who, beſides the Title of Keeper of the Seals, has alſo the Office of Miniſter and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The Chancellor, who has been recalled for ſome time, aſſiſts at the Council; but his Office has been depriv'd of its greateſt Luſtre, ſince the Seals have been ſeparated from it.

M. *Chauvelin*, Keeper of the Seals, Miniſter and Secretary of † State for Foreign Affairs, owes

* As ſoon as he arrived, the Place *de Vendoſme*, or the Square of *Lewis le Grand*, where M. *Dagueſſeau* liv'd, was ſet apart for the Stock-jobbing Trade, which was before carried on in the Street *Quinquempoix*; and one Morning, a Paper was found at the Chancellor's Door, with theſe Words, *Et homo factus eſt, & habitabit cum nobis.*

† He is actually join'd in the Adminiſtration with the Cardinal *de Fleury*, who was very glad to nominate a Perſon for his Coadjutor.

his

his Advancement to the Cardinal *de Fleury*, who ſeems to confide in him intirely. This Miniſter is reckon'd very laborious, good-natur'd and civil. The Foreign Miniſters are ſo taken with him, that they think no more of Meſſieurs *de Torcy* and *de Morville*. The former was of the *Colbert* Family, Secretary of Foreign Affairs under *Lewis* XIV. a Man, as one may ſay, born for the Miniſtry, and whoſe great and good Services have been very much cry'd up, but more rewarded by the Applauſes of *Europe*, than by Favours from the Court. The other was the Son of the late Keeper of the Seals, *d' Armenonville*, and had acquir'd a great Reputation in his Embaſſies to *Holland*, and the Congreſs of *Cambray*, when he deſired Leave to * retire, and was ſucceeded by M. *Chauvelin*.

The Count *de Maurepas* is Grandſon to the Chancellor *de Pontchartrain*, and Son to the Count *de Pontchartrain*, Secretary for the Maritime Affairs in the Reign of King *Lewis* XIV. He enter'd very young into the Miniſtry, and has ſo behav'd as to gain Friends and Dependants. I have not heard one Man give him an ill Word, while every body ſpeaks well of him; but as for his Secretaries, or chief Clerks, the Seafaring People often exclaim againſt the Airs of Importance which ſome of thoſe Scribes put on, who watch all Opportunities to impoſe on the Honeſty of the Miniſter, in Favour of their Creatures, to the Prejudice of other Subjects, who have more Merit.

The Count *de S. Florentin* is of the Family of *Phelypeaux*, as is alſo the Count *de Maurepas*, who married his Siſter. He is the Son of M. *de la Vrilliere*, Secretary of State; and had the

* He died ſome time ago at *Paris*, very much lamented by all that knew him.

Rever-

Reverſion of his Father's Office granted him by the Regent, when he was ſcarce twenty Years of Age. M. *de la Vrilliere* dying not long before the King's Marriage, M. *de S. Florentin* entered on his Office. He has that Province which relates to Affairs Eccleſiaſtical. He married, ſome Years ago, the Daughter of the late Count *de Platen*, Great Chamberlain, and Hereditary Poſt-Maſter of *Hanover*; but neither of 'em knew one another before the Match was made. Mademoiſelle *de Platen* was a *Lutheran*, but is turn'd *Catholic*. The Lady, her Mother, for whom I had as profound a Veneration as for any Woman in the World, and whoſe Memory I ſtill revere, brought her into *France*. M. *de S. Florentin* has Reaſon to be pleas'd with the Choice he has made: For his Lady is not only very charming, but has noble Sentiments, and a Virtue which Calumny itſelf durſt not aſperſe. When ſhe married M. *de S. Florentin*, King *George* I. of *Great Britain* ſettled a Penſion upon her of forty thouſand Livres, for forty-five Years; and King *George* II. on his Acceſſion to the Crown, was pleaſed to confirm the ſaid Penſion, upon that Lady's going to *London* to ſolicit it, in Company with her Mother-in-Law Madame *de la Vrilliere*, now Ducheſs of *Mazarine*.

M. *d' Angervilliers*, formerly Intendant of *Alſace*, is Secretary of the War-Office, in which he ſucceeded M. *le Blanc*, who was the Secretary a ſecond time, when he died at *Verſailles*. The firſt time that he was Secretary, he was ſupplanted by M. *de Breteuil*, during the Miniſtry of the Duke *de Bourbon*; and he, in his Turn, ſupplanted M. *de Breteuil*, the Queen's Chancellor, in the Miniſtry of the Cardinal *de Fleury*. You ſee by this, that the War-Office has been ſeveral times chang'd in a few Years; but 'tis like to remain always in the Hands

Hands of M. *d' Angervilliers*, whoſe Application, Vigilance and Integrity, are very much cry'd-up by the Officers, and all that have to do with him. I gave you ſome Account of this Miniſter, when I wrote to you from *Strasbourg*, to which I have nothing to add.

As the Secretary of War has been often chang'd of late Years, the Comptroller General of the Finances has been much more ſo. From the Year 1711, when I firſt came to *Paris*, to this Day, I have known ſeven Comptrollers General, and not one of 'em died in the Office: So that this Poſt may well be compared to that of the Grand *Vizier*, which is alike ſtruggled for, and alike fatal to thoſe who are inveſted with it.

Of all the Men who have had that tickliſh Employment of Comptroller General in *France*, there is not one that has made a more ſhining Fortune, and a Fortune that ſooner ſlipp'd from him, than *John Law*. This Man, of whom many People have wrote and talk'd without knowing him, and according to their Paſſions, was a *Scotſman*, born with a narrow Fortune, but ſtrong Deſires to inlarge it. He had travell'd through ſeveral Parts of *Europe*, and Gaming prov'd his chief Subſiſtence. He won conſiderable Sums in *Italy*, eſpecially at *Genoa*; and there it was that he hatch'd all thoſe Projects which he put in Execution in *France*. 'Tis true, that he did not come into this Kingdom, till he had offered his Services to *Victor Amadeus*, the King of *Sardinia*. This Prince told him, That his Dominions were too ſmall for the Execution of ſo great a Deſign; but that *France* was a Theatre, where he might expect to make his Market, and thither he adviſed him to go. *If I know the Humour of the* French, added the King, *I am ſure they will reliſh your Schemes. John Law* took the Monarch's Advice, and ſhewed his

his *Project* to the Regent, who approved it; and the Projector ſoon found, that he had the Purſes of the *French* abſolutely at his Command. As he was a Proteſtant, he made his Abjuration in the *Recollets* Church at *Melun*, in the Dioceſe of *Sens*, in the Month of *December* 1719, in the Hands of the Abbé * *Tancin*. In the Month of *January* following, he was made Comptroller-General; but he quitted that Poſt in *June*; abruptly left *Paris* on the thirteenth of *December* 1720; and after rambling about for a while, not knowing where to fix, (for his own Country did not ſuit him) he died at *Munich*. The Generality of the *French* accuſe him of having exhauſted *France*, and ſent away immenſe Sums to Foreign Countries. How true this is, I know not, but 'tis certain, that *Law*, after his Diſgrace, liv'd very meanly. His Widow and his Son, (Mr. *John Law*) † who are actually at *Utrecht*, make no very great Figure there, which very many People aſcribe to Policy. But for my own Part, who think more freely, and don't ſee what could hinder Mrs. *Law* and her Son from making a Diſplay of their Riches, in the Country where they live; I can't help crediting what People, and ſuch as were *John Law*'s Intimates, have aſſured me for a certain Truth, *viz.* That *Law* being puff'd-up with his Fortune, and not thinking it would be ſo ſhort-liv'd, had no Thought of ſecuring it in Foreign Countries; and that if he had ſuch a Purpoſe, he had not Time to ſend any Sums out of the Kingdom. He was oblig'd

* The preſent Archbiſhop of *Ambrun*, famous for his Zeal for the Conſtitution, for the Perſecution of the Biſhop of *Senez*, and for his little Council at *Ambrun*.

† He died at *Maeſtricht* in the Year 1734, a Cornet in the Regiment of the Prince of *Orange-Friſeland*. But Mr. *Law* has left an amiable Daughter, who has had a fine Education, and married to Lord *Wallingford*, Son to the Earl of *Banbury*.

both

both by Neceſſity, and out of Policy, to make Purchaſes in *France*; and accordingly he made conſiderable Acquiſitions; but they were no more than a pleaſant Dream to him, and the Loſs of them only made his Diſgrace the greater Affliction. I am of their Opinion, who believe that *John Law* was richer when he came to *France*, than he was three Months after he left it. This Copy of Verſes was made upon him, which, perhaps, you will not be ſorry to ſee *.

The TITLE of it is, A COMMISSION of the OFFICE of COMPTROLLER-GENERAL of the FINANCES, for Mr. JOHN LAW.

DE par le Dieu porte-marotte,
Nous Général de la Calotte,
Attendu que le Régiment
Eſt obligé ſenſiblement
Au Sieur Law, *de qui la Science*
Et conduite dans la Finance
Nous a donné maints Calotins,
En inventant les Bulletins,
Autrement dits Billets de Banque,
Pour ſervir au jeu de la Blanque,
Jeu non renouvellé des Grecs,
Comme le Fade jeu de l'Oye,
Mais imaginé tout exprès
Pour exciter l'homme à la joye:
Témoin les Plaiſans viremens,
Et continuels changemens,
Que l'on a vu dans le Royaume
De Quinquempoix & de Vendôme,
Et Principauté de Soiſſons,
Où l'Achat & le Dividende

* Theſe Verſes are not in the firſt Edition of theſe Memoirs, but are added, by the Bookſeller, to the ſecond.

Cauſoient un Rumeur ſi grande,
Qu'on ne vit jamais tant de Rats
Obſeder gens de tous états:
Mari, Femme, Garçon & Fille!
Laquais, Servantes, la Famille!
En un mot, ſans rien excepter,
Venoit jouer & blanqueter,
Et s'y portoit de telle ſorte,
Qu'il falloit Gardes à la Porte
Pour renvoyer chacun chez ſoi,
Après les trois coups de Beffroi.
Là de tous Pais & Provinces,
Marchands, Magiſtrats, Artiſans,
Prélats, Guerriers & Courtiſans,
Ducs & Pairs, & même des Princes,
Non du Païs, mais bien forains,
Accouroient comme des Eſſains,
Malgré vent, grêle, pluye & crotte,
Pour y jouer à la Marotte,
En beaux & bons deniers comptant,
Contre des Voleurs Calotines,
Dont la France *& terres voiſines*
Se pourront ſouvenir longtems.
A ces Cauſes, vu l'Abondance
Des Calotins qui ſont en France
De tous Rangs & de tous états,
Par le moyen du dit Sieur Las,
Nous lui confions nos Finances;
Voulons que ſur ſes Ordonnances
Nos fonds ſoient œconomiſés,
Augmentés & réaliſés;
Afin que ſelon ſon merite
Chacun ait part, groſſe ou petite,
Dans nos immenſes Revenus,
Tant de gros Fonds que de menus.
Or comme un pareil Miniſtere
Eſt fort étendu dans ſa Sphere,

Lui

Lui donnons pour prémier Commis,
* NOMPAR *qui des moins endormis*
Connoit la manœuvre d.verſe
De la Finance & du Commerce.
Lui donnons pour Profits & Droit,
Penſions, Gages & Salaries,
Le quart de tous les Angles droits,
Que couperont les Commiſſaires
Au papier qui ſera viſé,
Et duquel en homme aviſé
Il a ſi bien groſſi le nombre,
Que la France *y ſeroit à l'ombre,*
Si tous le Billets raſſemblés,
Et les uns aux autres collés,
On en pouvoit faire une Tente.
Au ſurplus de ladite Rente,
Lui donnons notre grand Cordon,
Paſſant de la droite à la gauche,
Ainſi qu'un légere ebauche
De ſa droiture, dont le fond
Va ſi loin que † Terraſſon *même,*
Grand calculateur du Syſtême,
Ne pourroit pas le meſurer.
En outre, pour mieux honorer
Le chef de ce grand Perſonnage,
Qui fit bouquer tout homme ſage,
Et ſoi diſant docte & profond,
Lui donnons Calotte de plomb,
De la haute et prémiere claſſe ;
Et pour ſurcroit de telle grace,
Joignons à ces * *Coqs dont la voix*
Chanta la Juſtice au Franҫois,
Papillons, Rats & Girouettes,

* *James Nompar* of *Caumont*, Duke *de la Force*, an aſſiduous humble Servant of Mr. *Law*, and who, by his Management, during the *Miſſiſippi* Scheme, drew a great many Paſquinades upon himſelf, of which this is not the ſevereſt.

† The Abbé *Terraſſon*, who wrote in Favour of the Scheme.

* *Law* had three Cocks for his Arms.

Hannetons, Grelots, & Sonnettes.
En mémoire d'un ſi beau chant,
Qu' au ſortir de France *on publie*
Qu' il va chanter en Italie,
Où ſans doute il aura beau champ
Pour exercer ſon grand Génie,
Et ſa connoiſſance infinie
Dans l'art de décupler les fonds
Par Billets payables à vue,
Deſquels aujourdhui nous voyons
En France *une ſi bonne Iſſue.*
Ordonnons à tous les Païs
De notre vaſte Dépendance,
De l'ecouter dans ſes avis,
Sur-tout dans l'art de la Finance;
Art qu'il poſſede eminemment.
Fait au Conſeil du Régiment *.

'Tis certain, that never was any thing more ſplendid, than the ſhort Reign of his Fortune. The *French* perfectly idoliz'd him, and even thoſe who turned their Backs to his Altar, could not help admiring him as an extraordinary Man. The Nobility did not ſcruple to pay their Homage to him; and I have ſeen Dukes and Peers of *France* waiting in his Antichamber, like the meaneſt Subjects. Towards the Cloſe, there was no coming to the Speech of him without Money. The *Swiſs* muſt be feed for Entrance at his Gate, the *Lacqueys*

* As theſe Lines will not admit of a Verſion to the Satisfaction of an *Engliſh* Reader, 'tis ſufficient to acquaint him, that they are a Satire upon the Humour which prevail'd at that Time, among People of all Ranks, from the Duke to his Scullion, to be Adventurers in Mr. *Law*'s Scheme; a Madneſs which was cotemporary, and equally miſchievous with the Deluſion that was ſo predominant in our own Country, in that fatal Year of 1720, when ſo many People were, as we may term it, caſt away in the *South-Sea*, and the leſſer Whirlpools, call'd *Bubbles*, of which there was almoſt an infinite Number.

for

for Admittance into his Antichamber, and the *Valets de Chambre* for the Privilege of Acceſs to his Preſence-Chamber or Cloſet. The Audiences too were very ſhort, and People were quickly diſmiſſed with very little Merchandiſe for a great deal of Money. Mean time he was civil, and his Fortune did not ſeem to have puff'd him up. He was a fine handſome Man, of a fair Complexion, as the *Engliſh* generally are, and had a very noble Port. Nobody underſtood *Algebra* better than he did, and, let his Enemies ſay what they pleaſe, his Syſtem was good in itſelf, and might have been beneficial to *France*, if it had been punctually follow'd.

The Scheme was calculated for keeping two Thirds more of Species in the Kingdom, than of Bills, in which Caſe there would always have been Money enough to have paid off thoſe Bills. But this did not ſatisfy the Avarice of the Underſtrappers; and in 1720, when the Bank-Bills were put down, there were two Thirds of Bills in the Kingdom, to one Third of Money, *viz.* five hundred Millions of Money, to a thouſand Millions in Bills; and M. *d' Argenſon*, the Protector of the four Brothers of the Name of *Paris*, prevailed on the Regent to circulate 1760 Millions of extraordinary Bills not regiſtered, with which People bought and ſold Shares; and during this Commerce, the Bills were realiz'd by the Brokers into Species; inſomuch that, according to a Computation then made by *Barême*, they ſay, that at the Time of the total Suppreſſion of the Bills, which was in *October* 1720, there were more Livres *Tournois* in the famous Bank of *Miſſiſippi*, than there had been Minutes ſince the Creation of the World. All this Variety of Bills had ſo ſtupified the *Pariſians*, and they gave them ſuch intire Credit, that before the Arret of the

fi[illegible]nth of *May* 1720, which ſunk the Bills from ten *per Cent. per Menſem* to half their Value, a *Pariſian* did not care to be paid in Specie; for he thought Bills were far better, not only becauſe they were not liable to be lower'd, but becauſe they were more ready to count, and eſpecially to carry. A Man that had Millions in his Pocket did not perceive the Weight of 'em, whereas but one hundred *Louis d'ors* are too heavy; and, how was it poſſible for a Man to carry them in his Pocket without being tir'd? While Peoples Fortunes were in Paper, I could boaſt of having had a Letter-caſe once in my Hands, in which there were Notes to the Value of thirty-two Millions. If they had been my own, I queſtion whether I ſhould have let them lie in Bank Bills, with the Hazard of loſing half the Value. What follows, is a ſhort, but curious Account of this Scheme *.

Lewis XIV. a little before he died, was two thouſand two hundred Millions in Debt: But by the Reduction of the Principal and Intereſt of the Revenues of the Town Houſe, (of *Paris*) by ſtrikeing off two-fifths upon all Contracts, and by reducing Intereſt to four *per Cent.* the Debts of the State were reduced to one thouſand eight hundred Millions; which was the very Sum that was owing from the Crown, when *Lewis* XV. came to it. The Debts of the Government were afterwards reduced to one thouſand four hundred Millions, by ſinking a Quarter, a half and three-fourths upon the State Bills, as well as all other Debts owing by the King, as alſo on Penſions, and by the Recovery of great Sums thro' the Chamber of Juſtice. Mr. *Law* thought he ſhould be able to extinguiſh all the Debts, by a Scheme which he form'd

* This, with the Calculation annexed to it, is an Addition by the Editor, to the ſecond Edition, which was not in the firſt Edition of theſe Memoirs.

upon

upon the Profits that were made by *Miſſiſippi*. For this Purpoſe he erected a Bank, and cauſed as many Shares to be created, as amounted to one hundred and fifty Millions, at one hundred Livres each, payable in State Bills, which, to the Advantage of the Buyers, roſe to no leſs than one thouſand. After this, he created more Actions, to the Value of one hundred and five Millions, payable in Money or Effects, at one thouſand *per Cent.* which, with the former one hundred and fifty Millions, produced one thouſand ſix hundred and fifty Millions; a Sum more than ſufficient to cancel all the King's Debts. Beſides this, Mr. *Law* created Bank Bills for one thouſand two hundred Millions, of which he received the Value, either in Money or Effects. He raiſed the Money higher, upon which there were at leaſt three hundred Millions Profit, that are not brought to the Accompt. He compelled all People to carry their Money to the Bank, by certain Arrets, which injoin'd People at firſt, to keep no more than one hundred Livres by them, and afterwards but five hundred. So that in eight Months Management, he augmented the old Debts of the State, that were one thouſand four hundred Millions, to one thouſand ſix hundred and fifty Millions; which, added to the one thouſand two hundred Millions of the Bank, riſe to two thouſand eight hundred and fifty Millions, due at this Time from the King. If to this we add the *Præmium* to which the Actions roſe, which at one thouſand eight hundred among private People, make five thouſand four hundred Millions more; to which the one thouſand two hundred Millions in Bank Bills muſt be added; it will appear that the Public is charg'd with ſix thouſand ſix hundred Millions in Paper; and for the paying-off of that Sum, there will be but five hundred Millions in the Kingdom

in Specie, when they are reduced to their intrinſic Value. The King having received one thouſand ſix hundred and five Millions in Effects, of which he owed the greateſt Part, and Actions or Shares being taken inſtead thereof, which Actions, by ſecret Management, roſe to five thouſand four hundred Millions among the Subjects, Mr. *Law* thereby gave the People the Opportunity of putting three thouſand ſeven hundred and five Millions in their Pockets.

An ACCOUNT of the BANK BILLS that ſubſiſted, and of thoſe that were burnt.

Bills engraved - - - - -	669000000
Bills printed - - - - -	1927400000
Viz.	
Bills of 10000 Livres - - -	1134000000
—— 1000 —— - - -	1123200000
—— 100 —— - - -	299200000
—— 10 —— - - -	40000000
Total	2596400000
Bills burnt of 10000 Livres -	562500000
—— —— 1000 —— -	138528000
—— —— 100 —— -	6026000
—— —— 10 —— -	273460
Total	707327460
There then remained therefore in Trade - - - - -	1989072540

The Fortunes made at *Paris*, during this *Miſſiſippi* Contagion, are ſo extraordinary, that unleſs one had ſeen it, 'twere impoſſible to believe it; and, what is ſtill more unaccountable, the greateſt were

were rais'd by mere Scoundrels; for except a few of the Court Lords and Ladies, it look'd as if Fortune had reſolved to put the Gentry into Almshouſes, for the Sake of inriching a Parcel of Bankrupts, Lacqueys, Beggars, and other of the Mobility †. And 'tis my real Opinion, that if God had not interpos'd, Footmen would at length have been the Maſters, and the Maſters the Footmen. The Handicraftſmen laid by their Work; there was nothing talked of but Actions, and every Place echoed with *Miſſiſippi* and *Quinquempoix*, which is the Street where all that hopeful Trade was carried on.

Theſe lucky *Miſſiſippians* have nevertheleſs ſeen the Turn of Fortune's Wheel. The Generality of thoſe who had not the Precaution to ſend their Money out of the Kingdom, were called to Accompt, and obliged to diſgorge a Part of their Gains. Whether the King got much by this Scrutiny, I know not; but I believe it had the ſame Fate as the Chamber of Juſtice, eſtabliſhed in 1716, in the *Auguſtins* Convent at *Paris*, for the Proſecution of People employ'd in the Finances. This Tribunal, at the Head of which was M. *de Portail*, now the firſt Preſident, had condemned ſeveral Tax-Gatherers for an infinite Number of Miſdemeanors committed in the King's Finances. Some were puniſhed as they juſtly deſerved. A great many were tax'd in Proportion to the Declarations they were forced to make of their immenſe Wealth, which might have produc'd very conſiderable Sums for the Eaſe of the Government, at that Time plung'd over Head and Ears in Debt. But theſe Bloodſuckers of the People compounded

† There was a Label affixed to the Gate of the *Palais* Royal, with theſe Words, *Eſurientes implevit bonis, & Divites dimiſit inanes*, i. e. The Hungry he hath fill'd with good Things, but the Rich he hath ſent empty away.

for

for a Trifle of Expence, by a few Preſents to a Lady, or to ſome Nobleman who had the Favour of the Regent. This was a Golden Shower, of which the leaſt Part fell into the King's Coffers.

I have made a terrible Digreſſion. Mr. *Law* carried me to *Miſſiſippi*, which is a long Voyage, and a Country from whence a Man can't return whenever he has a Mind to it; but I am now come back to the Court. I have mentioned the Miniſters to you, but they are not the only Perſons that have a Seat in the Council. One of its Members is the Marſhal *de Villars*, who being of all the *French* Generals, the Man that made the moſt ſhining Figure during the laſt War, I think myſelf oblig'd to give you a more particular Account of him.

Francis Hector, Duke *de Villars*, Marſhal of *France*, and Dean of the Marſhals, is a Gentleman of a good Family, his Father having been a Commander of the King's Orders. His Stature is above the middle Size, and he has the Port and Step of a Nobleman. He has an agreeable winning Countenance, and hazel Eyes, which are lively and ſparkling. He is a Man of Penetration, crafty, complaiſant, and capable of great Affairs. He talks a great deal; but what he ſays is to the Purpoſe. He is laborious, attach'd to, and indefatigable in Buſineſs, a courageous good Soldier, and a ſucceſsful General. Satire charges him with Avarice, as it did the Duke of *Marlborough* his Rival: He is, withal, accuſed of being too haughty, and too conceited of his Actions, and his Merits. This, indeed, may be true enough; for I myſelf was Witneſs to a Converſation, in which he diſcovered it ſufficiently plain. 'Twas the Winter after the Battle of *Denain*, when the Marſhal

Marſhal being at Dinner with the late * M. *d'Armagnac*, Great Maſter of the Horſe, where I was likewiſe a Gueſt; he talked a great deal about his Exploits, to which I liſtened ſo attentively, that he took Notice of it; and being unknown to him, he whiſpered the Maſter of the Horſe in the Ear, to know who I was; and when the Marſhal was told that I was a *German*, he paid me a good deal of Reſpect. Then reſuming his Diſcourſe, and addreſſing it to me, he talked of his Victory at *Denain*, with an Air of mighty Self-Applauſe. *But why*, ſaid he, *did your People drown themſelves? I am merciful, I would have given them Quarter; and they ought ſurely to have asked it.* I declare to you, that my Soul was all in Fire for the Honour of *Germany*. Thoſe Words, Mercy and Quarter, I took for an Inſult upon my Country. I was young and hot-headed, and was juſt going to return him an Anſwer that would not have become me; however, I kept my Temper, and 'twas not till the ſecond or third Provocation that I made him Anſwer, *That I did not think he ought to be ſurprized at what the* German *Troops did, becauſe they had known his Valour ſufficiently before the Battle of* Denain, *but never had a Trial of his Clemency.* I ſaw that he did not reliſh my Anſwer, upon which he ſhifted the Subject, and did not ſpeak a Word more to me all the Time.

Some time after the Peace, however, I made him Satisfaction: 'Twas at the Houſe of the Ducheſs *de Lude*, Lady of Honour to the Ducheſs of *Burgundy*. There was a great deal of Company, and among the reſt, the Marſhal *de Villars*. The Converſation fell upon the Cuſtom of the Ancients, to give Surnames to their Heroes; and the Moderns were blam'd for not doing ſo too. *What*

* He was of the *Lorain* Family, and was ſucceeded in his Office of Maſter of the Horſe by his Son Prince *Charles*.

Name

Name ſhould we find for you, Marſhal? ſaid the Ducheſs *de Lude.* I replied immediately, *This would be no difficult Task. I don't think that any Title would ſuit the Marſhal* de Villars *better than that of* Germanicus Franciſcus. This Trifle hit the Marſhal's Taſte ſo nicely, that he put on a ſmiling Countenance, and ſaid a great many obliging Things to me.

The Marſhal *de Villars*, in his Youth, was a Page to *Lewis* XIV. He enter'd into the Service very young, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf at his firſt ſetting-out, ſo that he really owes his Advancement more to his Services and Merit, than to Fortune. After the Peace of *Ryſwic*, he had the Care of the King's Affairs at the Emperor's Court; but was recalled from thence a little before the War began, upon Account of the Succeſſion to the King of *Spain*, *Charles* II. When the War was declared, M. *de Villars*, at that time Lieutenant-General, was in the Army in *Germany*, commanded by the Marſhal *Catinat.* The Marquis *de Villars*, with a Detachment from the Army, attack'd the *Imperialiſts* near *Fridlinguen* in 1702. The *French* ſaid, that he won the Victory; the *Germans* ſay, No. Which Party is in the Right, I can't tell; but be it as it will, the Staff of a Marſhal of *France* was M. *de Villars*'s Reward for the Battle. The ſame Year the Duke of *Savoy* entring into an Alliance againſt the two Crowns, at the very Time that he aſſured them of his Attachment, the Treaty which that Prince made with the Emperor and his Allies, was kept ſecret for a while, tho' not ſo ſecret but the Elector of *Bavaria* knew of it; and his Electoral Highneſs reproaching the Envoy of *Savoy* with it, that Miniſter actually ſwore he knew nothing of the Matter, and that, moreover, he did not believe it; upon which the Marſhal *de Villars*, who was preſent, clapp'd

clapp'd his Hand upon the Envoy's Shoulder, and repeated this Verſe to him out of *Racine*, *Tu ne le crois que trop, malheureux* Mithridate, *i. e.* Ah! poor *Mithridates!* thou believeſt it but too much. In 1704, the Marſhal *de Villars* was recalled from the Army in *Germany*, to command in the *Cevennois*, where he gained Palms and Olives, as well as Laurels; for by his good Nature and Moderation he pacified a Rebellion, which the too great Severity of his Predeceſſor, the Marſhal *de Montrevel*, had but the more inflamed.

After this, he had the Command of the Army in *Germany*, and kept it till 1709, when he went into the *Netherlands* to relieve the Duke *de Vendoſme*, who was ſent into *Spain*. M. *de Villars*, when in *Flanders*, retriev'd the Honour of *France*, which had been ſully'd there by ſeveral Defeats. For tho' the *French* ſuffer'd another at the Battle of *Malplaquet*, yet they made ſo brave a Stand, that the Allies could not help admiring their Courage. The Marſhal *de Villars*, being wounded in the Knee, was obliged to retire, and to leave the Command to the Marſhal *de Boufflers*, who drew off the Army in good Order. They give out, that when the Marſhal *de Villars* heard the News, he ſaid, Villars *was not there*; *he could not be everywhere*. The Allies paid dear for this Victory; for they loſt twenty-three thouſand Men, beſides a conſiderable Number of Officers of Diſtinction. They might ſay as *Pyrrhus* did, after the Defeat of the *Romans*, *One more ſuch a Victory, and I am undone.* The *French* loſt eight thouſand one hundred thirty-ſeven Men; and during the whole Courſe of the War, there was not a more bloody, nor a more obſtinate Battle.

The Campaign of 1712 was the moſt glorious to the Marſhal *de Villars*, of any that he ever made; for he therein gained the Victory at *Denain*,

nain, and in two Months time took from the Allies what had coſt them ſeveral Campaigns.

'Twas about the ſame time, that, upon the Death of the Duke *de Vendôme* at *Vinaroz* in *Spain*, *Lewis* XIV. conferr'd his Government of *Provence* upon the Marſhal, who was alſo made a Duke and Peer. They tell a Story, that when he went to take Poſſeſſion of his Government, and the Deputies of the Province preſented him with a Purſe full of *Lewis d'Ors*, One of 'em ſaid, *Here*, my Lord, *is ſuch another Purſe as that we gave to the Duke* de Vendôme, *when, like you, he came to be our Governor; but that Prince refus'd to take it. Ah!* ſaid the Marſhal *de Villars*, ſqueezing the Purſe, *M.* de Vendôme *has not left his Fellow behind him.*

The War in the *Netherlands* being finiſh'd by the Peace at *Utrecht*, the Marſhal *de Villars* had again the Command of the Army in *Germany*. When he took his Leave of the King, he ſaid to him, *I moſt humbly intreat your Majeſty to conſider, that I leave you in the midſt of my Enemies, whilſt I am going to fight yours.* He actually took *Landau* and *Fribourg*, and afterwards return'd to *Verſailles*, to receive the King's Orders to go and treat of a Peace with Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*. During the Campaign his Enemies told the King, in hopes his Majeſty would blame him for it, that he had laid out the Sum of 1800,000 Livres in the Purchaſe of an Eſtate. The King asking him one Day at Dinner, if it was true that he had made ſuch a Purchaſe; *Yes, Sir*, replied the Marſhal, who ſuſpected that thoſe who told the King of it were then at the Table, *I have bought an Eſtate which coſt me* 1800,000 *Livres; and if the War continues, and your Majeſty truſts me with the Command of your Army, I hope to purchaſe a more conſiderable one next Year at the Expence of your Enemies.* But inſtead of making another Campaign, the Marſhal went to *Raſtadt*, where

where he and Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* ſign'd the Preliminaries of the Peace, which thoſe two Generals concluded afterwards at *Baden* on the ſeventh of *June* 1714. Since that time the Marſhal has always reſided at Court. The *French* look upon him as the Reſtorer of their Reputation in the *Netherlands*, the Support of the State, and the chief Captain of his Time: He is loaded with Wealth and Dignities: He is a Duke and Peer, a Marſhal of *France*, a Grandee of *Spain*, a Knight Commander of the King's Orders, a Knight of the Golden Fleece, and Governor of *Provence*. He has an only Son, for whom he has obtain'd the Reverſion of his Government *.

Perhaps

* The King of *France* having declar'd War againſt the Emperor in 1733, in Conjunction with the Kings of *Spain* and *Sardinia*, his Majeſty gave the Marſhal *de Villars* the Command of his Army in *Italy*; to which Country he repair'd after the Conqueſt of the *Milaneſe* had been very far advanc'd. He took *Pizzighitone*; but the Imperial Army being at length form'd, the Count *de Merci*, who commanded it, having taken the Field with it on a ſudden, by paſſing the *Po*, made ſo many Motions, that the old Marſhal, being forc'd to be *every-where*, according to his old Phraſe, fell ſick upon it, and was oblig'd to leave the Army. Some do not ſtick to ſay, that he had Orders for it from Court, where his Conduct was not approv'd: Be this as it will, his Diſtemper growing worſe upon his Arrival at *Turin*, he died there the 17th of *June* 1734, in the 84th Year of his Age, in the ſame Room, as 'tis ſaid, where he was born, his Father the Marquis *de Villars* being then there by Order of the King. In 1702 he married *Joanna-Angelica Roque de Varengeville*, whoſe Father was the King's Ambaſſador at *Venice*. The Family of *Villars* is originally of *Lyons*, and firſt began to be diſtinguiſh'd in the Perſon of *Claude de Villars*, Lord of *Chapelle*, and *Maſclas*, ſecond Son to *Francis de Villars*, born about *Ann.* 1516. The Marſhal was to the laſt a Man of uncommon Gaiety and Gallantry; for whether Fighting or Dancing, he appear'd with the ſame Vivacity and good Humour, and ſeem'd an Enemy to none except the Jeſuits. What did not conſiſt with ſuch a Temper, was his Love of Money; and he inrich'd himſelf too much by the Spoils of War, and the Contributions he uſed to raiſe for Safe-guards, *&c.* But as for his Soldier-like Character, this one Story of him may ſuffice: In 1702 the Marſhal order'd his Army to

Perhaps I have detain'd you too long about the Marſhal *de Villars*; but I thought the little Particularities,

to paſs the *Rhine* at *Haguenau*, the ſame Night that he invited ſeveral Gentlemen and Ladies to a Ball, where he danc'd till two o'Clock in the Morning, and then mounted his Horſe unobſerv'd, and follow'd his Army; with which he ſurpriſed the Prince of *Baden*, and fought a Battle by the Time the Ball was broke up; for which Action the King gave him the Marſhal's Batoon. The Conqueſts of *Milan* and other Places in *Italy*, which he made in 1733, were accompany'd alſo with Dancing and Balls; but Age and Infirmities, at laſt, made a Conqueſt of him. His Memory and his Judgment ſo fail'd him, that he became troubleſome to the Army; but his fighting Humour ſtill prevail'd, and he would have endanger'd all, had not the King of *Sardinia* prevail'd on the King of *France* to recall him. However, the King of *Sardinia* took Leave of him in the Field with great Civility, and at his Arrival at *Turin*, where he fell ill of a Dyſentery, accompany'd with a Fever, of which he died, he was receiv'd very graciouſly by the late Queen, who preſented him with a Diamond Sword, valued at 300 Piſtoles.

The following Sonnet was preſented to the Marſhal, when he ſet out for *Italy*.

Villars, tes grands Exploits qui ſauverent la France,
Dans les Siecles futurs t'immortaliſeront.
La Paix fut le doux fruit de ta haute prudence;
Mais de nouveaux Lauriers doivent ceindre ton front.

Le Pere de ton Roi, l'Eſpagne & le Piémont,
Sur toi ſeul aujourd'hui fondent leurs Eſperances.
Arme ton bras vainqueur, cours venger leur affront;
L'Allemand pourra-t-il ſoutenir ta préſence?

Les grands Cœurs en tout tems conſervent leur valeur,
L'Age reſpecte en eux leur prémiere vigueur,
Ils ſavent s'affranchir des Loix de la Nature:

Semblables aux Lauriers que leur main va cueillir,
Qui des ans, des ſaiſons ne craignent point l'injure,
Les Héros ont le droit le ne jamais vieillir.

i. e.

Villars, *thy great Exploits, which ſav'd all* France,
In future Ages will immortaliſe thee.
The Peace was the kind Product of thy great Wiſdom;
But new Laurels are ſtill to deck thy Brow.

The

cularities I have given you would do you a Pleaſure, and that you would not be ſorry to know ſome Circumſtances of a Man, who, after all, has been much cry'd up in *Europe*. I ſhall be more brief in my Account of the other Noblemen, and of theſe I ſhall name but two or three, of whom you have heard ſome Talk, and ſuch as are in moſt Reputation with us.

James Fitz-James Duke of *Berwic*, a Peer and Marſhal of *France*, a Peer of *England*, a Grandee of *Spain*, a Knight of the Garter, and of the Golden Fleece, is the legitimated Son of *James* II. King of *Great Britain* *. He follow'd his Father to *France*, where he ſerved with Diſtinction. In 1706 he had the Marſhal's Staff given him; and in 1707 he commanded the Army of the two Crowns in *Spain*, where he defeated the Lord *Gallway* near *Almanza*. The King of *Spain*, to reward him for ſuch great Service, made him a Grandee of *Spain*, and gave him the Duchy of *Liria*, which M. *de Berwic* yielded to his eldeſt Son, who is actually in Poſſeſſion of it. In 1714 the Marſhal Duke of *Berwic* reduc'd *Barcelona* under the Obedience of *Philip* V. This City had refus'd to acknowledge that Prince, and tho' abandon'd, and without any Hopes of Relief,

The Father of thy King, Spain, *and* Piedmont *too,*
Upon thee alone do now found all their Hopes.
Haſte with thy conqu'ring Arm their Quarrel to avenge:
Will Germany *be able to withſtand thy Preſence?*

Great Souls always retain their Valour;
To their former Vigour Age itſelf pays a Reſpect;
They can ſhake off the Yoke of Nature's Laws.

Like to the Laurels gather'd by their Hands,
Which are Proof againſt the Injuries of Years and Seaſons,
Heroes never ſtoop to old Age.

* By Mrs. *Arabella Churchill*, Siſter to the late Duke of *Marlborough*.

continued the War with an Obſtinacy of Men who ſeem'd to be deſperate. The very Women, the Prieſts, Friers, all were Soldiers in *Barcelona*; and during the Siege, which held ſixty-one Days with open Trenches, after a Blockade of eleven Months, there were five hundred and forty-three Friers and Prieſts kill'd and wounded in the Sallies and Attacks. The City was taken on the eleventh of *September* by Storm: The Battle laſted from Four o'Clock in the Morning till Eleven, when the Inhabitants retir'd into the new Town, which is only ſeparated from the other by a ſingle Wall. They ſurrender'd next Day at Diſcretion to the Marſhal-Duke *de Berwic*, who gave them a verbal Promiſe to ſave their Lives, and to protect the City from Plunder, on their paying down a large Sum of Money. *Barcelona* being thus reduc'd, the Marſhal return'd to *France* loaded with Wealth and Honours. Upon the Death of King *Lewis* XIV. he was admitted to the Council of the Regency, and ſent ſoon after to command in *Guienne*. The Regent gave him the Command of the Army againſt the King of *Spain*, which his Royal Highneſs had before offer'd to the Marſhal *de Villars*; but that Nobleman told him, He would never draw his Sword againſt a Prince who might one Day become his Sovereign, a Prince for whoſe Service he had already ſpilt ſome Blood, and one for whom the Kingdom had expended ſuch a Treaſure. The Marſhal Duke of *Berwic*, being not ſo delicate, accepted of the Command, took *St. Sebaſtian*, and obey'd the Regent much more than he was bound to do in Duty.

For this he was continued in the Command of *Guienne*, and particularly of *Bourdeaux*. For ſome time paſt the Marſhal Duke has been very much at

at Court, and often at his Ducal Lordſhip in *Picardy* *.

Victor-Maria Duke *d' Eſtrées*, whom I ought to have mention'd before the Duke of *Berwic*, as being

* The King, having appointed the Marſhal *de Villars* to command in *Italy*, thought fit to ſend the Marſhal *de Berwic* to oppoſe Prince *Eugene*, whom the Emperor had nominated for the Command on the *Rhine*. He began the Siege of *Philipsburg*; but on the firſt of *June*, O. S. 1734, as he went to take a View of the Trenches, he was kill'd with a Cannon Ball between his two Grandſons. He is ſucceeded in all his Titles by his Son the Duke *de Liria*, now Duke of *Berwic*, *&c.* who has been lately at the Court of *Naples*.

It will be doing no Diſhonour to the Marſhal, to ſay he made War his Trade, which he ſtudied with an unwearied Application; and as he never wanted Courage, ſo none had more military Knowledge. Having conſider'd War as a Science, he left little to Chance, or even Bravery; but depended upon Skill and Diſcipline, which was the Thing that gain'd him the Battle of *Almanza*. As he was ſo regular and mechanical a Warrior, he was himſelf the Life and Soul of his Army, not as he was belov'd, but as he was much fear'd by his Soldiers, whom he never ſpar'd, and leaſt of all, his own Countrymen, that came to ſerve in *France*. He was reſerved even to his General Officers, rarely conſulting them, nor ſo much as communicating the Orders he had receiv'd, or the Deſigns he had projected, but as they had their own Parts to execute in them. Tho' he was the beſt regular General of his Time, yet he was the leaſt enterprizing one. He was never a great Favourite at the Court of *France*, which is ſomething to be wonder'd at, conſidering the Uſe he was made of upon every Occaſion; for as a Soldier of Fortune, he had no Obligations but for his Appointments; and yet attach'd himſelf to *France* preferably to any other Nation. As he was bred up in the War againſt the *Engliſh*, his Enmity to them became a ſecond Nature, which is ſuppos'd to be the Reaſon that he never did one of that Nation any Service, beſide thoſe of his own Family. As the Marſhal took care to be obey'd by the Officers and Soldiers of the Armies he commanded, he was always obſequious himſelf to the Orders of the Court, of which there needs no other Proof, than the Inſtance above-mention'd; when he appear'd in Arms againſt *Spain* with Alacrity, after he had receiv'd the higheſt Honours from King *Philip*.

He had the Title of Duke of *Berwic*, and likewiſe the Garter conferr'd on him by King *James*. He was born in 1671, ſo that when he died, he was ſixty-three Years of Age.

the oldeſt Marſhal of *France*, is Vice-Admiral of the Kingdom, a Duke and Peer, a Grandee of *Spain*, a Commandeur of the King's Orders, and a Knight of the Golden Fleece. He is the laſt of his Family, which has been render'd illuſtrious by all the great Dignities of the Kingdom ever ſince * the charming *Gabriella d'Eſtrées*, who was Miſtreſs to *Henry* IV. He lives with as much Splendor and Magnificence as moſt Noblemen in *France*: His Houſe is open to all Foreigners of Diſtinction, and Men of Knowledge and Learning are well receiv'd in it. The Marſhal has a fine Library, a moſt beautiful Cabinet of Medals, and a complete Collection of antique Stones that are grav'd. Beſides the Eſtate of the Family of *Eſtrées*, of which he is the only Head, he made great Acquiſitions by *Miſſiſippi* Stock, and there are few Sovereigns that have finer Diamonds. Since the Troubles that aroſe in *Bretagne* during the Regency of the Duke of *Orleans*, the Aſſembly of the States of that Province is always held by this Nobleman. The Nobility of *Bretagne* extol him very much, and find a great Difference between their Treatment by this Marſhal, and the rigid haughty Air with which the late Marſhal *de Monteſquiou* carried it to them during the Regency. Tho' the Marſhal *d'Eſtrées* is very much attach'd to the Court, yet he is often at *Paris*, where he has a very fine Houſe, and is viſited by the greateſt and the beſt People in the Kingdom. The Marſhal's Lady, who is *Noailles*, Siſter to the Counteſs *de Tholouſe*, was formerly a Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Ducheſs of *Burgundy*; ſhe has all the Politeneſs of the ancient Court, and tho' ſhe is paſt the Bloom of her Youth, ſhe is ſtill one of the moſt amiable Women at

* The Family of *Eſtrées*, originally of *Picardy*, was in Poſſeſſion of the Dignities of the Crown before *Gabriella*; for her Grandfather was Great Maſter of the Artillery of *France*.

Court,

Court, and by her Management there is not a more agreeable Family than hers in the Kingdom. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XLII.

SIR, *Paris, May* 22, 1732.

YEſterday I loiter'd away a good deal of Time with a Couple of *Engliſhmen*, to whom, as they call it in *Italy*, I was a *Cicero* *. Nevertheleſs, you muſt not expect me to give you an Account of every thing I ſaw; and beſides, ſo much has been already ſaid of *Verſailles*, that you ſhall hardly find one Book in twenty, almoſt, but what treats of the Beauties of this Royal Palace.

After having ſhew'd my *Engliſh* Gentlemen the Caſtle, the Chapel, the Stables and the Park, I carried them to the Royal Abbey of *St. Cyr*, which they had heard ſo much Talk of, that they long'd to ſee it: 'Tis a grand ſtately Houſe, and worthy of the Magnificence of the great Monarch who founded it, at the Solicitation of Madame *de Maintenon*, for the Education of two hundred and fifty young Damſels, whoſe Families are not able to give them a Maintenance ſuitable to their Birth. Immediately after the Demiſe of *Lewis* XIV. Madame *de Maintenon* retir'd to *St. Cyr*, and there ſhe always dwelt till ſhe died. She went thither indeed,

* This is the common Name in *Italy* for Interpreters or Expounders of Antiquities.

even during the King's Illneſs, as ſoon as ſhe found that the Phyſicians had given him over; the King, however, contrary to all Expectation, recover'd; and not ſeeing Madame *de Maintenon*, ask'd where ſhe was: Upon this the Lady return'd, when the King gave her a handſome Reprimand for abandoning him, and deſir'd her to ſtay with him as long as he had any Remains of Life. Madame *de Maintenon* obey'd, but the King's Breath was no ſooner out of his Body, than ſhe took Coach, and went to *St. Cyr*, with a Deſign never to ſtir from it as long as ſhe liv'd.

She had the Conſolation, however, of receiving Viſits there from all the Princes and Princeſſes of the Blood; and even the late Madame the Regent's Mother, who never viſited Madame *de Maintenon* in the King's Life-time, thought ſhe could not excuſe herſelf from making her a Viſit. The Regent went thither likewiſe, and told her, ſhe might depend upon his punctual Regard to every Tittle that the late King had order'd in her Favour by his laſt Will and Teſtament. Madame *de Maintenon* return'd him Thanks, and ſaid, that as ſhe was reſolv'd to be retir'd for the Reſidue of her Life, ſhe deſir'd but 40,000 Livres a Year for her Subſiſtance. Four Years after this ſhe died, and was interr'd in the Church of *St. Cyr*, in the Middle of the Choir, in a Tomb of plain black Marble, with the following Epitaph engrav'd on it; which I lik'd ſo well, that I have copied it Word for Word, and ſend it to you, becauſe I don't believe you have ſeen it elſewhere.

CY GIT

Très haute & très puiſſante Dame
Madame FRANCOISE D'AUBIGNE,
Marquiſe de MAINTENON;

Femme

Femme illuſtre, Femme vraiment Chrêtienne ;
Cette Femme forte que le Sage chercha vainement dans ſon Siecle,
Et qu'il nous eût propoſé pour modele, s'il eût vêcu dans le nôtre.
Sa Naiſſance fut très noble.
On loua de bonne heure ſon Eſprit, & plus encore ſa Vertu.
La Sageſſe, la Douceur, la Modeſtie formoient ſon Caractere,
Qui ne ſe démentit jamais.
Toujours égale dans les differentes ſituations de ſa vie ;
Mêmes Principles, mêmes Regles, mêmes Vertus.
Fidèle dans les exercices de Piété,
Tranquille au milieu des agitations de la Cour,
Simple dans la Grandeur,
Pauvre dans le centre des richeſſes,
Humble au comble des honneurs ;
Révérée de LOUIS LE GRAND,
Environnée de ſa gloire,
Autoriſée par ſa plus intime confiance,
Dépoſitaire de ſes graces,
Qui n'a jamais fait d'uſage de ſon pouvoir,
Que par ſa bonté.
Une autre Eſther dans la faveur,
Une ſeconde Judith dans la Retraite & l'Oraiſon :
La Mere des Pauvres,
L'Aſyle toujours ſûr des malheureux,
Une vie ſi illuſtre
A été terminée par un mort ſainte
Et precieuſe devant Dieu.
Son Corps eſt reſté dans cette ſainte maiſon,
Dont elle avoit procuré l'établiſſement ;
Et elle a laiſſé à l'univers
L'exemple de ſes vertus.
Décédée le 15 *d'Avril* 1719.
Née le 28 *de Novembre* 1635.

i. e.

HERE LIES

The moſt high and moſt potent Lady
The Lady FRANCESE D'AUBIGNY,
Marchioneſs of MAINTENON.
A Wife illuſtrious *, *a Woman truly Chriſtian*;
That virtuous Heroine whom the wiſe Man ſought in vain in his Time,
And whom he wou'd have propos'd to us for a Pattern, if he had liv'd in ours.
She was of Birth moſt noble,
Her Wit was early commended, and much more her Virtue.
Sobriety, good Nature and Modeſty, form'd her Character,
From which ſhe never derogated.
Always unchangeable in the various Situations of her Life;
The ſame Principles, the ſame Rules, the ſame Virtues.
Sincere in the Exerciſes of Piety,
Tranquil during the Storms at Court,
Plain in the Midſt of Grandeur,
Poor in the Centre of Wealth,

* Here ſhould have been added, *of the Poet* Paul Scarron. She was the Daughter of *Conſtans d'Aubigny*, Baron of *Surincan*, and of *Joan de Cardillac*. *Charles d'Aubigny*, Governor of *Berry*, and Knight of the King's Orders, who died in 1703, was her Brother. Her Grandfather was *Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigny*, Admiral of *Bretagne* and *Guienne*, celebrated for his Zeal for the Proteſtant Religion, and Author of a *Hiſtory of his own Time*, of the *Confeſſion* of *Saney*, and of the Baron *de Faneſte*. Every body knows, that the Attachment of his Widow *Scarron* to Madame *de Monteſpan*, made her Way to *Lewis* XIV. who was ſo pleas'd with her Humour, that ſhe continued in the higheſt Favour till that Monarch's Death; and enjoy'd a Penſion of 50,000 Livres, which was punctually paid her by *Lewis* XV. every Year as long as ſhe liv'd. After her Death, the Duke *de Noailles* became Marquis *de Maintenon* in Right of his Wife.

Humble

Humble at the Summit of Honours;
Rever'd by LEWIS LE GRAND,
Environ'd with his Glory,
Veſted with his moſt intimate Confidence,
The Depoſitary of his Favours,
Who never made uſe of her Power
But to do Good.
Another Eſther *in Favour,*
A ſecond Judith *in Retirement and Prayer:*
The Mother of the Poor,
The never-failing Aſylum of the Unfortunate.
A Life ſo illuſtrious
Was cut off by a Death Pious,
And precious in the Sight of God.
Her Body lies in this Sacred Houſe,
Of which ſhe procur'd the Eſtabliſhment:
And her Virtues ſhe has left
To the World for a Pattern.
She departed this Life April 15, 1719.
Being born the 28*th of* November 1635.

My *Engliſhmen* thought the Panegyric upon Madame *de Maintenon* a little too much ſtrain'd. I confeſs that I think ſhe is well equipp'd with a Character; and if it be true, that ſhe was as humble as her Epitaph imports, I make no doubt, but if ſhe had liv'd to ſee ſuch an Encomium, it would have put her Modeſty ſadly out of Countenance: For 'tis certain, that this Lady had a very great Fund of Virtue and Piety; and I have heard it ſaid by Perſons, who otherwiſe had no reaſon to be fond of her, that 'twas impoſſible to be acquainted with her, and not to eſteem her.

When I return'd from *St. Cyr*, I came hither to ſee M. *Voltaire*'s Tragedy of *Brutus*, which is ſo fine a Piece, that I and my *Engliſh* Companions were charm'd with it: We not only admir'd the Conduct and Verſification of it, but we applauded the

the Freedom with which the Author makes the *Romans* think and ſpeak. Mean time, the *French* are not of our Opinion. *The Reſpect due to Royalty*, ſay they, *is not well preſerv'd in it.* They cenſure the Author *for preſuming to confine the Royal Authority within the Bounds of Juſtice. M.* de Voltaire, ſay they, *never could imbibe theſe Sentiments in* France. *'Tis very plain that he contracted them beyond Sea. They may be reliſh'd well enough by the* Engliſh; *but to us they are intolerable: And if M.* de Voltaire *goes on to write in this Manner, he may, perhaps, have an Apartment in the* Baſtile. I confeſs that terrible Name dumb-founder'd me, and I did not dare to ſay a Word in the Author's Vindication, for fear of being deem'd his Accomplice. The *Baſtile* and the *Holy Office* are two Terms which always ſilenc'd me, even when I have had the ſtrongeſt Inclination to ſpeak my Mind.

As for the Comedians, they perform'd Wonders. One *du Frêne* actually out-did himſelf. He is Brother to *Quiaut*, an excellent Comedian in the Parts which require Humour, but exceſſively out of the Way in Tragedy; and take him off the Theatre, impertinent beyond Expreſſion, as is alſo his Brother, tho' they are both Men of Wit.

The Players are much more reſpected here than they are elſewhere, which makes them inſolent to the laſt Degree. The Nobility are fond of their Company, and admit them to their Parties of Pleaſure: And as they are Kings upon the Stage, and Equals and Companions at Table with the beſt Lords in the Kingdom, no wonder that it turns their Brains. But that which muſt needs render them arrogant beyond Meaſure, is a late Inſtance of Regard paid them by the *French* Academy, who, by a Letter, invited the Performers in the *French* Comedy, to hear an Oration made in their

their Academy; which the Comedians took for ſuch an Honour, that the very next Day they offer'd the Members of the Academy Admiſſion to their Comedy *Gratis*; which the Academicians made no Scruple to accept, to the great Amazement of the whole City of *Paris*, which blames the Members for it not a little: The Fault is laid at the Door of certain Authors, who are in League with the Comedians, and gave the Invitation without conſulting the reſt of the Members, of whom ſeveral that had, no Hand in the Tranſaction, proteſted againſt the Conduct of thoſe who had, the Conſequence of which was a Quarrel in the Academy. Indeed, one would imagine by that Day's Work, that they did not really conſider what they were doing; and the Noblemen who are Members of the Academy, cry out againſt it very much. 'Tis true, that the Comedians who preſume to offer Admiſſion *Gratis* to a Marſhal *de Villars*, a Marſhal *d'Eſtrées*, or other Noblemen of that Rank, are not mean Fellows, and deſerve the Appellation of the *Company of* Comedians, inſtead of *Troop*; in order to diſtinguiſh them from the Strollers in the * Country. Why then ſhould not they be honour'd? The Actors in the Opera, who, as well as they, divert the Public for Lucre, have, indeed, the Privilege, that a Gentleman may be admitted among them without Diſparagement to his Title. This is a Favour, ſays a modern Author very juſtly, which had never yet been granted to thoſe who perform in the public Spectacles, and who give Diverſion for Money; becauſe in

* This alludes to a Joke of the Preſident *de Harlai*, who when he was accoſted by the Comedians, in the Name of their *Troop*, which that worthy Gentleman never car'd for, eſpecially ſince *Tartuffe*, and the Comedians ſaying to him, *My Lord, the* Company *of Comedians*, &c. The Preſident made Anſwer, *Gentlemen*, the Troop *of the Parliament*, &c.

moſt

moſt of the Ages of Chriſtianity, they had been look'd upon as Perſons excommunicated and infamous, by reaſon of the Corruption in Morals, owing to their then too licentious Repreſentations, which, perhaps, is no longer apprehended to be the Caſe at preſent. 'Tis certain, that if a Performer in an Opera may be noble, I can't ſee why a Perſon mayn't be the ſame in a Comedy; tho' 'tis my Opinion, that if Stage-players may be Gentlemen, Rope-dancers and Tumblers have a Title to it; for, beſides the Honour they have of diverting the Public, they run the Risk of breaking their Necks every Day; and is not that the Lot of the Nobility?

As I returned Yeſterday with my *Engliſhmen* from *Verſailles*, we went to *St. Cloud*, where we had the Honour to ſee the Duke *de Chartres*, the only Son of the Duke of *Orleans*. This Prince was in the Park, to ſee a young Officer of the Train of Artillery make Proofs of ſome Pieces of Ordnance. We were ſurpriz'd to ſee how attentively the young Prince obſerved every thing, and to hear him ask the Officer ſuch Queſtions as were not to be expected from one of his Years. We had reaſon alſo to applaud the gracious and polite Reception which he gave us. To be plain, I was charm'd to ſee a Grandſon of the late *Madame*, ſo worthy of herſelf, and of the illuſtrious Blood from which he is deſcended.

St. Cloud is a Palace belonging to the Duke of *Orleans*, firſt Prince of the Blood, and was built by Order of the late Monſieur *Philip* of *France*, (Brother of *Lewis* XIV.) who added very magnificent Gardens to it. 'Tis certain, that if the late King had choſe *St. Cloud* for his Reſidence, inſtead of *Verſailles*, he might have had a finer Building with leſs Expence. What is moſt admir'd at *St. Cloud*, are the Gallery and Salon, both

both painted by *Mignard*, the Caſcade, and the great Water-work, which throws up the Water a hundred Feet high, and which nothing exceeds of the Kind, but the Work that was made by the Direction of an * *Engliſh* Gentleman at *Herenhauſen*, near *Hanover*, in the Reign of King *George* I.

St. Cloud has been fatal to ſeveral Princes of the Royal Family. *Henry* III. was aſſaſſinated there on the firſt of *Auguſt* 1589, at eight o'Clock in the Morning, by *James Clement*. *Henrietta* of *England*, firſt Wife to the late *Philip* of *France*, Duke of *Orleans*, only Brother to *Lewis* XIV. died there ſuddenly of a Colic, on the 30th of *June* 1670. She ſaid that ſhe was poiſon'd, for which Reaſon the King caus'd her Corpſe to be open'd in Preſence of the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador. 'Tis a difficult Matter, to judge whether that Princeſs's Suſpicions were true; for the Phyſicians and Surgeons found all her noble Parts corrupted, tho' ſhe was but twenty-ſix Years old. Her Husband paid his Tribute to Nature on a ſudden, in the ſame Palace, on the 4th of *June* 1701.

What I have mentioned to you of the unhappy Cataſtrophe of the laſt of the *Valois*, puts me in Mind of a Paſſage in Hiſtory, that *Te Deum* was forgot in the Ceremony of his Coronation; that the Crown fell from his Head; and that there was no Oil in the Sacred Phial, to perform the cuſtomary † Unction; which were then taken for ill Omens, and Time prov'd them but too true.

Since

* The Author refers here to the Works directed by Mr. BENSON, one of the preſent Auditors of the Impreſt (for which ſee p. 67. of the Firſt Volume of theſe Memoirs).

† The Bottle called the Holy Phial, is kept at *Rheims*, in the Tomb of St. *Remy*, in the Church of that Name. It has not been filled ſince the Coronation of *Clovis*, when 'tis ſaid this Phial was brought from Heaven, with the Oil with which that firſt Chriſtian

Since I am upon Tragical Events, I will mention a Thing to you that lately happen'd in *England*, and which I was aſſur'd by the *Engliſh* Gentlemen, in our Return from *Verſailles*, is a certain Fact.

One *Richard Smith*, a Bookbinder, and his Wife *Bridget*, were about a Fortnight ago found hanging in their Chamber near their Bed-ſide, about three or four Feet Diſtance from one another; and in the next Room, their Daughter, who was but two Years old, was found ſhot thro' the Head. There were three Letters left upon the Table, of which the following is the moſt material; and I ſend you a Copy of it, becauſe it will let you into the *Stoic* Character of the *Engliſh* Nation. 'Tis directed to Mr. *Brindley*, a Bookbinder at *London*, in that which is call'd *New Bondſtreet*.

Couſin BRINDLEY,

'THESE Actions, conſider'd in all their Circumſtances, being ſomewhat uncommon, it 'may not be improper to give ſome Account 'of the Cauſe, and that it was an inveterate Ha'tred we conceiv'd againſt Poverty and Rags; 'Evils, which through a Train of unlucky Acci'dents were become inevitable; for we appeal to 'all that ever knew us, whether we were either 'idle or extravagant; whether or no we have not 'taken as much Pains to get our Living as our 'Neighbours, altho' not attended with the ſame

Chriſtian King of *France* was conſecrated; and the Frier who ſhews it at *Rheims*, ſays very ſeriouſly, That when the King is ſick, it dries away; ſo that when he dies, there is not a Drop left in the Bottle; but that as ſoon as his Succeſſor is proclaimed, it fills again of its own Accord. I tell you no more than what I heard with my own Ears, and tho' I could not help ſmiling at it, the Frier was not angry. The Liquefaction of this Oil is altogether as miraculous as that of St. *Januarius*'s Blood at *Naples*.

'Succeſs.

'Succeſs. We apprehend the taking our Child's 'Life away to be a Circumſtance for which we 'ſhall be generally condemn'd; but for our own 'Parts, we are perfectly eaſy upon that Head. 'We are ſatisfy'd it is leſs Cruelty to take the 'Child with us, even ſuppoſing a State of Anni-'hilation, as ſome dream of, than to leave her 'friendleſs in the World, expos'd to Ignorance 'and Miſery. Now in order to obviate ſome Cen-'ſures, which may proceed either from Ignorance 'or Malice, we think it proper to inform the 'World, that we firmly believe the Exiſtence of 'Almighty God; that this Belief of ours is not 'an implicit Faith, but deduced from the Nature 'and Reaſon of Things: We believe the Exiſt-'ence of an Almighty Being from the Conſide-'ration of his wonderful Works, from a Conſide-'ration of thoſe innumerable celeſtial and glori-'ous Bodies, and from their wonderful Order and 'Harmony. We have alſo ſpent ſome Time in 'viewing thoſe Wonders which are to be ſeen in 'the minute Part of the World, and that with 'great Pleaſure and Satisfaction; from all which 'Particulars, we are ſatisfied, that ſuch amazing 'Things could not poſſibly be without a firſt 'Mover, without the Exiſtence of an Almighty 'Being: And as we know the wonderful God to 'be Almighty, ſo we cannot help believing but 'that he is alſo good, not implacable; not like 'ſuch Wretches as Men are, not taking Delight 'in the Miſeries of his Creatures; for which Rea-'ſon we reſign up our Breaths unto him, without 'any terrible Apprehenſions, ſubmitting ourſelves 'to thoſe Ways, which in his Goodneſs he ſhall 'pleaſe to appoint after Death. We alſo believe 'the Exiſtence of unbody'd Creatures, and 'think we have Reaſon for that Belief, altho' 'we don't pretend to know their Way of ſubſiſt-

'ing.

'ing. We are not ignorant of thoſe Laws made 'in *Terrorem*; but leave the Diſpoſal of our Bo-'dies to the Wiſdom of the Coroner and his Jury; 'the Thing being indifferent to us where our Bo-'dies are laid: From whence it will appear how 'little anxious we are about a *Hic jacet*; we for 'our Parts neither expect, nor deſire ſuch Ho-'nours, but ſhall content ourſelves with a bor-'rowed Epitaph, *viz.*

'Without a Name, for ever ſilent, dumb,
'Duſt, Aſhes, nought elſe is within this Tomb.
'Where we were born or bred, it matters not,
'Who were our Parents, or have us begot.
'We were, but are not: think no more of us;
'For as we are, ſo you'll be turn'd to Duſt.

'It is the Opinion of *Naturaliſts*, that our Bo-'dies are at certain Stages of Life compos'd of 'new Matter, ſo that a great many poor People 'have new Bodies oftner than new Cloaths: Now 'as Divines are not able to inform us which of 'thoſe ſeveral Bodies ſhall riſe at the Reſurrection, 'it is very probable, that the deceaſed Body may 'be for ever ſilent as well as any other."

Sign'd,

RICHARD SMITH.
BRIDGET SMITH.

The Coroner's Inqueſt, after the uſual Formalities, brought in their Verdict, whereby they declared *Richard Smith* guilty of that Crime, which they call in *England*, *Felo de ſe*, or Self-Murder; and of Wilful Murder as to his Child. *Bridget* was brought in a Lunatic, tho' ſhe had ſign'd the Letter with her Husband, and acknowledged that

that ſhe was equally concerned in the Murder of her Child; ſo that I think her Corpſe deſerved hanging, at leaſt for a little while: And ſure I am, that ſhe would not have been found a Lunatic here.

There being commonly ſome little Piece of Entertainment at the End of Tragedies, I am now to divert you with ſome ſuch Farce. 'Tis the Adventure of a certain pert Coxcomb of a Counſellor, with the Abbé *de Vayrac*, an Author, and a Man of * Wit. Not many Days ago, as the Abbé was walking on Foot, he was overtaken with a Shower of Rain, which made him take Shelter under a Penthouſe, at a Shop-door. At the ſame Time, who ſhould paſs by in a magnificent Coach, driving at a mad Rate, as if he would run over every Thing in his Way, but a Counſellor, whoſe furious Career was ſtopp'd all on a ſudden, by ſomething that broke his Harneſs! This Diſaſter happen'd juſt at the Place where the Abbé *de Vayrac* ſtood, dreſs'd like other Authors, with an old tatter'd Hat upon his Head, and a ſhabby Cloak over a Coat quite thread-bare. The Thing that moſt diverted the Counſellor, was his Hat, and he order'd one of his Lacqueys to ask him, if it was not as old as the Battle of † *Rocroy*. You muſt know, the Lacqueys of this Country are more brazen-fac'd and inſolent than they

* The Abbé *de Vayrac* was of a good Family in *Guienne*, and had all the Vivacity natural to that Province, which ſtood him in the ſtead of Wit; but it was of the abuſive Kind. If ever an Author was a Plagiary, he was. He publiſhed a *State* of *Spain*, and a *State* of the Empire; which laſt brought him under an ignominious Sentence of the Court of *Vienna*. He had alſo compoſed a Hiſtory of *Portugal*, which he could not obtain a Licence for Printing, becauſe it appear'd that he had paid greater Compliments in it to the *Portugueſe*, than to the *French*. He died in the Beginning of the Year 1733, as he returned from a Journey he had made to *Holland*.

† In 1643.

are any-where elſe; and the Counſellor's diſcharg'd his Errand to a Tittle. M. *l' Abbé*, ſaid he, in a Droll Tone, *my Maſter wants to know in what Battle your Hat receiv'd all thoſe Wounds. At the Battle of* Cannæ, *Friend*, reply'd the Abbé; and then he laid on five or ſix heavy Blows upon the impudent Ambaſſador's Shoulders with his *Cane*. The Counſellor, ſeeing his Domeſtic ſo ſoundly drubb'd, ſtepp'd inſtantly out of his Coach, and running to the Abbé, ſaid, *What are you doing?* The Abbé reply'd very ſedately, *I am chaſtiſing Inſolence. Parblev*, M. *l' Abbe*, ſaid the Counſellor, *I think you are a pleaſant Fellow to preſume to ſtrike a Servant of mine! Surely you don't know me; for if you did, you would have more Reſpect for my Livery. Pardon me*, reply'd the Abbé, *I know you very well. And who am I?* ſaid the Counſellor. *Why you are a Fool*, reply'd the *Abbé*; upon which the Gentleman thought fit to ſneak off. This is a very true Story; for I had it from the Abbé *de Vayrac* himſelf, who told it to me with the ſame Gravity as he had anſwer'd the Counſellor.

Tho' Lacqueys are not commonly the Subjects of Converſation, yet I think that thoſe of *Paris* deſerve ſome Notice. They form ſo conſiderable a Body, that there are many Kings who have not ſo numerous an Army. Beſides, theſe Fellows make ſuch extraordinary Fortunes, and often riſe ſo quick from *Valets*, to be Maſters and Gentlemen, that really they ought not to be confounded in the Lump with the *European* Lacqueys. Thoſe of 'em who ſet up for fine Fellows, as many of 'em do, (for in the Livery of *Paris*, you meet with every Thing that is handſome and gay) ſuch, I ſay, as are in the Service of ſome young Noblemen, are commonly Equals and Companions with their Maſters. There are others who are the Darlings of the Fair Sex; and if Satire may be

be credited, and Appearances, perhaps, into the Bargain, there are Ladies even of the firſt Quality, who don't always treat their Lacqueys like Servants. 'Tis true, they moſt commonly take them out of the Livery, and in order to bring them near their Perſons, they make them their Pages, or *Valets de Chambre*. Nothing is thought too good for theſe Favourites of *Venus*; they are rigg'd out like Princes, and were you to ſee one of theſe fortunate Lacqueys, you would naturally take him for ſome Perſon of Conſequence. And indeed, there are ſome who act the Man of Quality to ſuch a Perfection, that nothing can exceed it; and they have often better Manners than their Maſters. The Airs of Importance, and of Quality, are very natural to the *French*. There are others of the menial Claſs, that enjoy the Favour of their young Maſters, in a Way ſo uncommon, that one knows not what to think of it; and many of thoſe young Gentlemen, forgetting the Reſpect that is due to their own Perſons, and their Families, make Parties at Supper with 'em, at which Time, I fanſy, Converſation is the leaſt Part of the Entertainment. But ſuch is the Spirit of Debauchery, that it has infected the Generality of the young People at Court; tho' 'tis true enough, that it ever was ſo.

I don't ſay that exceſſive Debauchery is the univerſal Goût of the Nation; for, on the contrary, the *French* are virtuous from the Cradle to the Grave, if they are but ſo happy as to get over the four or five Years of juvenile Fury, and to ſurmount the tumultuous Paſſions which their great Vivacity kindles in their Breaſts, and prompts them to do Things at twenty Years of Age, which at thirty they deteſt and abhor; and I affirm of the *French* in general, that they are not vicious by Inclination. The Nobleman is infinitely more ſo,

than the Bulk of the People; and whether it is bad Company, bad Counſel, or whatever elſe that miſleads him, he thinks that to be debauch'd gives him a fine Air; and many of 'em really boaſt of being greater Deboſhees, than in Fact they are.

But this does not ſeem to me to be the Caſe of the Women (I mean of thoſe who are not very rigidly attach'd to the Precepts of Virtue). They always preſerve an Appearance of Decency, which impoſes on ſuch as don't know them: Nor is their Converſation licentious; and if they are naughty, 'tis in private. 'Tis certain that our Countrymen don't do the *French* Ladies Juſtice. Many of our young Fellows, when they come home from *Paris*, affecting to be Coxcombs, tell Stories ſo much to the Diſadvantage of the Fair Sex, that moſt of the *German* Gentlemen, and eſpecially of our Ladies, think the Reverſe of what they ought to do. Virtue and Modeſty are as eminent among the Sex here as elſewhere; and thoſe Whifflers, that give themſelves the Liberty of ſcandalizing them, very often know not how to call one Woman of Quality by her right Name, and even never ſaw her Antichamber. 'Tis certain, that there are Women of Quality here, who have laid aſide the Mask; but of theſe there are ſo few, that the whole Sex ought not to be reproach'd for their Miſconduct. I give you my Word and Honour, that there are fine young Ladies here, born to charm our Sex, whom Calumny itſelf is obliged to reſpect; and I don't ſee what more can be deſired. I'll vouch the ſame for the young Gentlemen, of whom indeed, the greateſt Number is very much debauch'd, but there are ſome that have not quitted the Reins of Modeſty. A *Tremouille*, a *Luxembourg*, a *Boufflers*, and many more, may be ſet up as Examples to

our

our Youth, who, perhaps, would be worſe than the Youth of *France*, if they were enter'd as young into Company, and ſeated in the Centre of Joy and Pleaſures. But I perceive, that inſtead of a Letter I am drawing a Caſe. Therefore here I drop my Brief, and think my Epiſtle long enough to be concluded. I am intirely Yours, *&c.*

LETTER XLIII.

SIR, *Paris, May* 28, 1732.

I Was puzzled ſome time ago, to think what could make the *French* forget Father *Girard* and *la Cadiere*, and the pretended St. *Paris*; for I apprehended, thoſe two Articles would be the Subject of Converſation a great while longer; but I was miſtaken: 'Tis all forgot; and there's ſomething now upon the Tapis, of quite another Kind.

The Archbiſhop of *Paris* having thought fit to iſſue his Mandate for ſuppreſſing a certain printed Paper, intitled *Nouvelles Eccleſiaſtiques*, (a Sort of Eccleſiaſtical News-Journal) the Parliament of *Paris* was diſguſted, and made an Arret, condemning the Archbiſhop's Mandate. The Court took the Prelate's Part, and declar'd all that was done by the Parliament upon this Occaſion, null and void. The Parliament ſtanding up mightily for its Privileges, which nevertheleſs it holds only by the good Pleaſure of its Kings, diſcontinued its Aſſemblies, and the King was obliged to iſſue

repeated Orders, before the Members would reſume their Buſineſs. Mean time the *Advocates* and *Solicitors* have thought fit to eſpouſe the Cauſe of the Parliament, and refuſe to plead till the King has *done Juſtice* to the Parliament, ('tis their own Term) by preſerving it in the Poſſeſſion of Appeals againſt Incroachments; which it has really enjoy'd for many Years, and which is the Ground of the preſent Diſputes. The Parliament ſay, that they are the more juſtifiable in ſupporting this antient Prerogative, becauſe they are obliged to it in Conſcience, and for the Welfare of the State committed to their Charge. For, ſay they, what would be the Conſequence, were the Archbiſhop's Mandate to be authorized? The Pope and the Biſhops would, by Degrees, aſſume that Right which they pretend to, of pronouncing Excommunications for very trivial Cauſes, and even of putting the King himſelf under an Interdict, and conſequently of uſurping a Temporal Deſpotic Power under the Umbrage of their Spiritual Power, which, ſay the Parliament, is abſolutely contrary to the Liberties of the *Gallican* Church; by Virtue whereof, 'tis ſufficient for the Parliament alone, in the like Caſe, to ſtigmatize and condemn thoſe *Nouvelles Eccleſiaſtiques*, as they have already done for a long Time.

This is, in general, the Situation of Affairs, and the Subſtance of the Arguments made uſe of by the Parliament for the Maintenance of their Rights, which are ſtuff'd with Abundance of pompous Terms, ſuch as the *Obligations of Conſcience*, the *Liberties of the* Gallican *Church*, and a thouſand ſuch Expreſſions, with which the very Hawkers make your Ears ring as you go along the Streets. The Ladies too have for the preſent laid aſide all the Jargon of Dreſſes, to learn that Language; and ſhe who us'd to talk of Cornets

and

and Gorgets, now aſſumes the Style of an Advocate, pleads for *Gallican* Liberties, overturns the Church, and ſends the *Sacred College* and the *Biſhops* to the Gallies. In ſhort, I can't expreſs to you, how ridiculous the *French* are in theſe Caſes. Being fond of every Thing that's new, be it good or bad, they catch at it blindfold; which is a plain Confirmation of the Inconſtancy of theſe People, who are ſo fickle, that I verily believe, if any one ſhould take a Fancy to preach *Mahometaniſm* to them, they would embrace it with their uſual Levity.

The following, my dear Friend, is a Piece of Poetry, which, I think, is good, and make no Doubt will pleaſe you. The Subject of it is, Chriſtian Tranquillity. If I can pick up any Thing new for you, before I go hence, I will not fail to ſend it to you. I ſupp'd lately in a Place with M. *de Voltaire*, and another Poet, the latter of whom rehearſed a very pretty Piece to us, of which he refuſed to give us a Copy, pretending 'twas imperfect; but however, he has promiſed it to me. When I have it, I will ſend it to you.

TRANQUILLITE CHRETIENNE.

Sur les Diſputes du Tems.

PLein d'ignorance et de Miſeries,
Pourquoi, Mortel audacieux,
Veux-tu ſur des profonds myſteres
Porter un œil trop curieux?
Toi, pour qui toute la Nature
Ne paroit qu'une Enigme obſcure,
Tu ſondes les Divins Decrets?
Tu croi que ton foible génie
De l'Intelligence infinie
Pourra dévoiler les Secrets?

Crains

CHRISTIAN TRANQUILLITY.

On the Diſputes of the Times.

WHY wilt, audacious *mortal* Man,
So wretched, and ſo ignorant,
On Myſteries dark and profound
Preſume to caſt an Eye too nice?
Doſt thou, to whom all Nature ſeems
But an impenetrable Riddle,
Pretend to fathom God's Decrees?
Think'ſt thou thy feeble Genius can
The mighty Secrets e'er unfold
Of infinite Intelligence?

Crains les ténébres reſpectables,
Où Dieu cache ſa Majeſté;
De ſes Deſſeins impénétrables
Qui peut percer l'obſcurité?
Meſure la vaſte étendue
De ces Globes, qu'offre à la vue
Un tems ſerein et lumineux.
Mais arrête ici ton audace,
Tu ne peux voir que la ſurface
De ce Théatre merveilleux.

Fear thou the dark, but awful Shades,
WhereGod his Majeſty conceals;
For who the Veil can penetrate
Of his impenetrable Schemes?
Meaſure the vaſt immenſe Extent
Of all thoſe Globes that may be ſeen
In Weather moſt ſerene and bright.
But here thy fond Preſumption check;
For thou nought but the Surface ſeeſt
Of this Theatre wonderful.

Où t'emporte l'ardeur extréme
De tout comprendre, et de tout voir?
Tu ne te connois pas toi-même:
L'Eſprit échape à ſon ſavoir:
Et la Raiſon impérieuſe
De la Grace victorieuſe
Veut pénétrer la Profondeur!
Paul, *tout rempli de ſa Lumiere,*
Nous apprend quelle eſt la maniere
Dont elle agit ſur notre cœur.

Where will thy furious Ardor ſtop,
All Things to comprehend and ſee?
And know'ſt not what thou art thyſelf,
Thy Mind a Stranger to its Bounds:
Will then imperious Reaſon dare
Preſume to penetrate theDepths
Of all-victorious Grace Divine?
Great *Paul*, in whom its Light ſhone full,
Explains to us the Manner how
Grace operates upon our Hearts,

Je ſens en moi, que la Nature
Veut établir ma Liberté;
Elle ſe plaint, elle murmure,
Quand ſon pouvoir eſt diſputé.
Mais ſi j'interroge mon Ame
Comment une céleſte flâme
La fait agir, la fait mouvoir;
Je crains que cette Ame hautaine
Ne donne à la puiſſance humaine,
Ce qui vient du Divin Pouvoir.

I feel within, that Nature's ſelf
To fix my Freedom makes Efforts;
And when her Power is controli'd
She murmurs inward, and complains,
But if my Soul I do but ask
Which way a Flame celeſtial
Induces it to act and move;
I fear this haughty ſwelling Soul
To human Power will aſcribe
That which to Pow'r Divine is due.

Surpris

Aſtoniſh'd

Surpris de l'Intervalle immenſe
Qu'on voit de l'Homme au Créateur,
Si je n'admets une Puiſſance
Qui concourt avec ſon Auteur,
Ce n'eſt plus pour moi qu'un vain titre,
Que le franc, que le libre Arbitre,
Que ma Raiſon ſait tant vanter:
Je ne connois plus de Juſtice,
Qui récompenſe et qui puniſſe,
Ce qui ne peut rien mériter.

Aſtoniſh'd at the Space immenſe
Betwixt the Creature and Creator,
If I do not a Pow'r confeſs
Concurring with its Author Great,
Free Agency, or that Free-will
Of which my Reaſon ſo much vaunts,
Is but for me an empty Plea:
That Juſtice I no longer own,
Which doth reward and puniſh too,
What ſtrictly neither can deſerve.

Ainſi mon Ame eſt ſuſpendue
Entre les Sentimens divers.
Par-tout où je porte ma vue,
Je vois des Abîmes ouverts.
Pour me garantir du naufrage,
Je n'oſe quitter le rivage;
La crainte aſſûre mon repos.
Combien, dans cette Mer profonde,
Flottant à la merci de l'onde,
Se perdent au milieu des flots!

Thus is my Soul held in Suſpenſe
Betwixt Opinions contrary.
Where-e'er myrovingEyes I turn
Abyſſes open to my View.
For fear of being caſt away,
I dare not quit the Sight of Shore;
And 'tis this Fear my Peace ſecures.
How many, in this Ocean deep,
Floating at Mercy of the Waves,
Are by thoſe Waves immerg'd and loſt!

De tant de diſputes fameuſes,
Où nous embarque notre orgueil,
Fuyons les Routes dangereuſes:
L'Homme à Lui-même eſt un écueil;
Dans le petit Monde ſenſible,
Eſt un Dédale imperceptible,
Dont nous ignorons les Détours.
La Foi de notre ſort decide:
Elle tient le fil qui nous guide;
Sans elle, nous errons toujours.

Let us the dang'rous Tracks avoid
Of thoſe Diſputes but too well known,
In which our Pride engageth us:
Man's to himſelf a fatal Rock;
For in this little World of ours
There is a *Dædalus* unſeen,
Whoſe Windings are to us unknown.
'Tis Faith our Fortune doth decide,
She holds the Thread which is our Guide;
Or elſe we always go aſtray.

Heureux

Happy

Heureux le cœur ſimple et docile,
Qui ſans raiſonner ſur la Foi,
Reſpecte dans nos Saints Conciles
Le ſacré dépôt de la Foi;
Ne franchiſſant point la Barriere,
Que le Pere de la lumiere
Met aux vains efforts de l'eſprit.
A quoi nos ſoins doivent-ils tendre?
Eſt-ce à pratiquer, ou comprendre
Ce que le Ciel nous a preſcrit?

Happy that honeſt docile Heart,
Which without reas'ning about Faith
Our Holy Councils venerates,
The Sacred Guardians of that Faith;
And dares not climb o'er that Barrier,
Fix'd by the Father of all Light
Againſt proud Reaſon's vain Efforts.
To what ſhou'd our Endeavours tend?
Is it to practiſe, or compriſe
The Things which Heaven has preſcrib'd?

Laiſſons la Sageſſe éternelle
Diſpoſer des cœurs à ſon gré:
Il ſuffit à l'Homme fidelle,
Que par lui Dieu ſoit adoré.
Qu'importe à ces Docteurs habiles,
Que par des Raiſons trop ſubtiles
Un Syſtême ſoit combattu?
Que produit leur haute ſcience,
Si Dieu ne met dans la Balance
Que l'Innocence & la Vertu?

Let's to Eternal Wiſdom leave
The ſole Diſpoſal of all Hearts:
The true Believer is content,
That God by him ſhou'd be ador'd.
What do theſe cunning Doctors gain,
Who by too ſubtle Arguments
A Syſtem ſtrive to overthrow?
What does their Knowledge great avail,
If God but in the Balance caſt
Virtue and Innocence to turn the Scale?

It were to be wiſh'd, that every *Frenchman* had the ſame Chriſtian Tranquillity; for then they would not worry one another as they now do, nor would they give ſuch a Scandal to *Europe*. But the Matter is puſh'd ſo far, that I don't foreſee how a Stop can be put to it. It will be always a Worm preying upon the Vitals of *France*, and a Bone of Contention between the Court and Parliament.

Some Days ago, the Court baniſh'd the Abbé *Pucelle*, a Counſellor of Parliament. This Man is another *Brouſſel*, and I believe, he would be overjoy'd, if he could revive the ancient Barricades

cades which were erected during the Minority of *Lewis* XIV. after the Queen Mother *Anne* of *Auſtria* had caus'd that ſame *Brouſſel* to be put under an Arreſt. But as yet there does not appear to be ſo much Rout about the Abbé *Pucelle*, notwithſtanding he made a very great Noiſe in Parliament. There he ſpoke like an Angel, and every body ſaid he defended the Liberties of the *Gallican* Church ſo well, that nobody could do it better. Nevertheleſs, I am apprehenſive, that he will be at a Loſs how to vindicate his own Liberty; and I am very much miſtaken, if he has not a Lodging at *Vincennes*, or the *Baſtile*, before he dies. The Parliament leaves no Stone unturn'd, that he may be recalled; and will do no Buſineſs at all, till that dear Brother of theirs is reſtored. Mean time, all Affairs are at a Stand, by which private Perſons are the Sufferers: And yet theſe very Counſellors, who make a Scruple of Conſcience to regiſter an Edict from the King, which infring'd the ancient Privileges of the Parliament, don't care what becomes of poor Widows and Orphans, that languiſh for the Iſſue of a Proceſs kept in Suſpenſe by theſe Domeſtic Quarrels! In Truth, I cannot but admire the good Nature of the King, and the Moderation of the Cardinal *de Fleury*. I am ſure, that the Regent, and the Cardinal *Dubois*, would not have had ſo much Patience: For the former ſent the Parliament to *Pontoiſe*, and caus'd the Members to be arreſted and baniſh'd for a leſs Offence; and at the Time too, when the Parliament remonſtrated againſt the Alteration of the Species, in which the Fortune of every *Frenchman* was concerned. Hitherto all the Repreſentations of the Parliament for the Return of the Abbé *Pucelle*, have been of no Effect; and I fanſy, that the firſt Preſident will be forced to make

make another Trip to *Compiegne*, where the King has for ſome Time paſt reſided *.

A Couplet has lately been made upon the Abbé's Exile: I don't remember the Beginning of it, but it ends thus;

Que de bonnes gens vont pleurer!
Que de filles vont crier,
Rendez-nous Pucelle, *ô gai,*
Rendez-nous Pucelle!

i. e.

How do the good Women lament!
How do the Daughters cry,
Give us back *Pucelle*,
Give us back *Pucelle* †!

You muſt allow the *French* are merry Mortals. Let what will happen, they'll find ſomething or other in it to divert them. Every thing is to them a Subject for a Song; and I remember to have heard of a Ballad they made and ſung upon the Plague in *Provence*, in 1720. Mean time, theſe Jarrings between the Court and Parliament have abſolutely effac'd the Memory of the bleſſed *Paris*. 'Tis true, he began to be out of Vogue, after the Court caus'd the Church-yard of *St. Medard* to be ſtopp'd up, where he lies interr'd. If this had been done at firſt, a great deal of Scandal would have been prevented. I am very ſorry I can't ſtay to ſee what will be the End of all theſe Things; but my Affairs call me to *Germany*, whither I propoſe to ſet out the firſt Opportunity; therefore write to me no more at preſent.

* This famous Counſellor was reſtor'd not long after, at the preſſing Inſtances of his Brethren, and has merited the Elogiums of the Miniſter himſelf, as well as of all *France*.

† *Pucelage* is the *French* Word for *Virginity*.

Two

Two Days ago, I ſaw ſuch a Slur put upon the Charms of a young Lady, that ſhe was thoroughly mortified. 'Twas the Marchioneſs *de R*——, one of the Ladies of the Bed-chamber. She has been us'd, for a long time, to daub her Face very awkwardly, with a great deal of White, Red, and Patches; but on that Day ſhe out-did herſelf. She came into the Garden of the *Thuilleries*, on Purpoſe to be admir'd; for ſhe has the Reputation of a very great Coquette: But ſhe was hooted at by a great many ſmart Fellows that follow'd her, and gather'd all the Mob about her, ſo that the poor Lady was glad to retire; and being oblig'd to wait a little for her Coach, was very much hiſs'd into the Bargain by thoſe prodigal Puppies the Lacqueys; ſo that in my Life I never ſaw a Woman more run down.

The ſame Night I ſupped with the Marquis *de L*——, whom I had never ſeen before. I was told by a certain Lady, That he ow'd his Fortune to an old Woman: For tho' he was a Man of a good Family, yet, being a younger Brother, he was not rich. When he was twenty Years of Age, he pleaſed the Marchioneſs *de L*——, who was threeſcore and ten, to ſuch a Degree, that ſhe offer'd to marry him; and the Marquis, who was then but a plain Gentleman, did not want very much Intreaty to accept the Propoſal; for tho' he was a Man of a handſome Preſence, he did not preſume to think that any young Woman would fall in Love with him, who had one hundred and fifty thouſand good Livres a Year to her Fortune, which was what the Marchioneſs really had to beſtow upon whom ſhe pleaſed. As the two Lovers return'd from the Church of *St. Sulpice*, where they were married, the Marchioneſs carried her Spouſe to her own Houſe; and leading him into an Apartment, *You need not be afraid, Sir*, ſaid ſhe;

ſhe; *don't imagine that I married you to toy with. This is your Apartment; mine is on the other Side of the Houſe. You ſhall lie here, and I'll lie in my own Chamber. I was willing to make a Man of you, becauſe I took you for a deſerving young Fellow: But this I could not do, without taking you to be my Huſband; and I had rather it ſhould be ſaid, that I am an old Fool for marrying a young Fellow, than to give any Colour for reporting, that I keep you in Pay. 'Tis more honourable both for you and me, that we are married; for now I can do what I pleaſe for you without the Cenſure of the Public. This, too, is what I have reſolv'd on; and as I have no Relations, you may depend upon it, that all I have in the World will be one Day or other your own. All the Acknowledgment I deſire of you, is ſome little Share in your Reſpect, and I am perſuaded you are too much of a Gentleman to uſe me ill.* Judge you how much the Marquis was ſurpriſed, at a Speech which he ſo little expected. He was ready to fall at the Feet of his Bride, and to give her Proofs of his Ecſtaſy of Love, when ſhe puſh'd him from her, and ſaid, *None of theſe extraordinary Fits, I beſeech you, Sir; let us live together like Friends: All the reſt is ſuperfluous.* In ſhort, ſhe gave him to underſtand, 'twas her abſolute Determination, that he ſhould never think of her as his Wife. The Marquis was obliged to comply; and after having liv'd thus in perfect Harmony for ſeven Years, the Lady died, and left her Husband Heir to all her Eſtate.

The young Fellows undoubtedly ſtand the beſt Chance for the great Fortunes. I had Engagements here, when I was but twenty-two Years of Age, with an old Lady too, but ſhe was not altogether ſo diſintereſted as the Marchioneſs *de L——*; for tho' ſhe was kind to me, ſhe obliged me to a great deal of Duty. This Lady of mine was forty Years older than myſelf; yet what

what with Patches, and the Red and the White, her Charms were renewed every Day to ſuch a Degree, that 'twas well I was twenty-two Years of Age, or elſe they would have frightened me. But fourſcore thouſand Livres a Year, which I always kept in View, made me take that for natural, which was only artificial; inſomuch that if I had been put to my Oath, I know not whether I ſhould not have ſworn that my ſuperannuated Miſtreſs was but in her Teens. We lived a couple of Years together very lovingly. The Lady happened to have two Sons living, old enough both of 'em, to be my Fathers; yet ſhe did not deſpair of having another Brood. For this End ſhe propoſed Matrimony to me, and I freely conſented. But my Sons-in-law *in futuro*, being advertiſed, by whom I know not, where I had appointed a Meeting with their Mother, came and fell at her Feet, and conjured her not to wrong them and their Children, (for they were both married) by marrying me. The Lady was ſtagger'd in her Reſolution, and was juſt going to promiſe her Sons, that ſhe would not have me; when I came to her in the Nick of Time, and ſo encouraged her by my Preſence, that ſhe got the better of her Weakneſs.

Mean time, the Sons ſprung a new Mine, which anſwered their End. Their Mother was a Coquet, but one of the pious Sort, and devoted that Time to God, which ſhe did not ſpend with me, or at her Toilet. The Sons detached a Prieſt of *St. Sulpice* to her. The holy Man choſe his Opportunity when I was abroad. I did not foreſee, that a Blow would come from ſuch a Quarter; or elſe the *Swiſs*, and all her Domeſtics, being my Creatures, I could eaſily have kept him out of the Houſe. He diſcharged his Commiſſion ſo effectually, that he prevailed to have the Signing

Signing of the Marriage Articles, which were to have been executed the very next Day, put off for three Months longer. I was not very much chagrin'd when I heard this News; for I confeſs, I flatter'd myſelf, that 'twas not poſſible for the Lady to eſcape me. By the Deſcription I have given you of my Sweetheart, you will imagine that I was not over Head and Ears in Love. Whatever Scruple the Prieſt of *St. Sulpice* had raiſed in her, ſhe carried it to me the ſame as ever: We ſtill liv'd very lovingly together, and I had conſiderable Preſents made to me, which I ſquandered away as faſt as I received. At the ſame Time, I did not dare to mention any Writings for my Security; and to talk to a Miſtreſs of threeſcore Years and ten, about making her Laſt Will and Teſtament, was, I thought, a ſtrange kind of Courtſhip, and the Way to ſpoil all.

Nevertheleſs, this Misfortune fell upon me, when I leaſt of all expected it. As I went one Morning into my Dear's Chamber, I found her at her Toilet, complaining of a great Pain in her Head. She told me, That ſhe was in a ſad Quandary too, becauſe ſhe had invited People to Dinner, but was not in a Condition to keep them Company; and ſhe deſired me, therefore, to do them the Honours of her Houſe: But I prevailed with her to ſend Word to thoſe whom ſhe had invited, that ſhe was ill, and that ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee them another Time. I then left her, with a Promiſe to come back and dine with her; and having taken a Walk, I returned accordingly; when I found her dreſs'd more gay than uſual. She told me, that a Diſh or two of Coffee had quite remov'd her Head-ach, and that ſhe had trick'd herſelf up to pleaſe me. We din'd together, but ſhe eat very little, and began very ſoon to complain again; ſo that

that I made her lie down upon the Bed, and taking a Book in my Hand, I ſat down by her to read, while ſhe reſted: But all on a ſudden, I felt her lay hold of my Hand, and as I turned about to her, my Miſtreſs gave my Hand a Squeeze, and that Inſtant expir'd. I called for Help, and both Surgeons and Phyſicians came, by whoſe Order ſhe was blooded; but 'twas to no Purpoſe: For *there's no returning from the Shore of the Dead.*

This Accident ſo ſurprized me, that I did not ſo much as think of ſecuring my own Effects; but went into my Room, and preſently I was given to underſtand, that one of the Sons of the Deceaſed was come with an Officer to ſeal up all her Effects. I did not in the leaſt oppoſe it, nor, indeed, had I any manner of Title to diſpute it. But my Good-nature only made the Son the more inſolent; for he even came into my own Apartment, to ſeal up ſuch Effects as belong'd to me. I told him, that if he did not withdraw, I would make my Servants, and thoſe of the Deceaſed, who had all a Reſpect for me, turn him out. During this, the late M. *de N*——, a Counſellor of Parliament, who was very much my Friend, came to ſee me, who adviſed me to quit my Quarters with all Speed, and to pack up every Thing that belong'd to me immediately. He alſo offer'd me Room in his Houſe for my Furniture, and other Effects; which Offer I accepted, and in a few Hours every Thing of mine was clear'd off of the Premiſes. The Sons, after this, threaten'd to enter an Action againſt me; but as they had no Proof of any Thing that I ow'd to their Mother, they did not preſume to moleſt me. If I had been of the Temper then, that I am now, I ſhould not have ſo ſoon forgot the Loſs I ſuffer'd; for, beſides a good She-Friend, which is a

rare and precious Thing, I loſt the Hopes of a ſplendid Fortune.

I know not how it came into my Head, to entertain you with my *quondam* Amours. But 'tis a Vein of Prating which I am indulg'd in, more by you than by any body. Farewel, my Dear, you will hear no more of me about this Country, for I am preparing to quit it the very firſt Opportunity.

LETTER XLIV.

SIR, *Bruſſels, June* 4, 1732.

WHEN I left *Paris*, I kept on the Pavement all the Way to CHANTILLY, which may paſs for the fineſt Seat in the Kingdom, ſince the great Additions made to it by the Duke of *Bourbon*, who is the Lord of it. The Foreſt likewiſe, of *Chantilly*, is as fine as any thing that ever Art and Nature form'd. 'Tis a magnificent Palace, the Stables are ſtately, and the Park is adorned with the fineſt Pieces of Water in the World. *Lewis* XIV. who was always very deſirous of being the Maſter of this Houſe, wanted to purchaſe it of the late Prince. The latter made Anſwer to him, That it was at his Service, only he begged him, he would make him the Keeper of it from that Moment. The King perceived, that the Prince reſigned it to him with ſome Reluctance, and therefore ſpoke no more of it.

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The Duke *de Bourbon*, who is certainly the richeſt Prince in *Europe*, that is not a Sovereign, lives very much at CHANTILLY, ſince he is no longer in the Miniſtry. There is always a very numerous Court, and he lives there more like a King, than a Prince of the Blood.

After having walked ſufficiently about *Chantilly*, I went and lay at *Senlis*, and next Day arrived in good Time at CAMBRAY, a City famous upon ſeveral Accounts; but its Beauty does not anſwer its Reputation. *Cambray*, the Capital of the *Cambreſis*, was formerly an Imperial City, and its Archbiſhop was a Sovereign and Prince of the Empire. *France* having ſeized *Cambray*, there remains nothing more to the Archbiſhop, of ſo many fine Prerogatives, but the empty Title of a Prince of the Empire; which he ſtill retains, tho' he has no Vote nor Seſſion at the Diet. Since 1712, that I came for the firſt Time into *France*, the Church of *Cambray* has had four Archbiſhops. I then found the See poſſeſſed by the Illuſtrious *Francis de Salignac de la Mothe Fenelon*, Preceptor of the late Duke of *Burgundy*, Father of *Lewis* XV. He had for his Succeſſor *John d' Eſtrées*; but the latter died before he had taken Poſſeſſion of the Archbiſhoprick. The celebrated Cardinal *Dubois* ſucceeded to him; but he did not enjoy that Dignity long, for he died at *Verſailles* the 10th of *Auguſt* 1723. The Abbé *de S. Albin*, the natural Son of the Duke of *Orleans*, the Regent, was appointed Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, at an Age when he had need of Diſpenſations from *Rome*, to qualify himſelf for that Dignity.

I think 'twill not be impertinent to make ſome little mention of the Cardinal *Dubois*, and, perhaps, you will not be ſorry to hear a few Particulars of him. In the firſt Place, theſe were his Titles; William *Cardinal* Dubois, *Prieſt*, *Archbi-*

ſhop and Duke of Cambray, *Prince of the Holy Empire, Count of the* Cambreſis, *Abbat of* St. Juſt de Nogent *under* Couſſy, *of* Bourgueil, Airvaux, Cercamps, St. Winoxberg, *and* St. Bertin *of* St. Omer; *Principal and Prime Miniſter, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; Great Maſter and Superintendant General of the Coriers, Poſts and Relays of* France; *one of the forty Members of the* French *Academy, and that of the Belles Lettres: And choſe by the Prelates and other Deputies at the General Aſſembly of the Clergy of* France, *to be their firſt Preſident.*

The Cardinal *Dubois* was not of extraordinary Extraction, but was born with great Talents, and an uncommon Genius. He was Preceptor to the Duke of *Orleans*, afterwards Regent of the Kingdom; which was the Reaſon that the Prince and he were ſo well acquainted with each other's Thoughts, that the leaſt Sign given by the one, was underſtood by the other. The Abbat *Dubois* was employed in the Negociations of Peace in *England*, and at *Utrecht*. When the Duke of *Orleans* came to be Regent, he ſent him to take care of the King's Intereſts at the Court of King *George* I. of *Great Britain*; with whom he concluded the famous Treaty of the Quadruple Alliance. When the King came of Age, the Regent being deſirous to have a firſt Miniſter that he could confide in, choſe the Abbat *Dubois*, whom he firſt made an Archbiſhop, and then obtain'd a Cardinal's Hat for him. 'Tis ſaid, that the Cardinal was beginning to forget his Obligations to his Benefactor, and thinking to ſhake off all Submiſſion to him, when he died at *Verſailles*, after having enjoyed his ſplendid Fortune but a few Years. His Illneſs was of no long Continuance, but very painful. *La Peyronie*, the King's chief Surgeon, made an Operation upon him for a Diſorder which

which the Cardinal's Enemies aſcribe to his Incontinence, before he was Archbiſhop. He dreaded the Operation very much, and was loth to undergo it, tho' the Surgeons aſſured him, that nothing elſe could ſave his Life. The Duke of *Orleans*, to whom the Miniſter's Life was dear, made uſe of his Authority, and obliged the Cardinal to ſubmit to the Operation, which did not anſwer his Royal Highneſs's Hopes; for in a few Days after it, his Favourite died. The Eagerneſs with which the Duke of *Orleans* ſeized the Miniſtry, confirmed the Public in their Opinion, that the Cardinal had entertained a Thought of aſſerting his own Independency.

The Cardinal was not much lamented; for he was blunt, violent and outrageous; which was not the Way to acquire the Good-will of a Nation, which loves that Decency and Politeneſs ſhould be kept up in every Thing. Satire, or, if you pleaſe, Calumny, gave it out, that the Cardinal was married at *Tours*, when he was made Archbiſhop, and that his Wife liv'd in that City; that he gave it in Charge to M. *de Breteuil*, the Intendant of *Tours*, to prevail upon her, if poſſible, not to diſcover that ſhe was his Wife; but that ſhe refuſed to relinquiſh the Advantage; that thereupon M. *de Breteuil* ſent for the Pariſh Regiſter where the Marriage was ſolemnized, and tore out the Leaf in which their Names were entered; and that the Woman was going to make a great Noiſe, but was threatened with Confinement, and by that Means obliged to be ſilent.

I will not engage for the Truth of all, or any Part of this Story; but 'tis what the ſcandalous Chronicle has given out, and what has reach'd even to *Rome*; ſo that when it was told to the late Pope, with a great many other Paſſages concerning the Cardinal, he was heartily vexed, that he

had advanced him to the Purple; and I have been aſſured, that it was ſuch a Grief to the Holy Father, that it help'd to ſhorten his Days.

The Ducheſs *de F*——— was with the Cardinal one Day, when being in one of his ſullen Moods, his Eminency, in plain Terms, bade her *go and pick Violets.* The Lady complaining of him to the Duke of *Orleans*, the Regent, the Prince made Anſwer, *You are much in the right*, Madame; *the Cardinal* Dubois *is a Brute, but, nevertheleſs, he has a good Head-piece.*

This Cardinal made a Compliment of much the ſame Nature to the Cardinal *de Noailles*, who telling him one Day as he came from an Audience of the Duke of *Orleans*, That the ſaid Prince would not give Ear to his Repreſentations, but bade him *go and* —— *himſelf*, you underſtand the reſt; the Cardinal *Dubois* made Anſwer, *And really, Brother, the beſt Thing your Eminency can do, is to obey.*

Theſe Stories put me in mind of another that was current all over *Paris*, a little after the Cardinal *Dubois* was advanced to the Purple. The Lacqueys of theſe two Cardinals happening to be at a certain Place together, they had a Diſpute about their Maſter's Preeminency. *Our Maſter*, ſaid the one, *is the oldeſt Cardinal, Duke and Peer, and a Commander of the King's Orders.* The others ſaid, *Ours is a Prince of the Empire, Duke of* Cambray, *and Prime Miniſter. Ours*, replied the former, *conſecrates Biſhops; therefore, to be ſure, he has the Preference above the Cardinal* Dubois —— *A very pretty Argument this!* ſaid one of *Dubois's* Lacqueys, *Why, if there's any thing in Conſecration, my Maſter is the greater Lord, in that reſpect too: For yours may conſecrate Biſhops, but mine conſecrates G-d every Day of his Life.* And, indeed, if the Fellow meant his Maſter's Swearing by all that's Sacred,

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he was not in the wrong; for the Cardinal had a very bad Habit of Swearing, like any Grenadier.

The Cardinal left no great Eſtate behind him; and whether it was owing to his Diſintereſtedneſs, or to his want of Time to amaſs Wealth, his Fortune being but of a ſhort Duration, his Heirs had not much Reaſon to rejoice at his Death. The Duke of *Orleans* ſoon forgot him, and nothing preſerved his Memory ſo long in *France* itſelf, but certain Satires and Epitaphs made upon him by the Wits; which might have been tranſmitted, perhaps, to Poſterity, if there had not been too much Gall in them. The Cardinal *Dubois* lies interr'd in the Church of *St. Honore*, where his Brother was a Canon. This Clergyman ſet up a Marble Tomb for him, where the Cardinal is repreſented on his Knees, inclin'd towards the Altar of the Choir, but his Head ſeems to turn from it; upon which the Critics remark, that he durſt not, ſince his Death, look towards what he had profan'd in his Life.

The Cardinal *Dubois* obtained in Favour of *Cambray*, that the Congreſs ſhould be held there for accommodating the Differences between the Emperor and *Spain*. The *French* made great Boaſt of this Matter, and vaunted how much it was to the Honour of the Duke of *Orleans*, that all the Powers of *Europe* ſhould ſend Ambaſſadors to him, to ſubmit their Fortunes to his Arbitration. The ſame Things were ſaid with regard to the Congreſs of *Soiſſons*. *They are come*, ſaid the Court-Flatterers, *into our own Country, to deſire Peace of us.* They were not ſo modeſt as the Allies were heretofore; for when *Lewis* XIV. ſent his Ambaſſadors to *Aix la Chapelle*, *Nimeguen*, *Ryſwic*, *Gertruydenberg*, *Utrecht*, *Raſtadt*, &c. we did not ſay, That the King came to beg a Peace of us; whereas the *French* always ſaid, *That they gave Peace to*

Europe. Be this as it will, they have no very great Reaſon to boaſt of the two laſt Congreſſes that were held in their Country; which tho' both were opened with a World of Splendor, yet both came to nothing. The Treaty of *Vienna*, concluded the 19th of *April* 1725. O. S. put a Period to the *Cambray* Congreſs; the Operations of which, during four Years Continuance, amounted to nothing more than forming fine Rules for the Ceremonial, and the maintaining of a good Order among the Domeſtics. The Baron *de Ripperda*, afterwards created a Duke and Grandee of *Spain*, and alſo Prime Miniſter to their Catholic Majeſties, being a Perſon of great Vivacity, was ſo tir'd with the Dilatorineſs of the Congreſs of *Cambray*, that he went to *Vienna*, with the Name of the Baron *de Puffenberg*, and eſtabliſhed ſo ſtrict a Friendſhip betwixt his Maſter and the Emperor, that the like was never, perhaps, known before between thoſe two Courts, even when the Houſe of *Auſtria* poſſeſſed the Throne of *Spain*. This very much eclipſed the Glory of the Congreſs of *Cambray*, and the Congreſs of *Soiſſons* received as great a Check afterwards by the Treaty of *Seville*.

From *Cambray*, I went to VALENCIENNES, the laſt Place in *French Flanders*, and one of the moſt conſiderable Towns in that Province. The Governor of it is the Prince *de Tingry*, who is the Son of the famous Duke *de Luxembourg*, the Marſhal of *France*; whoſe Honour our Writers have endeavoured to ſully, by accuſing him of having held a Correſpondence with the Devil, and of gaining ſo many Victories over us by that Means. The Prince *de Tingry* diſtinguiſhed himſelf very much during the laſt War, by the Name of the Chevalier *de Luxembourg*. He contributed a great deal to the Support of *Liſle*, when it was beſieged, by throwing a Convoy of Powder into it

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in the Night-time. He is look'd upon by all the Officers, as one of the chief Generals in *France*. Conſidering his Birth, Merit, Services, and thoſe of his Father too, he ought to have had the Marſhal's Staff a long time ago; and 'twas thought he would have been included in the laſt Promotion, but he happened to be left out *. He is now one of the oldeſt Lieutenant-Generals. I cannot help mentioning his Politeneſs and Civility, having infinite Reaſon to acknowledge his Favours to myſelf.

MONS, the Capital City of *Hainault*, is not ſo large a City as *Valenciennes*, but I believe has more Gentry in it; and that, if it had a *French* Gariſon, would have more Parties of Pleaſure. The Duke *d' Aremberg* is Governor both of this City, and of *Hainault*, of which he is Hereditary Grand Bailiff; but he reſides at *Bruſſels*, and never comes into this Province, except to hold an Aſſembly of the States. This Nobleman is a Sovereign Prince of the Empire, Lieutenant-General and Colonel of a Regiment of Foot, Governor of *Hainault*, and of the City of *Mons*, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and lately a Captain of the Halbardiers of the Emperor's Guard. He was but in his Cradle when he received the Collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece from King *Charles* II. after his Father had been killed in *Hungary*. He is the only Nobleman in all the *Netherlands*, that has recognized the Houſe of *Auſtria* alone, for his Sovereign. His Mother, who is the Daughter of the late Marquis *de Grana*, Governor of the *Netherlands*, prevented him from engaging with any other Side, and always rejected the Advan-

* Neither was he included in the Promotion of the four Marſhals of *France*, which the King made in 1734, tho' he had ſerved with great Bravery ever ſince the Beginning of the laſt War between *France* and *Germany*.

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tages that were offered to her on the Part of *Philip* V. After the *Netherlands* were reduced to the Obedience of their lawful Sovereign, by the Battle of *Ramillies*, the Ducheſs *d' Aremberg* and her Son were the firſt to acknowledge King *Charles* III. The Son had a *Flemiſh* Regiment in that Prince's Service, and was very young when he made his firſt Campaign under my Lord *Marlborough*. 'Twas under him and Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*, that he made all his future Campaigns, wherein he always ſignalized his Valour, but particularly at the Battle of *Belgrade*. 'Tis certain, that if the Duke had ſtay'd longer at *Vienna*, he would have had ſome important Employment long ere now. He has all the Qualities neceſſary for a good General, and an able Miniſter, and has every Endowment that renders a Man amiable. The Emperor values him, and Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* lov'd and eſteem'd him: But the Duke ſeems to have no Inclination to improve theſe Advantages, and prefers the tranquil Pleaſures of *Bruſſels*, to the Tumult of the Court of *Vienna*.

I don't mention the Battle of *Malplaquet*, which was fought in the Neighbourhood of *Mons*; nor the Siege of that City; which, to be ſure, have been often repeated in your Ears, and what I have already told you of upon other Occaſions.

From *Mons* to *Bruſſels*, there's a famous Cauſey. We paſs thro' *Halle*, whoſe Church is very much frequented by the Devotees of this Country, and has a miraculous Image of the Holy Virgin, to which the Princes of the Houſe of *Auſtria* have made great Preſents.

The City of BRUSSELS is not populous, in Proportion to its Bigneſs, nor is the Town itſelf ſo pleaſant as its Out-parts. The Houſes are generally old, and it may be ſaid, that excepting the Churches, and the Town-houſe, there is not

a

a Structure worth the Mention. One very great Inconvenience of *Bruſſels*, is its irregular Situation, which is all up-hill and down-hill; ſo that if it was as large as *Paris*, it might truly be called the Hell of Horſes: And another very great Nuiſance is the little Care taken of the Streets, where one is always beſpatter'd with Dirt, or choak'd with Duſt.

The Palace which was burnt, was an old Edifice, with commodious Apartments, but irregular. Its Ruins, which are ſtill to be ſeen, look like thoſe of the Palace of *Priam*: Why they are not removed, I know not. The Archducheſs, Governeſs of the *Netherlands*, lives in the Palace of *Orange*, belonging to the Prince of *Naſſau*, the Hereditary Stadtholder of *Frieſland*. She has not much Room there, but her moſt Serene Highneſs prefers it to the Palace of *Egmont*, the Apartments of which are more ſpacious and commodious, tho' 'twas offered her by the Duke *d' Aremberg*, who is the Proprietor of it.

This Princeſs had like to have periſhed in the Flames of the Palace, which was ſet on Fire by the Indiſcretion of the Confectioners, who were preparing Sweetmeats for a Ball, which the Archducheſs intended to give the next Day. The Fire caught the Sugar, and ſpread into the Confectionary. The Officers thought they ſhould be able to ſuppreſs it without any Noiſe, but it maſtered them. 'Twas four Hours, however, before it alarmed the Palace; and in the mean time, they ſay, a great Part of the Building, and of its Furniture, might have been ſaved, if the Burghers had been permitted to have given their Aſſiſtance: But for fear of Confuſion, and of the Embezzlement of Goods, which generally happens in ſuch Calamities, the Gates of the Palace were kept ſhut a long Time, and the Soldiers puſhed off ſuch Burghers as

as offered to come near, ſo that the whole was conſumed. The Archdutcheſs was ſaved, as it were, by a Miracle; for a little Dog that lay with her, ſcratching her Face, awaked her, when ſhe perceived the Smoke, and called out to her Women. At the ſame Inſtant, her Guards broke open the Door, ſo that ſhe had only time to ſlip on a Gown, and one Stocking. The Floor was quite burnt, and fell in, the Moment that ſhe was gone out of her Chamber. She made a Shift to ſave her Dog, and that was all. Her moſt Serene Highneſs went inſtantly to Prayers in her Chapel; but the Flames ſpreading to that Sanctuary, ſhe was obliged to retire to the Houſe of the Prince *de Rubempré*, her Maſter of the Horſe, whoſe Houſe fronted her Palace, and which, from thence, ſhe ſaw conſumed to the Ground, with all its Treaſure; but nothing ſeemed to give her ſo much Pain, as the Misfortune of her Domeſtics, and the Danger to which they were expoſed. But even here the Archdutcheſs could not be ſafe; for *Rubempré*'s Houſe was ſo near her own, that 'twas fear'd the Fire would have reach'd it; ſo that ſhe was obliged to retire to the Palace of *Orange*, then occupied by the Count *de Viſconti*, the Grand Maſter of her Houſhold, and her Firſt Miniſter. The Princeſs *de Rubempré* furniſhed her with Stockings, and the Counteſs *de Viſconti*, with Shifts and other Apparel; and 'twas in theſe borrowed Cloaths, that a Daughter, deſcended from ſo many Emperors, did, next Day, receive the Compliments of all the Nobility. Her Wardrobe was quite deſtroyed, and nothing ſaved but the Plate.

Every body agrees, that the Archdutcheſs preſerved an extraordinary Serenity of Mind, under ſo great a Misfortune. She was continually encouraging ſome, and comforting others. The only Thing that heartily grieved her, was the unhappy

happy Fate of Mademoiſelle *d'Uhleſeldt*, Lady of the Golden Key, whoſe Mother was one of the Ladies of Honour. This unfortunate young Lady, thinking her Mother ſtill aſleep, was caught by the Flames as ſhe was running to her Apartment to awake her. She was ſnatch'd as ſoon as poſſible out of the Flames, but was all over parched from Head to Foot, and died the next Day, after having received the Sacraments of the Church, and the Farewels of her Mother; with a Conſtancy the more to be admired, becauſe ſhe was very young, very dear to her Mother, and on the Point of making a very advantageous Settlement. The whole Court was charm'd, to ſee with what Reſignation ſhe bore her Misfortune. She ſaid ſeveral times, that ſhe died with Pleaſure, ſince God had ſaved the Archduchefs and her Mother. Her moſt Serene Highneſs honoured her with her Tears, and cauſed a magnificent Funeral to be performed for her, in the Church of the Reverend Fathers the Jeſuits; at which all the Nobility of *Bruſſels* was preſent, and every Soul was ſorry for the Loſs of her.

In ſearching among the Ruins of the Palace, moſt of the Archduchefs's Jewels were found again, and only ſome Ear-pendants of great Value, and a Gold Toilet, were miſſing.

The Archduchefs is the eldeſt of the Emperor's three Siſters. She is jolly, but dances nimbly and gracefully. The Princeſs has a noble and majeſtic Aſpect. She appears to be extremely grave, and talks little, but with Dignity; and ſhe is Miſtreſs of ſeveral Languages. When ſhe came into the *Netherlands*, as ſhe paſſed thro' *Louvain*, ſhe returned an Anſwer in *Latin*, to the Deputies of the Univerſity, who harangued her in that Language. She is Miſtreſs of Hiſtory, Geography, and many other fine Sciences; and without flattering her, ſhe

ſhe may be ſaid to be a Mirror of Virtue and Piety. 'Tis impoſſible for any one living to be more charitable; and ſhe does not know what it is to refuſe Acceſs to the Unfortunate. She wiſhes it were in her Power to ſerve all that ask Favour at her Hands, and is very much perplexed when ſhe is obliged to give a Denial. That Portion of the Day, which ſhe does not devote to God, ſhe beſtows upon Buſineſs, to which ſhe gives very great Application: And her moſt Serene Highneſs is ſo eaſy of Acceſs, that 'tis no manner of Difficulty to obtain an Audience of her.

The ſame Honours are paid to her here, as are paid to the Emperor at *Vienna*. She always eats alone, and for moſt part in Public. Her Ladies wait on her at Table. She lends a gracious Ear to thoſe that ſpeak to her, and returns the kindeſt Anſwers. She was never known to expreſs the leaſt Diſguſt with any of her Domeſtics.

Her Second in Affairs is the Count *Don Julio Viſconti*, by Birth a *Milaneſe*, a Perſon of Honour, and of a good Family, a Man of Integrity and Sincerity, impoſſible to be byaſs'd by any thing but Juſtice, a good Œconomiſt, and always diſintereſted. Tho' the People of this Country are not the moſt ready to ſpeak well of their Governors or Superiors, they all agree, that M. *de Viſconti* is a Miniſter not to be corrupted. He is pretty tall, and has a grave ſtern Countenance. He has ſuch a Weight of Affairs upon his Hands, that he cannot always give the like Attention to every thing, but refers many Things to his Secretary, *Henry Crumpipen*, by Birth a *Weſtphalian*, who was born with all the Talents for Buſineſs. He is good-natur'd, civil, courteous, ready to do Kindneſſes, has an extraordinary Memory, and is a Man of a ſingular Application. He is univerſally beloved here,

here, and every one allows, that he is as uncorrupt as his Maſter.

M. *de Viſconti* is lately appointed Viceroy of *Naples*, and is to be relieved here by the Count *Frederick de Harrach*; who is not only a Perſon of a great Family, but has a very amiable Temper, and the Carriage of a Perſon of Quality. He was at *Cambray* during the Congreſs, where, tho' he had not the Character of Ambaſſador, he was let into all Affairs, the Emperor's Plenipotentiaries being ordered to communicate every thing to him. After that, he was ſent as a Miniſter to take care of the Emperor's Affairs at the Court of *Turin*. From thence he was recalled, and ſent Ambaſſador from his Imperial Majeſty, as King of *Bohemia*, and firſt Secular Elector, to the Diet of *Ratiſbon*; which Poſt he is quitting, in order to come hither, to be Prime Miniſter to the moſt Serene Archdutcheſs. I make no doubt but he will be acceptable to the *Flemings*; for he is affable and engaging, active, laborious, generous and liberal, and loves Expence and Pleaſures. As he has a Fortune of his own, and another by his Wife, who is a Princeſs of *Lichtenſtein*, he is in a Condition to pleaſe the People of * *Bruſſels*, who expect their Miniſters, *&c.* to lay out a great deal of Money with 'em; and therefore daily regret the Loſs of *Maximilian Emanuel* the Elector of *Bavaria*, becauſe that Prince expended ſeven or eight Millions with them every Year, which he drew from *Bavaria*. *The Archdutcheſs*, ſay the People of *Bruſſels*, *ſpends nothing, and her Court is rather a Convent*; yet if they conſidered that this Princeſs has but four hundred and ſixty, or at moſt, but five hundred thouſand Florins Revenue,

* This Miniſter pleaſes them to Perfection. They all like his Behaviour, and the Diligence with which he diſpatches Buſineſs. In a Word, he is beloved and adored.

they

they would, no doubt, be more ſparing in their Reflection. With this Sum, which is a Trifle for ſo great a Princeſs, her moſt Serene Highneſs maintains a very large Houſhold, pays every body well, and keeps out of every body's Debt; which is what can't be ſaid of any Governor or Sovereign of the *Netherlands*, who always went away from theſe Provinces in Debt. The Inhabitants have been accuſtomed to make Complaints Time out of Mind, and I believe, if the Queſtion was put to every ſingle Native of *Brabant* or *Flanders*, there would be very few that could tell what ſort of Government they would have, and what Maſter would ſuit them beſt: For, ſince the Death of *Charles* II. King of *Spain*, they have been under four ſeveral Dominions, and have had eight or nine Governors, who have all given them Cauſe to murmur. The only one that ever had their Applauſe, was the Marſhal Count *de Daun*, now Governor of *Milan*, which, perhaps, was as much owing to his ſucceeding the Marquis *de Prie*, whoſe Recal every body deſired, as to the advantageous Alterations he made in the Government.

The Court of *Bruſſels* is really not the moſt inviting Court in the World. The Ceremonial at *Vienna* is obſerved here almoſt in every thing. The Archdutcheſs is ſerved like the Empreſs, and nobody has the Privilege of eating with her; only the Duke of *Lorain* was indulg'd that Liberty, but 'twas at one of the Hunting Seats, and then the Ladies attended him as they did the Archdutcheſs. When the Elector of *Bavaria* came hither with the Princes his Brothers, in their Return from *France*, he ſaid, *'Twas very comical, that he who lay every Night with an* Archdutcheſs *at* Munich, *could not have the Pleaſure of dining with an* Archdutcheſs *at* Bruſſels.

The Ladies of this Country, who have Titles, of whom there are many whoſe Husbands are Grandees

Grandees of *Spain*, inſiſted, at firſt, on the Privilege of being ſeated on a Stool in the Preſence of her moſt Serene Highneſs; but they were diſappointed in their Claim; and notwithſtanding they urged, that the other Governeſſes of the *Netherlands* had granted them this Diſtinction, they were anſwered, That thoſe other Governeſſes were not Siſters of the Emperor; and that if they were ſuch, they did not keep to the Ceremonial of the Court of *Vienna*, where all Ladies, Princeſſes as well as others, ſtand in Preſence of the Archducheſſes. Others claim'd the Privilege to come to the Palace in a Coach and Six, and ſome have actually preſumed to drive in with ſuch Equipage: But the Guards, who are better inſtructed in the Ceremonial than ſuch Ladies, ſent them back again, and told them, That it was not proper for any but her moſt Serene Highneſs, to come with ſix Horſes. The Ladies turned back, not a little mortified; and for ſome time took it in ſuch Dudgeon, that they would not appear at Court; but when they ſaw that nobody regarded their Pouting, and were apprehenſive of an Order from *Vienna*, they came to Court again, and now do as they ought.

The Nobility and Gentry of this Country are extremely haughty. There are ſome Families which are really of very great Quality, but a great many, who, tho' they have very pompous Titles, would be very much at a Loſs to prove their noble Parentage. If you would take their Word for it, they were all heretofore Counts of *Hainault*, *Flanders*, Dukes of *Brabant*, *Guelderland*, and ſo on. Their Anceſtors have performed important Services to the State, but moſt of them are now retired, or if they ſerve, it is in *Spain* or *France*. *To go to* Vienna, *to make Court to the Emperor! oh fy!* ſay they, *'tis fatiguing to*

Death. The Manners of the Germans *are ſo different*, proceed they, *from ours*; *their Service is ſo unpolite! To be confined in that Place called* Hungary! *don't mention it to us. There's not a Mortal to converſe with.* Theſe Gentlemen, after all, have Reaſon on their Side: For many of 'em, tho' they have never ſerved the Emperor, and perhaps, never ſeen him, have been preferred to Regiments, Governments, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed Employments in the *Netherlands*; and as they have had ſuch good Succeſs, they would be to blame to act otherwiſe. They ſerve in *Spain*, and come to *Bruſſels* to receive their Reward.

It muſt be owned, nevertheleſs, that tho' few of the *Flemings*, under whom I generally include all the Subjects of the *Auſtrian Netherlands*, go to *Vienna*, 'tis partly owing to the Narrowneſs of their Fortunes. The Nobility, being not rich, are not able to lay out much Money; and they live therefore with very great Œconomy, like private People. They ſeldom make Invitations to Dinner, and not one of 'em keeps an open Table. Yet there are more Equipages here with the Ducal Mantle, than in *Vienna* itſelf. All thoſe Dukes and Princes, made by the Kings of *Spain*, formerly aſſumed only the Title of *Excellency*; but ſince they have been under the *German* Government, they are called *my Prince*, and *Monſieur*. They would fain uſurp the Title of *Highneſſes*, which is given them by their Domeſtics, and many poor Gentlemen, who interlard it with abundance of *Monſeigneurs*. The Duke *d'Aremberg* is the only Nobleman who ſupports the Expence of a Man of Quality; and tho' he is the Perſon to whom moſt Honour is due, yet he is one that leaſt requires it.

Bruſſels is a great Sufferer by the frequent Abſence of the Prince of *la Tour* and *Taxis*, Hereditary

tary Poſt-maſter of the Empire, and the *Netherlands*. When this Nobleman is at *Bruſſels*, he lives with very great Splendor and Magnificence. His Houſe is open to all Men of Quality, and 'tis the Aſylum of Foreigners. The Princeſs *de la Tour*, who is a Princeſs of *Lobkowitz*, is wonderfully civil; and by her noble and gracious Deportment, and her agreeable Converſation, attracts all Perſons of Merit; and all Foreigners are charmed with her *. The Natives have a Regard for the Family of *la Tour*, but 'tis attended with Envy. The Prince *de la Tour*, tho' not a Sovereign, is nobly ally'd. His Mother was a *Furſtenberg:* His Wife is a *Lobkowitz:* His Son is married to a Princeſs of *Brandenbourg-Culmbach*; and his Daughter to the Prince *Alexander* of *Wurtemberg:* So that all who queſtion the Antiquity or Nobility of the Family of *la Tour*, are, I think, very much in the wrong. I will not diſpute that there are Families more ancient, tho' thoſe of *la Tour* have printed ſeveral Volumes in Folio, to prove the great Antiquity of their Origin, as well as their Deſcent from the *Torres*, who were ſo long at Variance with the ancient *Viſcontis*. And I can't help thinking, that a Family, which has been ally'd for many Generations with the greateſt in the Empire, and whoſe Son has been a † Canon or Count of the Cathedral of *Cologn*, may be rank'd among our beſt Families in *Germany*.

Of all the Ladies, the Princeſs *de la Tour* is moſt diſtinguiſhed by the Archdutcheſs; for which the other Ladies envy her, but this is very natural: For the Princeſs *de la Tour* was born at

* In *November* 1736, ſhe was delivered of a Son.

† Prince *Chriſtian* II. Son of the Prince *de la Tour*. He reſigned his Canonſhip of *Cologn*, on purpoſe to ſerve in the Emperor's Army.

Vienna, and, as it were, brought up with the Archdutcheſs; and Friendſhips ſo early contracted are generally the moſt laſting. Beſides, the Princeſs *de la Tour* diſcovers ſuch an Attachment to the Archdutcheſs, that 'tis not ſurpriſing that ſhe ſhould honour her with her Confidence.

I have told you, that the Pleaſures of the Court of *Bruſſels* are not very gay, and I'll aſſure you thoſe of the City are much of the ſame dull Taſte. There's a very fine Theatre here, but the Comedy acted on it is horrible. The Aſſemblies here are very melancholy, and will be more ſo when the Counteſs *de Viſconti* is gone, ſince, were it not for that Lady, there would be no ſuch Pleaſures here. Whoever ſaw *Bruſſels* in the Time of the War, and ſees it now, ſcarce knows the Place again. Every thing falls to decay, and it has hardly any Trade ſtirring, but in Lace, Camblets and Tapeſtry; the Fabric of which is, indeed, brought to very great Perfection. *Lenir*'s Manufacture of Tapeſtry excels all the reſt for the Beauty of its Colours, and he furniſhes *England* and *Italy* with it. *Devos*, who works for *Germany*, made the fine Tapeſtry of Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*, and the Hiſtory of *Charles* V. for the Emperor *Charles* VI. *Vermillon* ſends a great many of his Works to *Portugal*, *France*, and *Muſcovy*. *Van der Borg* the Son has lately made a fine Piece of Tapeſtry for the Archdutcheſs, repreſenting the *Iſraelites* worſhipping the Golden Calf, and *Moſes* receiving the Tables of the Law. The Father of *Van der Borg*, who is as good a Workman as the Son, has made magnificent Tapeſtries for the Chamber of the States, which repreſent the joyful Entry of *Philip the Fair*, Duke of *Brabant*. They are in the Town-houſe, and worth ſeeing.

Here lives the Marſhal *de Zumjungen*, who commands the Emperor's Troops in this Country. He

He is a Perſon of very great Merit, and has been raiſed by his Valour and Services to the chief Military Employments *. He is deſcended of an ancient *Patrician* Family of *Francfort*, and profeſſes the *Lutheran* Religion. He was at firſt but a common Soldier, and has gone thro' all the Degrees of Preferment. He is a General of very great Experience, and is very well beloved by the Officers. He makes Foreigners very welcome, and lives very handſomly, without being at extraordinary Expence.

The Governor of *Bruſſels* is the Marſhal *de Wrangel*, a venerable old Man, and much reſpected. He is a *Sweed*, and, like M. *de Zumjungen*, has gone thro' all the Military Employments from a Dragoon. He is not very rich, but lives handſomly upon what he has, and always keeps a very good Table.

The Prince *de Rubempré* is of the Family of *Merode*, one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed in the *Netherlands*. He is Maſter of the Horſe to the Archduchеſs, and Knight of the Golden Fleece, a very courteous Nobleman, and one of the richeſt in the *Low Countries*.

The Prince of *Naſſau* is Captain of her moſt Serene Highneſs's Band of Penſioners, and Knight of the Order of St. *Hubert*. He is the younger Brother of the Prince of *Naſſau-Siegen*, who, after the Death of *William* III. King of *Great Britain*, aſſumed the Title of Prince of *Orange*; which he ſtill goes by in *Spain*, where he is a Penſioner to the King. The Prince of *Naſſau*, of whom I here make mention, was alſo formerly in the Service of *Spain*. He married the Siſter of the Marquis *de Neſle* in *France*, and went ſome Years

* The Marſhal *de Zumjungen* dy'd the 25th of *Auguſt* 1732. The Count *de Wurmbrand* commanded till another was appointed.

ago into the Service of the Emperor, who made him one of his Lieutenant-Generals. I make no Doubt but his Birth, and the aſſiduous Application he gives to the Office which he holds under the Archduchesſ, will ſoon procure him the Honour of the Golden Fleece.

I ſhall ſet out in a few Days to make the Tour of *Flanders*, a Country ſo well known, and of which you have heard ſo often from Officers, who are continually going and coming to it, that I think, I need not confirm to you what you know of it already. Therefore, only expect a ſuperficial Account of it. You ſhall hear from me by the next Poſt. Mean time, I have the Honour to be, *&c.*

LETTER XLV.

SIR, *Liege, June* 28, 1732.

FROM *Bruſſels* I went to GHENT, the Capital City of the County of *Flanders*, and a Biſhoprick, ſuffragan to the Archbiſhop of *Mechlin*. The *Scheld* paſſes thro' the City, which, with its Suburbs, is divided into ſeveral Iſlands by the *Lys*, and a great Number of Canals. 'Tis very large in Circumference, inſomuch, that 'tis reported, the Emperor *Charles* V. us'd to ſay, *That he could put* Paris *into his* Gand *. This might be true enough then, but now *Ghent* might

* *Gand* ſignifies *Ghent* in the *German*, and *Glove* in the *Engliſh*.

eaſily

eaſily be contained in *Paris*, becauſe, like all the Towns in the *Netherlands*, it is decay'd, and not ſo large, nor ſo powerful, as it was formerly. The Citizens of *Ghent* were heretofore much diſpoſed to rebel; but the moſt notable Revolt they ever made, was from *Charles* V. for which they were ſeverely puniſhed by that Emperor; who, forgetting that he was their Countryman by Birth, no ſooner heard of their Revolt, but he paſſed through *France* to chaſtiſe the Rebels. Accordingly, he cauſed twenty-five of the principal Burghers to be put to Death, baniſhed a greater Number, confiſcated the Eſtates of the Ring-leaders, took away their Artillery, their Arms, and their Privileges; condemned them to pay a Fine of above one Million two hundred thouſand Crowns, and built a Citadel; by which Means *Ghent* became, as it were, a wide Deſert, many of its Inhabitants retiring to other Towns.

The Fortifications of *Ghent* conſiſt of great Outworks, a Counterſcarp, broad Ditches and good Ramparts. Its Bulk, Situation and Wealth, render it very conſiderable; but it takes up too much Ground to be a good Place: Nevertheleſs, I have heard that King *William* of *England*, uſed to ſay, that in a Time of War, it was much more convenient for the Allies to keep *Ghent* than *Bruſſels*.

I have done nothing at *Ghent* but ſauntered about the Streets. I have been to ſee all the Churches, of which there is a great Number, and ſome of them very fine; but have made no Acquaintance, except with the Baron *de Stein*, Colonel of a Regiment of the Infante of *Portugal*, a Gentleman of good Extraction and Merit; who is married to Mademoiſelle *de Watteville*, formerly Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Archduchеſs, Governeſs of the *Netherlands*. She is a Lady worthy to be

reſpected, and is eſteemed by all *Ghent*. What Amuſements there are in this Town, I cannot ſay; but if I am not deceived in Appearances, there are no Pleaſures here but what muſt be inſipid.

I went in the Bark along the Canal from *Ghent* to *Bruges*, which is the moſt commodious and agreeable way of Travelling in the World. I was in a good Room, and with Company very happily mix'd. At Noon we had a Dinner ſerved up, as if it had been at the beſt Victualling-houſe at *Bruſſels*; where, by the way, there are excellent Inns. 'Tis a Rule in this Bark, for the Women to drink at Free-coſt, the Men paying for the Wine. This cuts pretty deep into the Reckoning; for there is generally a good Number of Women on Board; and the *Flemiſh* Women are, for moſt part, good Topers of the Juice of the Grape.

BRUGES in the County of *Flanders* ſtands in a great Plain, three Leagues from the Sea, upon the Canal of *Reye*; which being divided into ſeveral navigable Streams, forms ſeveral Iſlands in this City. Another Canal goes to *Oſtend*, which is but three Leagues off, and carries Ships to *Bruges* of four hundred Tons. 'Tis this that keeps up the Trade here, tho' 'tis conſiderably diminiſhed, ſince many of the Merchants went to ſettle at *Antwerp*, and in *Holland*; notwithſtanding which, *Bruges* is ſtill one of the biggeſt and beſt Cities in *Flanders*. Here are magnificent Structures, both ſacred and profane. The Streets are broad, ſtrait and open, with ſeveral large Squares, and there's no want of Inhabitants; but they know no Pleaſure beſides Eating and Drinking. 'Tis a hard matter for a Foreigner to get acquainted with 'em; for the *Flemings* are naturally unſociable, and it ſeems as if they were afraid to converſe with a *German*. When the Count *de Lalaing*, formerly the

the Viſcount of *Audenarde*, is in this City, of which he is Governor, one is ſure of being welcome at his Houſe; but, unlucky for me, he happened to be at *Bruſſels*. And, as I don't care to be in the Spleen, I went immediately to OSTEND.

This City is famous for ſtanding-out a Siege of three Years and three Months, again *Albert* Archduke of *Auſtria*; and for the *India* Company eſtabliſhed here, by a Grant from the Emperor, which all *Europe*, however, agreed to get revoked. *Oſtend* never was a Town of much Note for Pleaſures. 'Tis ſmall, but worth ſeeing. Its Port is the moſt conſiderable that belongs to the Emperor in *Flanders*. Its Situation renders it very ſtrong: 'Tis encompaſs'd with two very deep Canals, has eight Bulwarks, and a large Ditch, ſeveral Baſtions, and good Outworks, kept in due Repair. If the *Oſtend* Company had continued, this would certainly have been a powerful City. The People began to build here apace, but now every Thing is at a Stand, both Buildings and Commerce: For *Holland* and *England* ſwallow-up all, and ſeem to have vowed the Ruin of the *Netherlands*.

NEWPORT, to which I went by the Canal, is infinitely worſe than *Oſtend*. 'Tis a perfect Hole, but extremely well fortify'd, and can lay the Country under Water for ſeveral Leagues. The Air here is deteſtable, to ſuch a Degree, that there's never more than a Detachment in the Gariſon at one time, and yet a great many Men die here. The Inhabitants have a livid unwholſome Complexion. There is not a Soul to make a Viſit to, and the Officers, who love Company, are ſick to Death for want of knowing what to do with their Time.

As I left *Newport*, I returned to *Ghent*, and went to COURTRAY, over one of the fineſt Cauſeys,

ſeys, with Trees on both Sides, that is in all *Flanders*. This, which is a pleaſant little Town, drives a great Trade in Holland, and damask'd Linen, and its Inhabitants are wealthy. Its Fortifications are good for nothing; nevertheleſs, here is a Governor, a Commandant, and the whole Complement of Superior Officers. The firſt is M. *de Deveniſh*, an *Iriſhman*, one of the Emperor's Major-Generals. The ſecond is M. *Dickſon*, a *Scotſman*, who has a Colonel's Commiſſion, and is one of the civileſt Men I know; his only Fault being, perhaps, that he is too liberal. He was very generous to me. There are five or ſix Perſons of Quality in this Town, who, rather than expoſe themſelves too much to Spleen, will not admit of Viſits from the Towns-people. The Chapter of the Collegiate Church of *St. Mary* conſiſts of true Prieſts, who rail at one another plentifully, and are never ſeen together but in the Chapter-houſe, where they have the Diverſion of abuſing each other heartily; ſo that I dare ſay, were they to embrace at High Maſs, they would hug ſo lovingly, as to ſqueeze the Breath out of one another's Bodies.

I proceeded over a fine Cauſey to MENIN, one of the Barrier Towns belonging to the Emperor, with a *Dutch* Gariſon. The Count * *de Naſſau Laleck*, Lieutenant-General, and Colonel of a Regiment of Horſe in the *Dutch* Service, is Governor of it. To qualify himſelf for this Government, he muſt (like all the Governors or Commandants of the Barrier Towns) have taken an Oath of Fidelity to the Archduchеſs, to the Emperor, and alſo to the States General his Maſters. But I can't imagine how he would be able to reconcile ſuch Swearing to his Conſcience, in caſe a War

* He is the Great Great Grandſon of Prince *Maurice*, by the Lady *de Malines*.

ſhould

ſhould break out between the Emperor and *Holland*. I think this Oath may be put upon a Par with that which is taken by the Captain of the *Bucentaur* at *Venice*, when he carries that Veſſel out to Sea, to bring her back into Port, be the Weather what it will. *Menin* is one of the moſt regular Fortifications in *Flanders*. M. *de Vauban*, by whom they were directed, thought them his Maſter-piece. Yet ſome will have it, that the Works are too cloſe together, and too ſmall. This Place was very ill defended in the laſt War, inſomuch, that I heard ſome Officers ſay, there was no Breach made in it. The *French* Commandant, when he ſurrendered it to the Duke of *Marlborough*, having demanded Leave to march out of the Breach, was anſwered, That 'twas not adviſeable for him to do it, unleſs he had Ladders; upon which he choſe, with his Gariſon, to march out at the Gate. There's no Company at *Menin*, but Mademoiſelle *de Laleck*, and ſome Officers Wives, who are Perſons of very great Merit.

LISLE, the Capital of *French Flanders*, is as gay, populous and trading a City, as the Towns of *Imperial Flanders* are declining. 'Tis a large, fine, and well-fortified City. The Streets are broad and well-pav'd. It has two magnificent Squares, and Edifices both ſacred and profane, which diſcover its Riches. There's a new Townhouſe building here, in a bad Situation; but when finiſh'd, will be grand and magnificent. The Duke *de Boufflers*, whoſe Father acquir'd great Glory by his vigorous Defence of *Liſle*, is Governor of this City, and of *French Flanders*. He is a fine handſome young Nobleman, tho' of an under Size. He applies very much to the Military Science, and gives very great Hopes of his Proficiency in that Calling. The Officers cry him up very much; and I heard every body ſpeak well

well of him. He makes a noble Appearance, and lives generouſly. I found him extremely civil and reſpectful to every body, with a ſweet and amiable Temper, far from the Preſumption to which Youth are but too liable; in a Word, ſuch a one, that a Friend to *France* would wiſh all her young Noblemen were like to him.

There are ſeveral good Houſes in *Liſle*, particularly that of Madame *de Mouchi*, heretofore Lady of the Bed-chamber, and Favourite of the late Ducheſs of *Berry*; the Houſes of the Commandant of the Town, and the Citadel, and of the Intendant; and in all theſe Houſes there's abundance of good Company. The *French* Officers make a much better Appearance than ours do, and as ſoon as the Service is over, they all treat one another upon a Par. Here is a good Comedy, and a tolerable Theatre for it. In Winter there are a great many Balls, and a true Reliſh of good Living here; ſuch as eating in Company, Gaming, and other Diverſions.

You know that *Lewis* XIV. took *Liſle* from the *Spaniards*. The Allies retook it in 1708, after a long Siege; which, when one conſiders the Number of Princes and great Noblemen who were preſent at it, ſuch as the King of *Poland*, the Electoral Prince of *Hanover*, now the King of *Great Britain*, and the late Landgrave of *Heſſe Caſſel*, puts one in Mind of the Siege of *Troy*. *Liſle* was reſtored by the Treaty of *Utrecht* to *France*, which Crown, in Exchange for it, yielded *Ypres* and its Chatellany to the Emperor.

Commerce flouriſhes mightily in this City, and there's a Concourſe to it from all *Imperial Flanders*, becauſe of the Profit to be made by the Mint. Since the Peace, the City has been very much augmented and embelliſhed; ſo that there are few Towns that outſtrip it. I was very much delighted

delighted here, and if my Affairs had not call'd me back to *Germany*, I ſhould have ſtay'd here ſome time longer.

I return'd again thro' *Ghent*, and from thence went to *Antwerp*, ſurnam'd the *Trading*; for you muſt know, that all the Towns in the *Low Countries* have Surnames: Thus, *Bruſſels* is called the *Noble*, *Ghent* the *Great*, *Louvain* the *Wiſe*, *Mechlin* the *Genteel*, *Namur* the *Strong*; and ſo of the reſt.

ANTWERP, anciently one of the fineſt and richeſt Cities in *Europe*, ſtands in a pleaſant fruitful Plain on the Right Side of the *Scheld*. Our Lady's Church, which is the Cathedral, is a very great Building, that is worth ſeeing, for the magnificent Pictures with which 'tis adorned. The Town-houſe and the Jeſuits Church are worthy of a Traveller's Attention. This Church was formerly very magnificent, but was conſumed by Lightening in 1718; when the Reverend Fathers the Jeſuits loſt a real Treaſure in Pictures. They rebuilt it, but with more Frugality than their Predeceſſors. The fine Pictures done by *Rubens*, and two very magnificent Chapels, are ſtill to be ſeen.

The Foundation of *Antwerp*, its Citadel, built by the famous Duke of *Alva*, and all the Calamities which this City ſuffered during the Civil Wars for Religion, are Things too well known for me to mention them.

Antwerp is very much fallen from what it was once. 'Twas formerly a City of the greateſt Trade in *Europe*; but *Amſterdam* is riſen upon its Ruins; for Towns, like all other Things, muſt ſubmit to Fate. *Antwerp* is incomparably better ſituate than *Amſterdam*, and the largeſt Veſſels came to it heretofore by the *Scheld*; but this River is now choak'd up by Veſſels full of Stones, and other Things, ſunk there on Purpoſe by the *Dutch*,

Dutch, thoſe charitable Neighbours of the *Netherlands*. Notwithſtanding its Decay of Trade, there are Families here extremely rich. All its wealthy Citizens keep magnificent Equipages, wear lac'd and embroider'd Cloaths, and their Wives dreſs like Princeſſes. They all go to the Aſſembly, which begins at an early Hour, where they play at *Quadrille*, and then every one goes Home to Supper. There's a charming Walk upon the Ramparts, but no Company, beſides the Prieſts, who pretend there to con their Breviary. There is one of the prettieſt Theatres that is to be ſeen out of *Italy*, but no Play. So that, take it all together, you may perceive this is not a Place of the greateſt Entertainment.

The Marquis *de Rubi*, one of the Emperor's Major-Generals, is Governor of *Antwerp*. He ſhould, by Right, live in the Citadel or Caſtle; but as his Houſe there is very much run to Ruin, he has one in the City, where he appears with Dignity. He is a *Catalan*, and was Viceroy of * *Sardinia*, when the *Spaniards* made a Conqueſt of that Kingdom in the Time of Cardinal *Alberoni*.

This, Sir, is all that I have to ſay to you of *Antwerp*; from whence I went to MECHLIN, a pretty Town, where the Metropolitan Church is worth ſeeing. The Cardinal *de Boſſu*, Brother of the Prince *de Chimay*, is its Archbiſhop, and the only one in the *Netherlands*, belonging to the Houſe of *Auſtria*. You know, that at *Mechlin* is held the Sovereign Council or Parliament, which is the Reaſon one ſees ſuch a Swarm of Attornies and Solicitors here, and hears ſo many

* The Emperor lately appointed him to relieve the Count *de Saſtago*, Viceroy of *Sicily*, at the Time that Don *Carlos*, King of *Naples*, went to make a Deſcent upon *Sicily*, with twenty thouſand Men, under the Command of the Count *de Montemar*, Duke of *Bitonto*.

of

of the Quirks of the Law. There are few People of Quality here, and the Aſſemblies are not very inviting.

The Cauſey between *Mechlin* and *Louvain* is a new Piece of Work. Before this was caſt up, the People of *Mechlin* were obliged, in the Winter-time, to go thro' *Bruſſels*, in order to avoid the bad Roads, which was a great Way about.

LOUVAIN is a great City, where one ſees a vaſt Number of Students, Doctors, Prieſts and Friers. But none of theſe being Companions for me, I only paſs'd quite thro' the Town; for I had ſeen the Churches before; and I was not a Stranger to the turbulent Spirit of the Inhabitants, who are the moſt unpoliſh'd of all the *Netherlands*. One of the grand Privileges of the Univerſity of *Louvain*, is a Nomination to a great Number of Benefices; about which they are actually at Law with ſeveral Biſhops of the *Netherlands*, who pretend to diſpute their ſaid Right; on Pretence, that the Univerſity prefers Men to Livings, of whoſe Perſons or Sentiments they have no Knowledge. Mr. *Strickland*, by Birth an *Engliſhman*, and Biſhop of *Namur*, is to go on the Part of the Biſhops, to get this Affair determined at *Rome*. But I'll lay a Wager, that he will do nothing more than fee the Datary and the Rota with a round Sum of Money.

There's a very good Pavement from *Louvain* to *Tirlemont*, which is a Town in a Manner abandoned, and where I know of nothing remarkable; ſo that I bruſh'd thro' it, and went and lay at MAESTRICHT, one of the beſt and ſtrongeſt Places in *Europe*, belonging to the *Dutch*; to whom *Spain* abandoned it by the Peace of *Munſter*. The *French* Army took it in 1673, in thirteen Days, and the Allies retook it in fifty. The *Dutch* Propriety in it was recogniz'd by the Peace of

of *Nimeguen*, and they maintain a numerous Garison in it. The Governor of it is Prince *William* of *Hesse Cassel*, Brother to the King of *Sweden*; but since the Death of the Landgrave of *Hesse*, that Prince being vested with the Regency of the said Landgraviate, resides no longer at *Maestricht*; which is a Loss to this Town, for he kept a fine Court there, and liv'd with all the Dignity answerable to his high Birth. The Person who commands in the Place during his Absence, is the Brigadier * *d' Amerongen.*

The Walks about *Maestricht*, especially those on the Ramparts, are charming; for there's no want of good Company, and 'tis the genteelest of all the Garisons that belong to the *Dutch*. 'Tis a very pretty Town, with beautiful Squares, and the Streets are very open. The Catholics, as well as Protestants, have Churches here, and keep up that Union which is remarkable in all the Towns of *Holland*. The *Maese* passes thro' this Town, and over it there's a Stone Bridge; from which, I have been assured for a Truth, the late Marshal *d' Auverquerque*, when a young Man, leaped his Horse into the River, to convince Mademoiselle *de Feldtbruck*, how sincerely he loved her. It seems he was one Day making his Vows and Protestations to her at her Coach Door, when she told him, That she looked upon all he said to be Flams, and that she would lay him a Wager, he did not love her enough to leap his Horse over into the River. He accepted the Wager, and won it at the Risque of his Life. He was so fortunate as to keep his Footing in the Stirrups, and his Horse was so good as to wade with him to the

* M. *d' Amerongen*, who is descended of one of the best Families in the Province of *Utrecht*, having lost his elder Brother, who was in the Regency, has quitted his Service to succeed him in the Government.

Shore.

Shore. But after he had taken this dangerous Leap, he reflected on the capricious Temper of his Miſtreſs, and broke off his Courtſhip with the young Lady; which, I think, was the leaſt ſhe deſerved.

I ſtay'd a few Days at *Maeſtricht*, which City put me in Mind of my Father, who died there in the Service of the Elector *Frederic* of *Brandenbourg*. I have been to ſhed a few Tears at his Tomb in the new Church, which is the only Devoir I could pay to his Memory; the Religion wherein he died, forbidding me to put up the Prayers of the Church for him.

The City of LIEGE is about five Leagues from *Maeſtricht*. A Veſſel goes thither, and returns every Day. But to go againſt the Stream of a River ſo rapid as the *Maeſe*, and which in the Summe-rtime often wants Water, is what I ſhall never adviſe any Friend of mine.

The Generality of the Antiquarians will have it, that *Liege* was built by that *Ambiorix* King of the *Eburons*, a great Enemy of the *Romans*, who cut in Pieces one of their Legions, commanded by two of *Cæſar*'s Lieutenants; for which Affront, *Cæſar* afterwards took a ſweet Revenge. But be this as it will, 'tis certain that *Liege* is a very ancient City. 'Tis large and very populous, and ſituate in a pleaſant Valley, encompaſſed with fine Hills and Dales; wherein there are Meadows, thro' which there run ſeveral Rivulets, that fall into the *Maeſe*, which paſſes thro' the City, and has a Bridge over it of Stone. The Cathedral, dedicated to St. *Lambert*, is famous for its Chapter, which conſiſts of Princes, Cardinals, and Perſons of the firſt Quality; in which Number are included ſome of but ordinary Extraction, who become Lords of Manors, or *Treffonciers*, (the Title that the Canons aſſume) by means of the Doctor's

Degree. But this Chapter, let it be as venerable as it will, comes very far ſhort of being as well conſtituted as thoſe of *Germany*.

The Palace of the Prince and Biſhop of *Liege* is ancient. It has large Rooms, but is ſo pent up by little Streets, that the Apartments are not airy enough *. The preſent Biſhop is the laſt Survivor of the Family of *Berg*. He was choſen againſt powerful Competitors, who were the Elector of *Cologne*, and the Cardinal of *Saxe Zeits*; but he had the good Luck to be choſe when himſelf did not expect it. Whether the Chapter is pleaſed with him, I know not; but the Populace are very fond of him. He governs with Moderation and Wiſdom. He is very juſt, rarely pardons a Crime, is of very difficult Acceſs, but in other reſpects good; very regular in his Affairs, and abounding in Charities; which, perhaps, are not always diſtributed according to his Intention. He had for a long time a *Capuchin* to be Confeſſor, who directed every Thing; but the good Father was accuſed of loving his Brothers too well, and of being acceſſary to their Breach of the Vow of Poverty. This *Capuchin* Miniſter died without being lamented for any thing elſe, by that Prince's Domeſtics. He is ſucceeded in his Poſt of Confeſſor, by another *Capuchin*; but his Authority is more limited.

The Prince leads a very private Life, and is eight Months in the Year at *Serai*, a Country Houſe a ſmall League from *Liege*, on the Banks of the *Maeſe*, towards *Huy*, where he has ſeldom any body with him but his Confeſſor, the Captain of his Guards, and a Gentleman of his Bed-chamber. His Table is not ſo ſumptuous as 'tis elegant; his Liveries are very modeſt, his Guards

* It was burnt quite to the Ground in the Beginning of the Year 1734.

but

but few, and cloath'd exactly alike. He has rais'd a Regiment of Guards, of which the Count *de Beaufort*, Brother to the Governor of *Charleroy*, is the Colonel. This Regiment is lodged in the old Caſerns of the Citadel, which was formerly very conſiderable, but has been intirely ruin'd and demoliſh'd, ſince it was beſieg'd and taken by my Lord *Marlborough*. 'Twas alſo ſtipulated in the Treaty of Peace, that the Citadel of *Liege* ſhall not be rebuilt.

You know, that the Epiſcopal See of *Liege* was formerly at *Tongres*; of which, they ſay, that *Maternus*, ſent by St. *Peter*, was the firſt Biſhop. The See was transferr'd by his Succeſſors, firſt to *Maeſtricht*, and then to *Liege*.

There are ſome magnificent Churches in this City, where thoſe that love Paintings will be delighted. The Churches in general are beautiful, and have for moſt part been repaired within theſe few Years. St. *Paul*'s Church here would be admir'd, even in *Rome* itſelf. Divine Service is perform'd in it with very great Regularity; and 'tis impoſſible not to be edify'd by it, the *Roman* Ritual being obſerved in every Particular.

The Pleaſures of *Liege* conſiſt very much in Drinking, for there's little Society among the Women; and as for the Men, they are generally at the Tavern, where there are good *Bar* and *Burgundy* Wines, and a ſort of Beer ſtill better; neither of which being very dear, the People of *Liege* go with Joy to the Bottle; but being, at beſt, Men of warm Brains, great Talkers, Railers and Backbiters, their Entertainments and Aſſemblies commonly end like the *Italian* Comedies. The *Liegeois* are accuſed of being inſincere, and are called, *the* Italians *of the* Netherlands. They drive a great Trade, with as little Honeſty as elſewhere. They are Drunkards, quarrelſome, and ſo vindictive,

that they think any ſort of Revenge ſweet. They love Law-ſuits and Chicanery, to ſuch a Degree, that the Country of *Liege* alone furniſhes the Chamber of *Wetzlar* with more Buſineſs than all the Empire. I confeſs, that of all the People I ever converſed with, there are none for whom I have leſs Eſteem, and none, whoſe Society I ſhall always more avoid; tho' I ſhall ever eſteem the honeſt Folks there, of whom, I am perſuaded, there are ſome: But I enter not into Particulars, I ſpeak only of the Generality of the *Liegeois*, who appeared to me ſuch as I have deſcrib'd them; and if I wrong them, I ask their Pardon. Another Man may conceive what Idea of them he pleaſes, and for my own part, I ſhall be overjoy'd to hear of any Merit found among them.

The Country of *Liege* is fruitful, and abounding with all Things, except Wine and Oil, which they muſt have from Foreigners. Here are Mines of Iron and Lead, Quarries of Marble, and a ſort of Mineral, which is an Earth proper to burn, and their common Fuel; but a Fuel very diſagreeable, becauſe of its naſty Smell, which is infinitely worſe than the *Engliſh* Coal, and renders *Liege*, in the Winter-time, as black and as ſooty as *London*.

The Biſhop is Lord of the whole Country: He has, however, his States, who are not always of the Prince's Opinion. In this Country are reckon'd fifty Baronies, a great Number of Abbies, above twenty wall'd Towns, and near fifteen hundred Villages. This Principality is ſubject to the Empire.

I reckon to ſet out hence To-morrow, and to go and lie at *Spa*, where I hope to be merry. Be you the ſame, and believe me to be always Yours, *&c.*

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

SIR, *Cologn, July* 23, 1732.

THE Road from *Liege* to SPA is very diſagreeable, and, really, the Place itſelf is not worth the Trouble of going to it; I mean, for ſuch as are not under a Neceſſity of uſing the Waters; for I am not willing to embroil myſelf with the *Engliſh*, who neglect the beſt Waters in the World, which they have at *Bath* and *Tunbridge*, to go to thoſe of the *Spa*. Here are ſeveral Springs, which the Phyſicians of the Place adjuſt to all Diſtempers. That of *Pouhon*, which is in the Middle of the Square of *Spa*, is good for the Gravel, the Sciatica, and in ſhort, for every Thing, except the Stomach; but then, on the other hand, this Part of the human Body may be ſet to Rights by the Water of the *Geronſtere*, which muſt be taken every Morning, three Quarters of a League from *Spa*, in a little Coppice, where a ſorry Hovel is built, to ſhelter the Water-drinkers from the Rain. But how good ſoever the *Geronſtere* Spring is for the Stomach, it is of no manner of Service to the Breaſt; in which Caſe they muſt go to another Fountain, of which I have forgot the Name. The Phyſicians and Inhabitants of *Spa*, good People, conſulting their own Intereſt more than the Health of the Foreigners, tell them abſolutely, that they muſt continue to drink the Waters, at leaſt, ſix Weeks ſuc-

ceſſively; which Precepts the *Engliſh* follow very readily, and even go beyond them. I knew a young *Iriſhman*, who for three Years fanſied himſelf to be ſick, and was continually taking the Waters of the *Spa*. He would fain have perſuaded me, that otherwiſe he ſhould have died: He complained of a great Pain in his Kidneys; yet he look'd very well, eat heartily, ſlept ſound, and danced like one mad. While I was at *Spa*, I thought myſelf at *London*, there being ten *Engliſhmen* to one Foreigner. I believe that Nation, in ſhort, has laid a Plot to take away *Spa* from the Biſhop of *Liege*. I was overjoy'd to renew my Acquaintance there with Perſons of good Families, whom I had known at *London*. Tho' I am extremely prepoſſeſſed in Favour of *England* and *Engliſhmen*; yet I cannot help agreeing with many others, that they are more amiable, and more ſociable Abroad, than they are at Home.

In my Road from *Spa* to *Aix la Chapelle*, I came to LIMBOURG, the Capital Town of the Duchy of that Name, and truly, the moſt diſmal Capital in the World. It ſtands upon a Mountain, as it were, by itſelf, and in one of the moſt diſagreeable Situations that can be imagined. Heretofore it was fortified, but is now diſmantled. There are, however, three hundred Invalids that keep Guard here, ſuch a one as it is. The whole Country has a very miſerable Appearance; yet I have been aſſured, that the Inhabitants are very well to paſs. They have good Store of Cattle, make a great deal of Cheeſe, and manufacture very good Cloth, for which they have a great Vend in the *Netherlands*, and at *Frankfort* Fair; where a great many Pieces are ſold, which paſs for the Cloth of *Holland*, and even of *England*. The Road from *Limbourg* to *Aix la Chapelle*, which is four

four Leagues, is very diſagreeable to travel in a Chaiſe, becauſe of the Rocks and Mountains.

AIX LA CHAPELLE, which is an Imperial City, owes its Foundation to *Charlemagne*, who eſtabliſhed the Seat of his Empire here; and, they ſay, that the Town-houſe was formerly Part of his Palace. This City is fixed by the Golden Bull, to be the Place for Crowning the Emperors. *Charlemagne* cauſed his Son *Louis the Pious* to be crowned there, by *Hildebold*, Archbiſhop of *Cologne*; ſince which, there have been thirty-ſix Emperors crowned in *Aix*. They who have been crowned elſewhere, have always given an Inſtrument to the City of *Aix*, and to the Chapter Royal of the Church of our Lady, declaring, that this Ceremony, performed elſewhere, ſhall be of no Prejudice either to the City, or its Church.

The Annals of *Aix*, among ſeveral other miraculous Events, report, That during the Coronation of *Rodolph* I. there appeared a great bright Croſs over the Church of our Lady, as a Mark that God approved of the Choice which the Electors had made of that Prince, according to the Advice given them by *Albert the Great*, of the *Dominican* Order, Biſhop of *Ratiſbon*, and *Rodolph*'s Confeſſor. When the Electors were going to take the Oath of Fidelity to *Rodolph*, according to Cuſtom, the Sceptre which they were to touch, was not to be found; whereupon *Rodolph*, who did not think this Ceremony abſolutely needleſs, took a Crucifix from the Altar: *See*, (ſaid he to the Electors, who ſtood round *Charlemagne*'s Chair, in which *Rodolph* ſat) *ſee the Signal of that by which we and all the World have been redeemed*; *we will make uſe of this, inſtead of the Sceptre.* Then kiſſing the Crucifix very devoutly, it ſo wrought upon the Princes and Electors, that without ſtaying for the Sceptre, they took the Oath, and paid Homage with their

Hands croſſing each other. I forgot to tell you, that the Croſs which appeared in the Firmament, during this Tranſaction, tho' white at firſt, became red as Blood; which being told to the Emperor *Rodolph*, he ſaid, *If God gives me Life, I will go beyond Sea, and there ſacrifice my Blood for my Sins, for the Honour of my Saviour* Jeſus Chriſt. Probably, this Emperor did not live to perform his pious Reſolution; for Hiſtory does not ſay, that he ever went to Sea; but it mentions, that when this Prince was only the Count *de Hapſbourg*, he met a Prieſt in a Field, walking on Foot, and carrying the Viaticum to a Perſon that was ſick, and that *Rodolph*, ſuch was his Devotion for the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, alighted from his Horſe, and ſet the Prieſt upon it, uſing this Expreſſion, *That it ſhould never be ſaid, that the Man who carried the Saviour of the World, ſhould walk on Foot, while he*, Rodolph, *ſate on Horſeback*. The Prieſt, who was wrought upon by the Zeal of the Prince, and inſpired by God, propheſied to him, That he ſhould be choſe Emperor, and that his Poſterity ſhould attain to the higheſt Honours. The Event has anſwered the Prediction; for God has ſo bleſſed *Rodolph*'s Family, which now goes by the Name of the Houſe of *Auſtria*, that ſince his Time, the Imperial Sceptre has not departed from it; *Charles* VI. being the fifteenth Emperor, beſides ſeven Kings of the *Romans*, who are deſcended, without Interruption, from the *Rodolphin* Line.

The Church of *our Lady* is very ancient, being conſecrated by Pope *Leo* III. in Preſence of the Emperor *Charlemaign*, and as many Biſhops attended at the Ceremony as there are Days in the Year; of whom, no doubt, a great many were Biſhops in Parts beyond the Seas. At this Conſecration a Thing happened very ſurpriſing and extra-

extraordinary; to which you may give as much, or as little Credit as you pleaſe. 'Tis, that God, in order fully to anſwer *Charlemagne*'s Deſire to complete the aforeſaid Number of Biſhops, of which there wanted two, permitted St. *Monulphus*, and St. *Gondulphus*, Biſhops of *Tongres*, who had been both dead a long time, and buried in the Church of *St. Servais*, at *Maeſtricht*, to appear viſibly at the Solemnity of this Coronation, and to receive the Pope's Bleſſing; after which they vaniſh'd. But I think, without pretending to dive into this Myſtery, that if theſe two Biſhops were really Saints, they ought to have given the Pope their Bleſſing, as being older Saints than the Holy Father. Mean time, that there is ſuch a Story, you are not to doubt; for in the Roof of the Church of *St. Servais* at *Maeſtricht*, I ſaw a Picture that repreſents it. There is an Angel holding out a Label in the Language of *Brabant*, ſignifying, Monulphus *and* Gondulphus, *ariſe, and go to the Conſecration of the Church of* Aix: And upon their Tomb there is this *Latin* Diſtich, expreſſing their Departure from thence to the Church at *Aix la Chapelle.*

Excitus hâc arcâ Monulphus, *Aquiſque dicato*
Gondulphus *Templo ſe reddit uterque Hierarcha.*

After ſuch authentick Evidences of ſo extraordinary a Paſſage, a Man muſt be very incredulous not to believe it. I ſhould never have done, were I to give you an Account of all the precious Reliques that are in our Lady's Church, of which you know that the Emperor is by Birth a Canon. The great Reliques are only ſhown once every ſeven Years, when Pilgrims come from all Parts, and particularly from *Hungary*; but as they are then only expoſed from the Top of a Steeple, the

the poor Creatures have only the Satisfaction of ſeeing them at a very great Diſtance; and after having been regaled by the City of *Aix*, moſt of 'em return Home, without being able to ſay what they have ſeen. The firſt and moſt ancient Relique, is the Shift which the Holy Virgin had on when ſhe was delivered of our Lord. Whenever theſe Reliques are expoſed, a Prieſt makes a Proclamation to the People, what Relique he is going to ſhew them. The following is the Form of one of thoſe Proclamations.

At the firſt RELIQUE.

We ſhall ſhew you the Linen, the ſacred Raiment, in which the Holy Virgin Mary, *Mother of God, was dreſt the Night of the Holy Nativity of Our Lord, when ſhe brought forth* Jeſus Chriſt, *Very God and Very Man. Therefore let us beſeech God, that we may look upon this ſacred Relique in ſuch a Manner, that the Honour and Glory of God may be thereby advanced, and that we may obtain his Grace, and his ſacred Benediction.*

The other Proclamations are in the ſame Taſte: But ſo much for Reliques.

In the Church of *Aix*, there is a very great Treaſure, conſiſting of Veſſels of Gold and Silver-gilt, Copes embroider'd with Pearls, and other ſacred Ornaments, which are very rich. There is the Royal Chair, in which *Charlemaign* ſate in his Tomb three hundred and twenty-five Years. 'Tis of white Marble, not poliſhed, becauſe it was covered with Plates of Gold; but what's become of 'em, I know not. 'Tis in this Chair that the King of the *Romans* goes and ſeats himſelf as ſoon as he is conſecrated; and here the Electors, and the Chapter of the Church, go and make

make their firſt Obeiſance to him, in Quality of King of the *Romans*. The High Altar, and the Pulpit, are covered with Plates of Gold, adorned with Jewels of a great Value, eſpecially an Agate of an extraordinary Size; the Whole given by St. *Henry* of *Bavaria*, the ſecond Emperor of the *Romans* of that Name. Were I to give you all the other Particulars of this Church's Treaſure, my Letter would ſwell to a Volume.

The Citizens of *Aix*, being in Hopes to have that Congreſs there, which was held afterwards at *Soiſſons*, cauſed their Town-houſe to be repaired; ſo that 'tis now one of the fineſt in *Germany*. They alſo built new Baths, very proper and commodious, and the Structure makes a handſome Appearance. *Aix*, take it all together, is a very pretty Town, and there's very good Company here, even when the Waters are not in Seaſon; but the noiſy Pleaſures are not to be expected. The Houſes of the Counteſs *de Golſtein*, and the Baron of *Dohelſtein*, are of great Relief. The laſt is a Gentleman of Merit, and of a good Family, his Father having been a General Officer in the Service of *Joſeph Clement*, Elector of *Cologne*; and having ſerved in *France*, the laſt War, with Reputation. He honoured me with his Friendſhip, and I revere his Memory.

Of all the Places where the Waters are uſed, there's none of more agreeable Accommodation than *Aix*; the Lodgings and Proviſions here being perfectly good. There's the Houſe of *Bougir*, near the *Fountain*, where the late King of *Denmark*, the Queen, the Princeſs, and all their Retinue, were lodged very conveniently. This Houſe is exceeding well furniſhed, and belongs to very genteel People, who, during the Seaſon, hold Aſſemblies, and give a Ball, in a Room which is perfectly fine.

From

From *Aix la Chapelle*, I came in leſs than a Day to *Cologne*, thro' a very even Road, and a flat Country all the Way, excepting a Hill that one aſcends going out of *Aix*. I paſſed thro' JULIERS, the Capital of a Duchy of that Name, upon the little River *Roer*, which is very ſubject to overflow its Banks. Several Authors will have it, that *Julius Cæſar* cauſed this City to be built, while others aſcribe its Foundation to *Druſus*. Which of them ſoever it was, the Town does no Honour to either. There is not one Houſe in it, that can be called a Structure; and I thought the Fortifications were very much neglected. The Caſtle, or Citadel, which I only ſaw at a Diſtance, 'tis to be hoped, is in a better State. The Elector Palatine keeps a good Gariſon there, commanded by the General *Haxhauſen*; whoſe Houſe is, I think, the beſt in all *Juliers*. The *Roman* Catholic is the only Religion exerciſed in the City, but the *Lutherans* and *Calviniſts* have their Chapel on the Glacis of the Place; and 'tis natural enough to ſuppoſe, that ere long they will have Churches in the Town itſelf, ſince nothing ſtands in the Way but the Life of the Elector *Palatine*; after whoſe Death, 'tis hardly ſuppoſed that the King of *Pruſſia* will let a Country ſlip from him, to which he has ſuch juſt Pretenſions.

COLOGNE is the greateſt City in *Germany*, but the ſaddeſt in *Europe*. There's nothing to be heard in it but tolling of Bells, and nothing to be ſeen but Prieſts, Friers and Students; many of whom beg Alms with a Song. The People of *Cologne* boaſt, that *Agrippina*, the Mother of *Nero*, was born there; and that this Princeſs, in order to give the City ſignal Proofs of her Good-will and Generoſity, very much augmented its Circumference, and peopled it with a Colony of Veteran *Romans*. 'Twere to be wiſh'd, that this Empreſs

Empreſs was ſtill living, and that ſhe would take it into her Head to people *Cologne* again, where there are really more Houſes than Families. For 'tis a poor Burgher indeed here, who has not a whole Houſe to himſelf.

If the Inhabitants of a Town were the more righteous for having a Number of Churches, thoſe of *Cologne* would be the greateſt Saints upon Earth; for they have as many Churches and Chapels as there are Days in the Year. The moſt conſiderable is the Metropolitan Church, dedicated to the Apoſtle St. *Peter*. If it were finiſhed, it would be one of the greateſt and moſt magnificent Buildings in *Europe*; but in its preſent Condition, it does no very great Honour to the Chapter, which is the moſt illuſtrious in *Germany*; the Canons being all born Princes, or Counts of the Empire, who muſt prove their Nobility from ſixteen Deſcents. There are, indeed, ſome Canons who are only Doctors; but, properly ſpeaking, they are no more than the Officers of the Chapter. The Bodies of the three Kings that were brought to *Cologne*, lie in a Chapel behind the Choir. They came into the City through a Gate towards the *Rhine*, which was walled up, as ſoon as the ſacred Reliques had paſs'd, that nothing might profane it. The Effigies of the three Kings are painted over it. The Inhabitants of *Cologne* have ſuch a Veneration for theſe Reliques, that I believe, it would not be proper ſo much as to queſtion whether they are genuine, in a Company of the Burghers.

The Nobility and Gentry at *Cologne* are as polite as they are elſewhere; but the Vulgar are extremely clowniſh. There are very ancient *Patrician* Families here, who make as plain Proof that they are deſcended from the old *Romans*, as the

the Duke *de Ventadour* in *France* does, that he is a Kin to the Holy Virgin.

The Town is governed by a Senate, and is a Free Imperial City; nevertheleſs, the Elector of *Cologne* holds the Supreme Court of Juſtice here, by a ſort of Chief Juſtice, or Lieutenant Criminal, who has no manner of Dependance on the Magiſtrates. The principal Offices are ſhared among the *Patricians* or Senators; who keep cloſe at their own Houſes, and ſhun the Nobility, as do all the *Patricians* of *Germany*. There are very few Families of Quality in this City, conſidering its Bigneſs. The Noblemen of the Chapter, are all the good Company to be met with in *Cologne*, and they are reſpectful to Foreigners; but the greateſt Part of 'em are very little in Town; for as ſoon as their Reſidence is expired, they either go Home, or remove to other Places, where they are Prebendaries. There are ſubſtantial Tradeſmen here, who eat well, and drink ſtill better. They may be merry Blades, for aught I know, but I have not kept them Company; and you need not be told, that our *Germanic* Haughtineſs will not permit us to demean ourſelves to them.

There are a great many other Curioſities to be ſeen in this City, particularly the Houſe where the Horſes went up of their own Accord into the Garret, to convince a Man, that his Wife, who was buried the Day before, was not dead. You will find the Account of it in *Miſſon*'s * Letters. I have been to ſee the Houſe where the unfortunate Queen *Mary de Medicis* lodg'd, while ſhe liv'd here, and where ſhe died in a Condition ſo forlorn, as may be a Warning to the World of the Frailty of Human Grandeur. The ungrateful Cardinal *de Richelieu*, on whom ſhe had heap'd

* Vol. I. LETTER V.

Riches

Riches and Honour, not content with having baniſh'd her out of the Kingdom, abandon'd her to the Want of every thing; and while himſelf liv'd in the Luxury of the moſt ſplendid Fortune, he made the Queen ſuffer the Martyrdom of Miſery and Sorrow. Cardinal *Mazarin*, his Succeſſor in the Miniſtry, retir'd likewiſe to this Town, while the whole Kingdom of *France* was in a Conſpiracy againſt him; but he had the Glory to defeat it.

I ſhall ſay nothing to you of the Revenues of this City, becauſe I have ſeen nobody that could give me the leaſt Inſight into that Matter. It maintains ſome Companies of very ſorry Soldiers, who keep Guard at the Gates, at the Town-houſe, and very inſolently ſearch the Luggage of all Comers; which is, certainly, of all Inconveniencies the greateſt; becauſe when one is not above two hundred Steps from our Quarters, we are obliged to unlooſe our Portmanteaus, which are then ſearch'd, and every thing turn'd topſy-turvy; after which, one is obliged to be at the Trouble of putting every thing to rights again, while the very Fellows, that have put all in Confuſion, have alſo the Impudence to ask for a Spill of Money to drink. In other Towns, an Officer goes with you to your Quarters, and you ſhew him what you have. But the Imperial Cities always affect to differ from others in certain Particularities, which are generally in direct Oppoſition to their own Intereſt, and conſtantly ſo to the Convenience of the Public.

There are Proteſtants ſettled here, who are not the pooreſt People in the City. They go to Church at *Mulheim*, a Village in the Country of *Berg*, about half a League off.

I ſet out To-morrow for *Bonn*, where the Elector is expected every Hour. He comes from *Mergendahl*, where he has been elected Grand Maſter of the *Teutonic* * Order, tho' the Pope thought he had

* He ſucceeded *Francis Lewis* of *Neubourg*, Elector of *Mentz*, who was choſe Grand Maſter the 12th of *July* 1694, in the Room of his Brother, *Lewis Anthony* of *Neubourg*; and he is the fourteenth Grand Maſter ſince the Defection of *Pruſſia*, formerly the Seat of this Order, which has exiſted ever ſince the Year 1190; when it was inſtituted in the Holy Land, by *Henry* King of *Jeruſalem*. A Duke of *Maſovia*, having invited to his Houſe *Herman de Saltza*, the fourth Grand Maſter of the new Order, choſe in 1210, he gave him, and his Knights, Lands upon the Frontiers of *Pruſſia*; the Inhabitants whereof being *Pagans*, did great Miſchief to his Subjects, and he promiſed to leave them all the Lands that they conquered from thoſe People, which the Emperor and the Pope confirmed. Before the Year 1250, they took *Pruſſia*, *Courland*, and a Part of *Livonia*; and put all the *Pagans* to Death that refuſed to turn Chriſtians. The *Teutonic* Knights, being driven out of the Holy Land, by the taking of *Acre*, went and eſtabliſhed the principal Houſe of their Order at *Marpurg*, in the Beginning of the fourteenth Century; from whence they transferred it to *Marienbourg* in *Pruſſia*. The Order made ſuch a rapid Progreſs, that in the Beginning of the following Century, it was in a Condition to oppoſe *Jagellon*, King of *Poland*, with an Army of eighty-three thouſand Men; which that Prince, *Anno* 1410, cut in Pieces. After that time the Order was ſcarce ever at Peace, but was always at Variance, either with the *Poles*, or the *Lithuanians*, or with the *Ruſſians*, or with its own Subjects; till it was obliged to make a diſhonourable Peace in 1446, with *Caſimir* King of *Poland*. The Grand Maſters, from that Time to 1510, when *Albert* of *Brandenbourg* was choſe Grand Maſter, could not repair their Loſſes. The latter having embraced the Proteſtant Religion, made a Bargain in 1525, with the King of *Poland*, and yielded all *Ruſſia* to him, on Condition of holding of him in Fee, what was afterwards called *Ducal Pruſſia*, or *Brandenbourg Pruſſia*, which now forms the Kingdom of *Pruſſia*; and the reſt was incorporated with *Poland*, and forms the Palatinates of *Culm*, *Marienbourg*, &c. Thus were the *Teutonic* Knights obliged to retire to *Germany*, where their Order is ſhared into twelve Provinces, each of which has its particular Commandeurs; and their oldeſt Commandeur is called the Provincial Commandeur. Theſe twelve Commandeurs depend on the Grand Maſter, and have a Right to chuſe him. The Grand Maſter's Reſidence is at *Marienſhal*

had Benefices enough before. This is actually the Sixth which the Elector holds at this Time, and I believe the Seventh will not eſcape him. The leaſt of all brings him in a hundred thouſand Crowns a Year. I don't think there's any Harm in the Plurality of Benefices, but in the Abuſe of 'em; which is a Thing that cannot be charged to the Score of the Elector. I ſhall let you know in my next, what I think of this Prince's Court. In the mean time, and always, I am with the moſt perfect Eſteem, *&c.*

LETTER XLVII.

SIR, *Bonn, July* 30, 1732.

AS I came to BONN, two Days before the Return of the Court, I had all that time to walk about. This City ſtands upon the *Rhine*, five Leagues from *Cologne*; from whence one travels to it thro' one of the fineſt Roads in the World, well-pav'd and planted with Trees, over a large fruitful Plain, encompaſſed with Hills laden with Vines and Woods. This is a City ſo very ancient, that *Florus* tells us 'twas founded by *Druſus*. The Learned ſay, 'tis

ſhal in *Franconia*, and his Revenue about twenty thouſand Crowns. 'Tis ſaid, the Order does not yet deſpair, that ſome Day or other, it will be able to recover its loſt Dominions.

the *Ara Ubiorum* of the Ancients, mention'd by *Tacitus*. Be this as it will, *Bonn* has not the leaſt Monument that ſavours of the *Roman* Magnificence; is now but a little City, and of no Conſequence at all, when the Court is not there. 'Twas heretofore very well fortify'd, and has ſuſtained ſeveral Sieges, particularly one in 1689, by *Frederic* Elector of *Brandenbourg*, afterwards King of *Pruſſia*, who beſieged it at the Head of his own Troops, and thoſe of *Munſter* and *Holland*; and loſt a great many Men before it. His tall Muſqueteers, all *French* Gentlemen and Proteſtants, diſtinguiſhed themſelves in an extraordinary manner; for, being juſt come out of *France*, with a Spirit of Hatred and Revenge againſt *Lewis* XIV. who, by repealing the Edict of *Nantes*, had forced them to abandon their Country, they performed ſuch valiant Feats as were ſurpriſing, and were never weary of Fighting; every *Frenchman* that was a Catholic, being odious to them. *St. Bonnet*, their commanding Officer, a Man of Birth and Bravery, was killed as he was ſtorming the Breach in Quality of Volunteer. This Officer thought it was an Injuſtice to him, that he was not appointed to command the Storm, and complained of it to the Elector; who told him, That he knew very well 'twas his Due, but that he thought it beſt to ſpare an Officer for whom he had a very great Eſteem. *St. Bonnet* ſaid, He did not think it would be for his Reputation to ſtay behind; and therefore he begged his Electoral Highneſs, by all Means, not to let him loſe an Opportunity, which would undoubtedly procure him the Honour of convincing him of his Zeal. The Elector, by way of Reply, laid his abſolute Commands on him, not to think of Fighting, but to continue always near his Perſon. *St. Bonnet*, ambitious of Glory, and, perhaps, hurry'd by his Fate, did not pay Obedience to the Elector's

tor's Commands, and was wounded by a Muſquet Ball, of which he died two Days after, very much regretted by his Maſter, and the whole Army.

During this Siege, *Bonn* was reduced to a Heap of Rubbiſh, ſo that ſcarce a Houſe was left ſtanding; for the Baron *d' Aſfeldt*, who commanded in the Place for *Lewis* XIV. made a very ſtout Defence; having ſuſtained a Blockade of two Months, and twenty-ſeven Days open Trenches.

This City was again beſieg'd in 1703, by my Lord Duke of *Marlborough*, who obliged the Marquis * *d' Alegre*, now Marſhal of *France*, to capitulate at the End of eleven Days. It had been agreed by the Treaty of *Utrecht*, that the *Dutch* ſhould keep Gariſon in *Bonn*; but the Elector *Joſeph Clement*, not long after his Re-eſtabliſhment, found Means to turn them out, and to be Maſter, as it was but reaſonable, in his own Territories.

This ſame Prince, at his Return from *France*, found his capital City in a ſorry Condition; a great many Houſes deſtroy'd in the laſt Siege, were not yet rebuilt, and his own Palace lay in Ruins. But he ſet about the Repair of every thing; and in ſhort, in a few Years, not only cauſed the old Houſes to be rebuilt, but likewiſe erected a great many new ones, and built a Palace, which makes a grand Appearance, and would have been one of the moſt conſiderable Structures in *Germany*, if it had been brought to Perfection. The main Body of it, which is quite finiſh'd, has ſpacious Apartments, laid out with Art, richly adorn'd, and nobly furniſh'd. The Tapeſtry with which the Chapel is hung upon grand Feſtivals, is worth ſeeing. It repreſents, in twelve great Pieces, the Hiſtory of our Lord's Nativity; which is won-

* He is dead.

derfully well deſigned; and they may be reckon'd the Maſter-pieces of the *Gobelins*, where the Elector *Joſeph Clement*, cauſed them to be made.

The principal Church of this City is a large Pile. They ſay it was founded by St. *Helena*, the Mother of the Emperor *Conſtantine*, to the Honour of the Holy Martyrs *Caſſius Florus*, and *Maluſius*, Soldiers of a *Roman* Legion. The Statue of that Princeſs, in yellow Copper, is placed at the Extremity of the Nave. The Saint is repreſented on her Knees, adoring the Croſs, which ſhe holds in her Left-hand. The Attitude of this Statue is ſo very noble, that it would certainly be eſteemed, if it were in any Church of *Rome*.

Tho' the Elector has all the Pleaſures that can be deſired at *Bonn*, yet he ſpends moſt of his Time at *Bruhl*, a Houſe he cauſed to be built three Leagues out of Town; which, tho' not very large, has very fine Apartments, adorned with every thing that is completely elegant and magnificent. The Elector is making ſome Gardens to it, which are like to be exceeding fine when finiſh'd.

The late Elector cauſed a Caſtle to be erected, about one Quarter of a League from *Bonn*, near a Village called *Popelſdorff*, which was built in Form of a Circus, and the Architecture of it was very ſingular; but the preſent Elector has been pleaſed to pull down a Part of it, and to employ the Materials in the Works at *Bruhl*. Near *Popelſdorff*, there's a Nurſery very well laid out, and kept in neat Order.

All theſe Houſes are an Embelliſhment to the Suburbs of *Bonn*, which are moreover very agreeably ſituate. I was infinitely more delighted here, than at *Cologne*; for *Bonn* grows every Day finer, while the latter is decaying.

After having walk'd about here a great deal, expecting the Elector's Return, this Prince is at length

length arrived, together with Duke *Ferdinand* his Brother. He was welcom'd with the Diſcharge of the Cannon, and complimented by all the Perſons of Diſtinction in Town, upon his Return, and upon his Advancement to the Grand Maſterſhip of the *Teutonic* Order. Next Day there was a Gala at Court, when the Elector was dreſs'd in a Lay Habit, and wore a Sword; at which every body was ſurprized, becauſe the Dreſs which is moſt affected by the Electors of *Cologne*, is like that of the Cardinals: But the Elector declared, he appeared in that Habit, as Grand Maſter of a Military Order.

His Electoral Highneſs has a juſt Title to be called *Clement Auguſtus*; for he has a ſtately Mien, is handſome, and of eaſy Acceſs, and loves Pleaſures, and particularly Hunting, as much as his Condition will admit of. His regular Life, and the Soundneſs of his Morals, may ſerve for an Example to many older Prelates, that are not ſo powerful, nor ſo nobly deſcended. He lived in his Infancy at *Gratz*, together with the Princes his three elder Brothers. The Elector, his Father, ſent him afterwards, with Duke *Philip* his Brother, to *Rome*. The Marquis *Santini*, a Native of *Lucca*, a Commandeur of the Order of *Malta*, and a Lieutenant-General in the Service of *Bavaria*, was appointed for their Governor. Duke *Philip* was choſe Biſhop of *Paderborn* and *Munſter*. The Gentleman who was very inſtrumental in his Election, was the Count *de Plettenberg*, now the Elector's Prime Miniſter, who was then purely attach'd to that Prince, from the Devotion he always had for the Houſe of *Bavaria*; and Duke *Philip* dying not long after his Election, the Count prevailed on thoſe two Chapters, to chuſe the young Duke *Clement-Auguſtus* for their Biſhop. This Prince received his Bulls from the Pope's own

Hand, at *Rome*; and afterwards went and took Poſſeſſion of his Biſhoprick. Not long after this, the Elector of *Cologne*, his Uncle, cauſed the young Prince to be appointed his Coadjutor: And upon the Death of *Joſeph Clement*, *Clement Auguſtus* ſucceeded him alſo in the Biſhoprick of *Hildeſheim*. After the Death of the Duke of *York*, *Erneſt-Auguſtus*, Duke of *Bruniſwic-Lunenbourg*, and Biſhop of *Oſnabruck*, he was choſe for Succeſſor to that Prince's Epiſcopal See; and he is juſt now elected Grand Maſter of the *Teutonic* Order, by the unanimous Choice of the Knights, who have Commanderies in that Order.

The Enemies of the Houſe of *Bavaria* murmur ſadly to ſee half a Dozen of ſuch great Benefices in the Poſſeſſion of one Prince; *What!* ſay they, *one Biſhop to hold ſo many Biſhopricks! there are few Inſtances of the like in all our Annals*; *'tis not agreeable to the Canons of the Church.* I am not ſo well verſed in the Canon Law, as to determine, whether it be ſo or no; but I am not ignorant, that other Princes have held as many, and even more Benefices; and that 'tis for the Welfare and Intereſt of the Church, that the Elector ſhould be a powerful Prince. *Albert*, Cardinal of *Brandenbourg*, was at the ſame time Archbiſhop of *Mentz* and *Magdebourg*. The Archduke *Leopold* held nine great * Benefices; but it was not ſaid in his Time, that this was not agreeable to the Canons of the Church. *Francis* of *Newbourg*, the laſt Elector of *Mentz*, tho' not a Prieſt, held five Biſhopricks and Abbies, and yet there was no Outcry againſt him; why then ſhould it be thought ſo ſtrange, that the Elector ſhould have ſix? This Prince is not inferior either in Birth or

* He was Grand Maſter of the *Teutonic* Order, Biſhop of *Strasbourg*, *Halberſtadt*, *Paſſau*, *Olonitz* and *Breſlaw*; Abbat of *Hirchsfeldt*, *Murbach* and *Luders*.

Merit

Merit to the Archduke *Leopold*, and to the Prince of *Newbourg*.

Tho' I am not a Penſioner to the Elector, I cannot help ſaying, that the Catholics, inſtead of clamouring againſt his Grandeur, ought, on the contrary, to do every thing they can to increaſe it: For the ſeveral Biſhopricks held by this Elector, are ſo ſurrounded, and even indented, by the Dominions of the greateſt Proteſtant Powers, that neither of them, ſeparately, would be able to defend itſelf, in caſe it ſhould be the Misfortune of *Germany* to be expoſed to a religious War; whereas, being united under one Head, they are a formidable State.

But, ſay the Grumblers again, Bernhard de Galen *was only Biſhop of* Munſter, *and yet he made* Holland *tremble*. This is very true; but they don't conſider, that this Prelate was ſupported by all the Power of *Lewis* XIV. or elſe, as turbulent and as martial as he was, he would never have entertained a Thought of attacking the Seven Provinces. But admitting that he had been able to have made War ſingly with the Republic, what does that ſignify to the Time preſent? The Face of *Europe*, and particularly of *Germany*, is very much chang'd ſince his Death. The Proteſtants, who were then weak, are become powerful. They are the Maſters of Commerce, which is the Fountain of Wealth; and they have Provinces, the beſt ſituate that can be, for receiving Foreign Succours. The Catholics, on the contrary, are exhauſted, divided in Intereſt, and their Dominions impoveriſhed by the Loſs of Manufactures, and the Want of Trade. Therefore, I ſay it again, 'tis my Opinion, that inſtead of oppoſing the Grandeur of this Elector, they are obliged by Intereſt, to contribute their utmoſt to augment it,

in order to furniſh Religion and the Church with an able Protector.

Pardon me, Sir, this long Plea, into which I was drawn by a religious Zeal, and for the juſt Cauſe of a Prince who challenges both Love and Reſpect. His Prime Miniſter is *Ferdinand* Count *de Plettenberg-Nordkirchen*, whoſe Family has been of diſtinguiſh'd Rank for a long time in *Weſtphalia*, and has given ſeveral Princes Biſhops of *Paderborn* and *Munſter*. It had formerly only the Title of a Barony, and M. *de Plettenberg* is the firſt Count of it. Soon after he had been promoted to this Dignity, the Emperor nominated him a Member of his Privy Council; and his Imperial and Catholic Majeſty, has lately ſent him the Order of the Golden Fleece, to reward him for having prevailed on the Elector to guarantee the *Pragmatic Sanction:* The Count *de Plettenberg* is adorned, therefore, with all the Dignities which a Lay Nobleman can be ambitious of in *Germany:* He is Count of the Empire, one of the Emperor's Privy Counſellors, a Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grand Maſter of the Elector of *Cologne*'s Houſhold, his Great Chamberlain, and his Prime Miniſter.

Nor was there ever any Perſon more deſerving of thoſe Employments, the Elector being partly obliged to him for his own * Grandeur. 'Twas this Miniſter, as I have already ſaid, who cauſed this Prince to be choſe, firſt, Biſhop of *Paderborn* and *Munſter*, and afterwards Biſhop of *Hildeſheim*

* Nevertheleſs, he was diſgrac'd in 1733, for a very trifling Cauſe, which made the Count *de la Lippe*, alſo, loſe all his Employments; and his own Diſgrace has been attended with that of his whole Family, and with great Alterations at the Elector's Court, where the Count *de Hohen-Zollern* is now Grand Maſter of the Houſhold, and Firſt Miniſter; and the Baron *de Hornſtein* Great Chamberlain.

and

and *Oſnabruck:* He alſo contributed very much to his being elected Coadjutor of *Cologne*; for had it not been for his Repreſentations, the deceaſed Elector *Joſeph Clement* would, perhaps, have never been prevailed on to accept of a Coadjutor, becauſe he apprehended, that he ſhould not live long after he had taken ſuch a Step: But the Count *de Plettenberg* diſpoſſeſſed him of that ſilly Surmiſe; and by that Means procured, for his Maſter, the ſecond Electorate of the Empire. You will naturally imagine, Sir, that ſuch great Services, performed by this Miniſter, for a Prince to whom he was not a Subject, could not but be attended with great Rewards. They have purchaſed him the Elector's intire Confidence, who leaves all Affairs wholly to him. The Count uſes his Authority with Moderation, and is civil and courteous. His Behaviour is noble and eaſy, and his Perſonage altogether as agreeable. He has none of thoſe Airs of Superiority, which they commonly aſſume, who in their Grandeur are the Favourites of Fortune. Being advanced to be the Firſt Miniſter of a great Prince, at an * Age when a Perſon would ſcarce preſume to think himſelf fit to meddle with State Affairs, he makes Labour itſelf a Pleaſure, and has nothing of that myſterious haughty Air, which only ſerves to alienate Peoples Hearts; for he is eaſy of Acceſs, hears attentively thoſe who ſpeak to him, and gives clear Anſwers without affecting Evaſions or Delays. He is generous, liberal and beneficent, vigilant, laborious, and in Love with Buſineſs. He riſes at Five o'Clock every Day, and employs the Morning in Buſineſs. After this, he keeps a magnificent Table, where, in the midſt of an Abundance and Delicacy, there is that Fruga-

† He was ſcarce twenty-eight Years of Age.

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lity obſerved, which is ſo laudable in thoſe who have Places. After Dinner, he goes into his Cloſet, where he gives Audience to the Subaltern Miniſters, leaving it to the Counteſs his Spouſe, to do the Honours of his Houſe, which is always open to Perſons of Diſtinction and Merit. As he was born to one of the greateſt Eſtates in *Germany*, ſo he is one of thoſe Noblemen who live with the greateſt Magnificence. His Expences are conſiderable. His Houſe is richly furniſhed, and full of excellent Pictures by the moſt skilful Maſters. Yet the Magnificence of his Houſe in Town does not come near to that of his Seat at *Nordkirchen*, where every Thing is ſtately, and has the Air of a Prince. Mean time, the Count *de Plettenberg* adorns it every Day, and is actually making Gardens to it, which will not eaſily be match'd in *Germany*. This Miniſter has an only Son at the Univerſity of *Leyden*, a Youth of great Hopes, who is already actually an Aulic Counſellor of the Emperor, his Chamberlain, and Maſter of the Horſe † to the Elector of *Cologne*; and to whom the Count *de Plettenberg*, beſides his great Eſtate, will leave his Steps to follow, and his Example to imitate.

There are many other Perſons of good Birth and Merit at this Court. The Baron *de Nothafft*, Lieutenant-General, Chamberlain, and Captain of the Elector's Guard. M. *de Walbot de Goudenau*, Marſhal of the Court. The Baron *de Schourff*, and the Marquiſes *Caponi* and *Trotti*, the Elector's Chamberlains, are diſtinguiſhed for their Civility to Foreigners. The Baron *de Sparr*, by Birth a *Swede*, whoſe Father died in the Service of *France*, is Almoner to the Elector, and Dean of *Bonn*. His Electoral Highneſs has lately ſent him to

† The Baron *de Roll* has ſucceeded him in his Place.

Rome,

Rome, to desire the Holy Father's Approbation of his Election, as Grand Master of the *Teutonic* Order. M. *de Sparr* was Page to the late Elector of *Bavaria*, in which Post he behaved with an uncommon Sobriety, applied himself to the Study of several Languages, and learnt to speak them with the same Ease as his Mother-Tongue. He made great Progress in Music, History, and Geography, and neglected no Means to render himself one Day or other, useful to the State, and to his Prince. After he had served as Page, he entered into the Military Service, and was made a Major in the Guards, and Chamberlain to the Elector of *Bavaria*. He proposed to make a Settlement, when God, whose Decrees are impenetrable, inspired him with a Resolution to go into Holy Orders. For this End, he quitted his Employments, and retired to a Seminary, which he only left to take up Priest's Orders. He said his first Mass in the same Church, and on the same Day, that the Duke *Theodore* of *Bavaria*, Bishop of *Ratisbon* and *Freisingen*, said his. He went a Year ago to *Rome*, where he applied himself strenuously to the Study of the Canon Law. I knew him there, and found that he had the Esteem of every body. He has such Sentiments of Piety and Honour, that 'twere to be wished all our Clergy had the like; for then they would do more Service both to God, and the World.

The Elector's Household is very numerous, but he has no more than two Regiments of Foot in his Electorate. The Baron *de Nothafft* is Commander in chief of those Troops, which, tho' but a Handful, are sufficient for the Guard of *Bonn*, *Rhinberck*, and *Keiserswaert*, which were fortified heretofore, but have since the Peace been demolished.

In the Absence of the Elector, the Dean of the Chapter of *Cologne* governs with the Title of Stadt-

Stadtholder. He is lodged in the Electoral Palace, and is ſerved by the Elector's Officers. During this Time, *Bonn* is a very melancholy Place. The Nobility and Gentry have their Aſſemblies at the Houſe of the Counteſs *de Fugger*, where there are many more of the Fair Sex than ours, and the Canoneſſes of this City make a ſhining Figure. In ſuch good Company I leave you, and am, *&c.*

LETTER XLVIII.

SIR, *Mentz, Aug.* 20, 1732.

I Have been up the *Rhine* from *Bonn* to *Mentz*, to avoid the diſagreeable Paſſage over the Mountains of *Wetteravia*. I was not fatigu'd, but then I was pretty much chagrin'd. I landed at LINTZ, a little Town in the Electorate of *Cologne*, on the right Side of the *Rhine*; and there I drank the excellent Wine of *Bleickert*, which is made near the Village of *Huningen*, about a League from this Town. The *Liegeois*, who know how to brew Wine as well as Beer, buy up a great Quantity of it, which they balderdaſh after their Manner, and ſell for *Burgundy*. After I had fill'd my Bottles, I continued my Voyage, and arrived at ANDERNACH, a little Town, which is a conſiderable Gainer by the Floats of great Timber that are brought hither, and ſent from hence for *Holland*. Here is alſo a great Vent of Stone Jugs and Pitchers, and of the Mineral Water of *Dunch-*

Dunchſtein, which in the Summer is very much drank with Wine.

A little above *Andernach*, on the other Side of the River, there's an abandon'd Seat belonging to the Count *de Neuwidt*, who lays up his Hunting Equipage in it. The Vulgar have a Notion, that this Houſe is haunted by the Devil; which is a ſort of Superſtition that is to be met with, more or leſs, in all Countries.

The little Town of NEUWIDT gives its Name to a County of the Empire, where the Count has a very pretty Houſe. This Nobleman, and his Subjects too, are † Calviniſts. He married a Daughter of the late Count *Alexander de Dhona*, who was the King of *Pruſſia*'s Governor. She is a Lady highly to be valued for her Virtue, her Underſtanding, and her Behaviour.

The *Rhine*, which runs thro' none but a plain Country from *Neuwidt* to *Bonn*, is, above that Place, pent up by Mountains ſo high, that they give me the frightful Remembrance of the *Alps*. Theſe terrible Rocks are cultivated to the very Top, and produce excellent Wines. One can hardly take one's Eyes off of them, there's ſuch a variegated Proſpect of Vineyards, Woods, Towns, Villages, Gentlemens Seats, and Cottages.

The only Town of Conſequence is COBLENTZ, in the Electorate of *Triers*, at the Conflux of the *Moſelle* and the *Rhine*, in a fine Valley ſurrounded with noble Hills. The City is fenced with grand Walls and Ramparts. Its two Rivers

† The Count, who is a Lover of the Sciences, intends to make a *Lyceum* of his Caſtle, and a little *Athens* of his Town. He begins by forming a numerous Library, and longs to get the Learned about him. But the main Point is to make a good Choice of them; and the firſt Choice which the Count has made of a Man who has already engroſſed his Favour, does not promiſe well for the future.

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are a great Advantage to its Commerce, and to them 'tis obliged for all its Wealth. In this Town there reſide ſeveral Perſons of Quality, ſuch as the Counts *de la Leie*, and *de Metternich*, the Barons *de Walpol*, and *d'Oels*. The Count *de la Leie* is a very rich Nobleman, lives high, and is very charitable; ſo that the Poor look upon him as their Father, and the Convents as their Supporter. He is a Gentleman of ſound Piety, very great Politeneſs, and all his Behaviour is to the laſt Degree noble. He has an only Son by the Counteſs *de Schonborn*, Siſter to the Elector of *Triers*, a young Gentleman of a lovely Preſence, and whoſe Merit infinitely ſurpaſſes his Years.

The Fortreſs of *Ehrenbreitſtein*, which is properly the Citadel of *Coblentz*, ſtands on the other Side of the *Rhine*. They reckon it impregnable, for this Reaſon, perhaps, becauſe it was never taken. It is ſituate upon a high Mountain, or ſteep Rock, which ſtands in a manner by itſelf, and is on all Sides of very difficult Acceſs. The Works are all of Stone, and ſeveral cut out in the Rock. There is a Cannon here, which, they ſay, is longer than the famous Culverin, that *Lewis* XIV. cauſed to be carried from *Nancy* to *Dunkirk*. The Palace of the Elector of *Triers* is at the Foot of this Fortreſs, in a Place which is very much pent up by the *Rhine* on one Side, and by a Rock on the other. It makes but a mean Appearance, and the Apartments are low, incommodious, and very much expoſed to the Sun. Near this Palace is a little Town called *Dahl*, where live moſt of the Elector's Domeſtics. This Quarter has a Communication with the City of *Coblentz* by a flying Bridge.

The preſent Biſhop of *Triers* is *Francis-George* Count *de Schonborn*, who is the younger Brother of the Cardinal Biſhop of *Spires*, and of the Biſhop of *Bamberg* and *Wurtzbourg*. He is alſo Biſhop of *Worms*,

Worms, and Abbat of *Elwangen*. He was elected Archbiſhop, when *Francis-Lewis* of *Newbourg* was tranſlated from the Electorate of *Triers* to that of *Mentz*. This Prince is not tall, but very ſtout, and has a fine Aſpect: He is affable, and very civil. His Courtiers aſſured me, that he was a very kind Maſter, and his Subjects ſeemed to be pleaſed with his Government. His Diſburſments ſeem to me to be very moderate, and his Houſhold not large.

From *Coblentz* I went to *Sanckewerdt*, which is the Foot of the Caſtle of RHINFELDTS, belonging to a Catholic Branch of the Family of *Heſſe*. The Landgrave of *Caſſel* was once in Poſſeſſion of this Fortreſs, and claimed it as his Right, by Virtue of his being the eldeſt of the Family of *Heſſe*. Upon this Occaſion he was engaged in a great Law-Suit, but the Aulic Council gave a Verdict in Favour of the Prince of *Rhinfeldts*, and the Troops of *Heſſe Caſſel* were by an Imperial Commiſſion turn'd out. A Gariſon is actually kept here for the Emperor, and the Circle of the *Upper Rhine*. This Place is reckoned one of the moſt important upon the *Rhine*, over which River here is a Paſſage by a flying Bridge.

As I ſtill went up the River, I came to *Binger-Loch*, a Name which is given to a Caſcade, that the *Rhine* forms here between two Rocks. This is reckoned as the moſt dangerous Paſſage of all the *Rhine*, though there's no Danger to be apprehended, unleſs the Watermen are drunk with Wine; which is too commonly the Misfortune at this Place, where the Juice of the Grape coſts little or nothing. Near to this Hollow, upon a Rock, in the midſt of the *Rhine*, there's the famous *Rats-Tower*; built, according to Tradition, by *Hatto* Biſhop of *Mentz*, in the Year 969, to ſecure him from the Rats, which gnaw'd him as a Puniſh-

Puniſhment for his having burnt a conſiderable Number of poor People in a Barn, that came in a great Dearth of Proviſions, to beg he would give them Bread; when this barbarous Prelate, hearing the Shrieks of thoſe unfortunate Wretches in the Flames, ask'd his Courtiers if they did not hear the Rats cry? How improbable ſoever this Story may ſeem, 'tis as much believed by the Vulgar, as if it were an Article of Faith; inſomuch that when I told my Watermen I queſtioned the Truth of the Fact, they ſaid, that if I had any Doubt of it, I could not be a good Catholic. For my Part, I ſincerely believe, that this Tower ſerved heretofore as a Place of Toll, and, perhaps, for a Mainguard to a Caſtle, of which the Ruins are ſtill to be ſeen, and in which 'tis ſaid that Biſhop *Hatto* dwelt, when he was obliged to retire to the Tower, where he was, nevertheleſs, gnaw'd by the Rats.

The little City of BINGEN is not far from thence, on the left Side of the *Rhine*. 'Tis the moſt conſiderable of all the *Rhingau*, and 'tis thought to produce the beſt *Rheniſh* Wine; for you are to know, that the Faſhion of Wine alters, as well as of every thing elſe. Formerly the Wine of *Bacharach* was moſt in Vogue, and the *French* have not diſdained to celebrate it in their drunken Catches; but now that Wine is no longer in requeſt by the Wine-Conners, who are here ſo delicate, that if they do but wet their Lips, they can preſently tell the Age and the Growth of any Wine that they taſte. They ſay now, that the Wine of *Bacharach* is worth nothing, in compariſon with the Wine of *Ridelſheim*, and of *Johanneſberg*, Vineyards in the *Rhingau*: But for my Part, who have the Happineſs not to be ſo nice, I thought the Wine of *Bacharach* very good,

good, and ſhould not be ſorry if I was obliged to drink that, and no other.

From *Bingen* to MENTZ, the *Rhine* is very broad. This capital City of the firſt Electorate of the Empire is ſeated on the left Side of the *Rhine*, over which there's a Bridge of Boats, that is pretended to be in the very ſame Place where *Charlemaign* cauſed one to be made of five hundred Paces in Length, in the Year 798. The Antiquarians of this City, in ſpite of the beſt Authors, will have it to be built by a Son of *Japhet*, or at leaſt by a great Lord who eſcaped out of *Troy*. Be it as it will, 'tis very ancient, and has ſuffered, as almoſt all the Towns in the World have, great Revolutions. They ſay that St. *Creſcent*, who was a Diſciple of St. *Paul*, was its firſt Biſhop. But what I know for a greater Certainty, is, that the Elector of *Mentz* is Archbiſhop, and Great Chancellor of the Empire. The Perſon who is now poſſeſſed of that eminent Dignity, is *Philip-Charles*, Baron of *Eltz*; who was choſe unanimouſly on the Ninth of *June* laſt. He was a Capitular of the Metropolitan Churches of *Mentz* and *Triers*, Great Chanter of *Mentz* in the Year 1710, Suffragan to the Biſhop of *Triers*, Provoſt of the Collegiate Church of *St. Peter* at *Monſtadt*, a Privy Counſellor to the late Elector of *Mentz*, his Predeceſſor, and Preſident of his Aulic Council. His Election by the Chapter of *Mentz* has been applauded by the whole Empire; but particularly by thoſe who know this Prince's Candour, and the Purity of his Morals. He ſucceeded *Francis-Lewis* of *Neubourg*, whoſe Predeceſſor was *Francis-Lotharius*, Count *de Schonborn*, who was alſo Biſhop of *Bamberg*. This Prince, who has had this Dignity a long time, has cauſed his Capital City to be very much embelliſhed, furniſh'd it with good Fortifications, and put it into ſuch a

Condition, that it may be looked upon as a powerful Bulwark of the Empire. The *French* had begun to fortify *Mentz* in 1688; and the Marſhal *d'Uxelles*, who then commanded here for King *Lewis* XIV. put it into ſuch a Condition, as to ſuſtain a Siege of ſeven Weeks open Trenches againſt Duke *Charles* of *Lorain*, to whom he ſurrendered it by Capitulation. Moſt of the Works, caſt up by the *French*, being only of Earth, were demoliſhed, and others of Stone erected in their ſtead.

The Town is not airy, the Streets being narrow and crooked. There are ſome fine Houſes here, particularly thoſe of the Barons *de Dalberg*, *Ingelheim* and *Rolling*; but 'tis pity they are not in a better Situation.

The Metropolitan Church is an ancient Structure, which has nothing remarkable but its Treaſury, one of the richeſt in *Germany*. I remember to have read in an old Chronicle of Biſhop *Conrade*, that in his Time there was in this Treaſury a Croſs of Gold of ſix hundred Weight, adorned with Diamonds; and that at the Foot of the Croſs, theſe *Latin* Words were engraved;

Auri ſexcentas habet hæc crux aurea libras.

Whether there ever was ſuch a Croſs here, I know not; but I can aſſure you, there is none here now. The Chapter of this Church conſiſts intirely of Perſons of Quality, but they don't admit Princes to it.

The Elector's Palace would be a magnificent Pile, if the Whole was anſwerable to the new main Body of the Building, whoſe Apartments are commodious and grand, and enjoy one of the fineſt Proſpects in the World.

That

That which moſt deſerves a Traveller's View in this City, is the *Carthuſians*-houſe, one of the fineſt in *Europe*, as well for its Buildings, as its Situation. The Church belonging to it is ſmall, but very neat; and the Pews of the Friers are moſt nicely carved in Wood. The Joiner's Work is adorned with Sculpture, very well executed; which repreſents the Paſſages of the New Teſtament. The main Body of this Fabric fronts the *Rhine*, and there are Apartments commodious enough to lodge a Sovereign, and his Retinue. The Cloiſter is very ſpacious, and forms a perfect Square, with the Cells of the *Carthuſians* round it, each of which conſiſts of four or five Rooms, all upon one Floor; plainly, but neatly furniſhed. The *Carthuſians*, after the Hours are over which they devote to ſpiritual Exerciſes, cultivate their own little Gardens, or employ themſelves in the Work of Joiners, Turners, and the like uſeful and induſtrious Occupations.

It may be ſaid, to the Praiſe of the *Carthuſians* in general, that they always keep clear from the Intrigues of the World, the Converſe of Women, and the Ambition of aſpiring to Prelacies. They live in a manner, ſo as that tho' they are not very ſerviceable to the Public, they cannot do it any Prejudice; which is what can ſcarce be ſaid of the other Orders.

At the Foot of the *Carthuſians*-houſe, which ſtands on a very high Hill, is the Palace and Garden of the *Favorita*, belonging to the Elector. *Francis-Lotharius de Schonborn*, cauſed this Houſe to be erected; the Gardens of which are not extraordinary large, and may be call'd a Labyrinth of Grottos, Caſcades, Summer-houſes and Statues; but the Whole are heap'd, as it were, one upon another, and ranged with very little Fancy. There's a Salon, accompanied with ſix Pavilions, detach'd

from it, diſpoſed in ſuch a manner, that from each Pavilion there's a Proſpect of the *Rhine*, the *Main*, and of all the fine Scenes of the Country on the other Side of thoſe Rivers.

For the reſt, 'tis a very dull City, as are almoſt all the Cities ſubject to the Eccleſiaſtical Princes. Nevertheleſs, there's a great Number of Gentry here, but they ſcarce ever viſit one another, except in Ceremony. The Men rarely viſit the Ladies, and ſeem, to my Mind, to be fondeſt of the Bottle. One of the chief Diverſions of the Inhabitants of *Mentz* is to go all the Summer long to ſome neighbouring Places where they uſe the Waters; ſuch as *Wiſbade*, *Schwalbach* and *Schlangenbadt*. And while theſe Waters are in Seaſon, *Mentz*, *Francfort*, *Darmſtadt*, and all the neighbouring Towns, look as if they were quite forſaken.

I was ſome Years ago at SCHWALBACH, and was very merry there. 'Tis a little Town, between the Hills, three Leagues from *Mentz*, and belongs to the Landgrave of *Heſſe Rhinfelds*. The Waters which are drank there, very much reſemble thoſe of *Spa* in Taſte; but, I think, they are ſtronger. I am ſure, that if *Schwalbach* was ſo happy as to be frequented for the ſake of its Waters, by two or three *Engliſh* Gentlemen of Diſtinction, it would make a Fortune out of the People of that Country, and bear away the Purſe from *Spa*. The Method of taking thoſe Waters is altogether the ſame as at *Spa*; and they obſerve the ſame Regimen, but with much greater Mirth. For here is a great Room, where every body meets without Diſtinction of Perſons, and where they play at all Sorts of Games; and it's ſurrounded too with Shops, in which there are a thouſand Sorts of fine Toys. Here is commonly a Ball, and ſometimes a *German* Comedy, which really,

really, I think, is but indifferent; and here are often great Feaſts, at which every one pays their Quota. But there are generally ſome Princes here to take the Waters, who make Entertainments for the Gentry.

SCHLANGENBADT, which is a League from *Schwalbach*, is a Place that conſiſts properly of two great Houſes, one belonging to the Elector of *Mentz*, and the other to the Landgrave of *Heſſe Darmſtadt*. Here they uſe the Hot Baths, which are extremely wholeſome for relaxing the Nerves, and for the Stone. Barren Women alſo frequent this Place; but if they don't take very great Care of themſelves, they generally return pregnant.

This, Sir, is all the Account I can give you of *Mentz*, and its Neighbourhood. Having done all my Buſineſs here, I am making ready to be gone in a few Days. I propoſe to go back the ſame Way that I came, and as I fall down the *Rhine*, I hope in two Days to be at *Cologne*, from whence I ſhall proceed thro' *Duſſeldorff* towards *Cleves*. There I hope to have a Letter from you, than which nothing can be more welcome. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XLIX.

SIR, *Cleves, Sept.* 1. 1732.

AT my Return to *Cologne*, I went to ſee the Caſtle or Palace of BENSBERG, belonging to the Elector *Palatine*, in the Country of *Berg*, three Leagues from the *Rhine*,

which River I paſſed over a flying Bridge, between *Cologne* and *Duitz*. This Houſe is worth ſeeing. 'Twas founded by Order of the Elector *John-William*, who was a Prince in every Thing magnificent, and ſent for the moſt able Workmen from *Italy* to build it. All this great Structure is built of very hard Stone. The Ornaments, ſuch as the Friſes and Architraves, are of a Kind of grey Marble, which they dig out of neighbouring Quarries. The Apartments are large, very well decorated, and adorned with the fineſt Paintings; and they have a Proſpect of a vaſt Length of Country, which offers a Variety of grand and noble Scenes to View.

From this Houſe I went to DUSSELDORFF, the Capital of the Duchy of *Berg*, belonging to the Elector *Palatine*. This City ſtands in the midſt of a fine fruitful Plain, five Leagues from *Cologne*. The *Rhine* waſhes its Walls, and runs at the Town with ſuch Violence, that they have been obliged to make great Works to break the Current. *Duſſeldorff* is but a ſmall Place. The late Elector *John-William*, who reſided in it, had undertaken to aggrandize it with an additional Quarter, which they call the *New-Town*; but that Prince's Death, and the Abſence of the Court, put a Stop to the Buildings. The preſent Elector is fortifying this Place; but 'tis carried on ſo ſlowly, that 'twill take up a great deal of Time to finiſh it.

The Elector's Caſtle or Palace is ancient, and has nothing remarkable, but a Gallery of Pictures; which Gallery conſiſts of five great Diviſions or Salons, three whereof are much bigger than the other two. The Pictures in the firſt Room are all by the Hand of *Rubens*. That of the *Laſt Day of Judgment* is an admirable Piece, and one of the beſt that was ever done by that excellent Painter. They ſay he painted it for the Duke *Wolffgang*

Wolffgang de Neubourg, in Acknowledgment for that Prince's having taken him out of *Spain*, where *Rubens* was going to be arreſted by the Holy Office. The Pictures in the ſecond Room are all done by ſeveral *Flemiſh* Maſters, but moſt of 'em by *Van Dyck*. The third Room, which is the biggeſt, contains Pictures by the moſt skilful *Italian* Maſters. The fourth is adorned with the Works of the Chevalier *Van der Werf*, a *Dutch* Painter, who died lately at the *Hague*, having had the Honour to ſee ſome of his Pictures ſold for a thouſand gold Ducats the Piece. The Elector *John-William* gave him a Penſion of ſix thouſand Florins, beſides paying him two thouſand Florins for each Picture. No *Flemiſh* Painter excelled him in Deſigning, or had a better Hand at mixing of Colours. His Painting is ſo fine, and the Colouring ſo lively, and ſo well fanſied, that no Enamel is more beautiful. Among his Works, the Connoiſſeurs admire *the Life and Paſſion of our Saviour*; Diana *in the Bath*, a Piece for which the Elector *John-William* paid twenty thouſand Florins; and the Picture of *Mary-Anne* of *Medicis*, that Elector's Wife, which Princeſs is repreſented with her Court-Ladies in the Habit of the Veſtal Virgins. The fifth and laſt Room, which is the moſt magnificent, contains ſelect Pieces by Maſters of the firſt Rank; as *Raphael*, *Julius Romain*, *Peter di Cortona*, *Guido*, *Titian*, *Paul Veroneſe*, *Tintoret*, *Corregio*, *Albano*, the *Caracchis*, *Joſeph Pin*, *Paul Rubens*, *Van Dyck*, *Reimbrants*, and many others. But that which no leſs attracts the Curious in another Taſte, is the Abundance and Variety of other Things that are diſtributed up and down the ſeveral Rooms; as Figures of Braſs, of the utmoſt Perfection, copy'd, for moſt part, from the fineſt Antiques, placed upon beautiful Tables of *Florence*; portable Cabinets, adorned with excel-

lent Miniature, or inlaid Work; and, in ſhort, an infinite Number of other Things, that are very much to be admired, and render this Gallery truly magnificent.

Under theſe Rooms there's another Gallery, full of Statues of Marble and Plaiſter, according to the Model of all the celebrated Statues of *Rome* and *Florence*; the Moulds of which were collected by the Elector *John-William*, with very great Care and Expence.

In the Market-place oppoſite to the Palace, is that Elector's Equeſtrian Statue, who is repreſented in Armour on Horſeback, with the Electoral Bonnet on his Head. But this Monument, which is of Braſs, is not anſwerable to the Coſt of it: For the Horſe is repreſented in a walking Pace, with his Tail dragging nine Inches on the Ground, which makes a very wretched Figure; tho' 'tis ſaid, that the Man who caſt this Statue, took a Horſe which the Elector had for his Model. Poſſibly he might have a fine Mane and Tail, but this is what does not appear in Braſs. The whole Monument is erected on a Pedeſtal of grey Marble, very ſolid, and even without any Inſcription or Ornaments. Nevertheleſs, *John-William* of *Neubourg*, the Elector *Palatine*, deſerved as much as any Prince in the World, to have his Virtues tranſmitted to Poſterity by ſome Inſcription. He was magnificent, generous, liberal, a Protector of the Arts and Sciences: His Court and his Diſburſements were like thoſe of a King; his Good-nature render'd him amiable; he was the Delight of his Courtiers, and the Darling of his Subjects.

This great Prince lived at a Time when *Germany* had four other Princes, who were as great Patrons of the Arts and Sciences as himſelf; *viz.* *Frederic-Auguſtus* King of *Poland*, *Frederic* King of

of *Pruſſia*, *Antony-Ulric* Duke of *Brunſwic-Lunenbourg*, and *Charles* Landgrave of *Heſſe Caſſel*; of all which Princes, the only one that ſurvives is the King of * *Poland*, the reſt having no Life but in Hiſtory, where they are ſure of Immortality; for, beſides the Monuments they have left of their Grandeur, Men of Learning will not fail to tranſmit their Glory to the lateſt Poſterity.

The preſent Elector *Palatine* having fixed his Reſidence at *Manheim*, there's a Regency at *Duſſeldorff*, of which the Count *de Schaſberg* is the Preſident. The Country of *Berg*, and that of *Juliers*, depending on it, are governed by States, without whoſe Conſent the Sovereign cannot lay any Taxes. Theſe Countries bring in a Million of Crowns to the Elector. All Religions are tolerated here, and every Communion has its particular Churches; but the Catholics only are admitted to the Civil Employments. The Reverend Fathers the Jeſuits have a fine Church, and a beautiful Convent here. There's a Chapel without the *Cologne* Gate, which is worth ſeeing. 'Tis built after the Model of the *Santa Caſa* of *Loretto*, and adorned with very fine Paintings. 'Twas founded by the Electreſs, Wife of *John-William*, to the Honour of the moſt Holy Virgin.

Tho' the Court is no longer at *Duſſeldorff*, yet here is very good Company, and the Gentry are very ſociable and friendly to Foreigners. There are amiable and deſerving Ladies here, particularly Madame *de Speik*, whoſe Husband is a Major-General. She would be very fit to adorn a Court.

I went from *Duſſeldorff* to KEISERSWERDT, formerly a Place of Importance, which held out a deſtructive Siege, but is now wholly diſmantled.

* He died in 1734.

From

From thence I proceeded to DUISBOURG, a Town in the Duchy of *Cleves*, at the Extremity of a Foreſt, where they catch wild Horſes, which are ſmall, but indefatigable and very ſerviceable. The City of *Duisbourg* is only remarkable for its Univerſity. The Country betwixt this Town and *Weſel*, is all a Plain, and a very gravelly Soil, yet produces every thing that's good.

After having croſſed the Rivers of *Roer* and *Lippe* in the Ferry-boats, I came to WESEL, a ſtrong Place of the Duchy of *Cleves*, belonging to the King of *Pruſſia:* 'Tis regularly fortify'd, and has a very good Citadel towards the *Rhine*. The late King of *Pruſſia*, *Frederic* I. was the firſt that ſet about fortifying of *Weſel*; and his Son, King *Frederic-William*, has cauſed thoſe Works to be carried on and finiſhed. M. *Bot*, now a General Officer in *Saxony*, had the Direction of thoſe Works in the firſt Place; after which, the Care of them was committed to M. *Walrave*, a Colonel Engineer. They have both contributed to render *Weſel* one of the ſtrongeſt Places in *Germany*. Nothing in this Town more particularly deſerves a Traveller's Attention, than the *Berlin* Gate, of which M. *Bot* drew the Model: I never ſaw any Thing finer, or more perfect of the Kind. The Arſenal alſo is worth ſeeing, and is extremely well furniſhed with all Neceſſaries, whether of Ordnance or Ammunition.

In my Way from *Weſel* to this Town, I came to SANTEN, formerly a famous City, but now very much decay'd. The Catholic Church is a beautiful Structure, and has a miraculous Image of the moſt Holy Virgin, to which the Natives pay great Devotion.

'Tis

'Tis five Leagues from *Santen* to CLEVES, thro' one continued Range of * Walks. The Avenue that leads to *Cleves* is magnificent. This Town is ſmall, but very pleaſant, and well built. The King's Palace is ancient, yet it has fine Apartments; and among the reſt, a magnificent Hall. There's nothing ſurely in Nature, completer and finer than a View of theſe Apartments. *Lewis* Duke of *Burgundy*, Grandſon to *Lewis the Great*, coming with his Army to *Cleves* in 1702, thought the Situation of the Place ſo charming, that he was heard to ſay, more than once, That he wiſh'd *Verſailles* was as well ſituate.

Cleves is the Seat of the Regency of this Duchy, the Preſident of which is M. *de Borck*, a Gentleman of Quality and Merit, who acquits himſelf of his Office with a great Share of Integrity and Application, is very civil, and a Gentleman of a fine Preſence.

There are ſeveral good Families in this City, particularly thoſe of the Chancellor *de Becker*, a Gentleman of diſtinguiſhed Merit, who makes very handſome Entertainments, and lives with great Splendor; and of the Baroneſs *de Blaſpiel*, a Lady of Birth and Merit. She was Maid of Honour to the Queen of *Pruſſia*, who honoured her with her Confidence; and never was a Favourite more worthy of it; for ſhe always preſerved the ſame Reſpect for her Miſtreſs, and the ſame Regard for all Mankind. The whole Court of *Berlin* thought her an Ornament, when it pleaſed the King to remove her from Court, by baniſhing M. *de Blaſpiel*, who was one of his Miniſters, to his Eſtate in this Province, where he died,

* On the Road, two Leagues from *Cleves*, there's the Palace of *Meiland*, where the King of *Pruſſia* reſided at the Beginning of the Illneſs which he contracted in 1734, as he returned from the Imperial Army on the *Rhine*.

and

and having no Children, left his Wife Heireſs of a very conſiderable Eſtate. I don't know but this Lady thinks herſelf as happy in this Retirement, as ſhe was at Court: All the Country reſpects her; and one time, when the King came hither, his Majeſty, together with the Prince Royal, did her the Honour to come and dine with her, and gave her Tokens of the ſincereſt Eſteem. I was formerly very well acquainted with Madame *de Blaſtiel* at Court, and had Opportunity to know the Goodneſs of her Temper thoroughly, which is what has induced me to give you a more particular Account of her, than of other Perſons of Diſtinction in this City, with whom I was not ſo well acquainted. Farewel, my dear Friend, I am afraid I ſhall not ſee you again ſo ſoon as I expected; but whenever that happens, I ſhall have a great many Facts to tell you, which 'tis not always ſafe to commit to a Letter. I kiſs your Hand, and am, *&c.*

LETTER L.

SIR, *Amſterdam, Nov.* 29. 1732.

INSTEAD of excuſing myſelf for my late Silence, I confeſs to you, that had it not been for the obliging Reproaches you make me upon that Account, I ſhould not have entertained you with any more of my Travels. Not that I thought *Holland* did not deſerve your Attention as much as any other Country in the World, but becauſe,

becauſe, as I found I had nothing new to ſend you, I thought it beſt not to ſurfeit you with the Repetition of what others before me have ſaid much better. But as you ſeem to think theſe Arguments not ſufficient, I will endeavour to ſatisfy you in the beſt manner I can; and you are a Gentleman of too good Senſe to expect more.

From *Cleves* I went to NIMEGUEN, a Town in the Province of *Guelderland*, and the Bulwark of the Seven United Provinces, towards the Dominions of *Pruſſia*; from which 'tis but two Leagues diſtant. This Place ſtands on the Side of a Hill, on the Banks of the *Vahal*, a River which comes out of the *Rhine*, and falls into the *Maeſe*, near the Town of *Dort* or *Dordrecht*. The *French*, after eight Days Siege, took it in 1672, at the Time when the Republic ſeem'd ready to ſink under the Weight of their Arms. Since that Time it has been very much fortify'd; ſo that 'tis now a Place of Conſequence. This Town is famous for the Peace which was ſign'd here in 1678, between *France* and the States General; and in the next Year, between the Emperor, *Spain*, the Princes of *Germany*, and *France*. It has no remarkable Edifice. From one of its Baſtions, which is much higher than the reſt of the Fortifications, there's a Proſpect of a great Tract of Country beyond the *Vahal*; which is one of the fineſt Views in the World, and the moſt agreeable Sight that *Nimeguen* affords.

After having croſſed the *Vahal* over a flying Bridge, I travelled four or five Leagues upon a very narrow crooked Dike, which in rainy Weather is very much broke. It ſeems as if it was made for the Deſtruction both of Coaches and Paſſengers; for if the Coachman be ever ſo little aukward, or the Horſes skittiſh, a Man is in Danger of breaking his Neck, the rather, becauſe the common

common Caravans, or Stage-Coaches in *Holland*, are ſo made, that a little Matter turns 'em topſy-turvy; ſo that one would imagine the Inventor of 'em ſtudied to contrive a Vehicle, the moſt uneaſy, and the moſt dangerous, that could be to the Lives of Mankind. Suppoſe to yourſelf, a curſed high Waggon, which you get up to by an Iron Step, placed between the Wheels, which are hardly two Feet from one another. The Body of the Caravan is covered with Hoops, in Form of a Cradle, ſpread over with an Oil-cloth, and ſo low, that the leaſt Shock jolts one's Head againſt the Roof. This infernal Machine, invented, no doubt, for the Entrance of *Proſerpine* into Hell, inſtead of a Thill, has a Hook, by which the Coachman, who is commonly drunk, guides the Horſes, by placing one Foot on it, while he reſts the other againſt the Crupper of one of his Horſes, which almoſt touch the Caravan. No leſs than eight People are ſtow'd in theſe horrible Break-necks, which, to compleat the Abomination, makes ſuch a Rattle as is perfectly ſtunning to all the Paſſengers.

'Twas in one of theſe pretty Stage-Coaches that I came very much jaded to RHENEN, a little Town on an Arm of the *Rhine*, which has for a long time been the Reſidence of the Family of the unfortunate *Frederic* Elector *Palatine*, who was choſe King of *Bohemia*. That Prince cauſed a Houſe to be built there, which now belongs to the King of *Great Britain*, as Heir to the Electreſs *Sophia* his Grandmother, the Daughter of the ſaid *Frederic*, by *Elizabeth* Princeſs of *England*; but all the Uſe which the King makes of this Houſe, is for the Accommodation of his Equipage in his Journies to and from *Hanover*.

The Road from *Rhenen* to *Utrecht* is like the Sands of *Libya*; I mean that which the Caravans take

take in the rainy Seaſon; for in fine Weather they go through a Plain, the Soil of which is extremely clayiſh, and by conſequence, not paſſable when it has rain'd.

As diſagreeable as the Country is, through which I paſſed, yet there are ſeveral fine Country Houſes, of which that belonging to the Earls of *Athlone*, whoſe Anceſtor was General of the *Dutch* Infantry, and made a Peer of *Great Britain* by King *William* III. is one of the moſt conſiderable: But it is inferior to ZEIST, a Palace belonging to the Count of *Naſſau*, Son of the late Monſ. *d'Odyck*, diſtinguiſhed in the Republic for his Birth and Employments, his Ability in Buſineſs, and his Magnificence. This Houſe is, in my Opinion, one of the fineſt in the Seven Provinces, and has moſt of the Air of a Nobleman's Palace. It has fine Gardens, and ſtately Avenues. *Lewis* XIV. reſided in it at the Time when that Monarch, like an impetuous Torrent, came to ravage the Republic. The Count *de Naſſau-Zeiſt* had afterwards the Honour to ſee at the ſame Place *Frederic* I. King of *Pruſſia*, whoſe Preſence was undoubtedly more agreeable to him, becauſe it was accompanied with the Peace, and becauſe that Prince only drew his Sword for the Defence of the Republic, and its Allies.

The Country Houſes in general, which are ſituate in the Provinces of *Utrecht*, *Guelderland* and *Overyſſel*, have much more the Appearance of Palaces than thoſe in *Holland*; where Land is ſo dear, that they can only make Models of Houſes and Gardens; which, if they were executed, would not want for Magnificence.

The Neighbourhood of *Utrecht* is charming: A large fine Avenue leads to the City, at the Entrance of which, on the Left-hand, is the Mall, which *Lewis* XIV. ſo admir'd upon Account of its

its Walks, that he wiſh'd he could tranſport them to *Verſailles*, and ordered his Troops not to cut down the Trees.

UTRECHT, as to its Outſide, ſeems very ancient. I fanſy that the Walls of *Jericho*, which fell at the Sound of the dreadful Trumpets of *Iſrael*, were not unlike the Walls of this City; and its Inhabitants, probably, did not think them a whit ſtronger, becauſe they were ſo much in haſte to carry their Keys to the King of *France*, notwithſtanding the Offers made to them by the Prince of *Orange*, to defend the Place. *Lewis* XIV. entered this City with all the Pomp of a Conqueror; but he made a very ſhort Stay here, which, they ſay, was owing to a Remark made to him, That in a great Part of the Town, the meaner Sort of People lived under Ground; and that it would be an eaſy Matter for thoſe ſubterraneous Inhabitants to place Gunpowder in thoſe Cellars, and blow them up at the time that his Majeſty came by. If this Circumſtance is true, they who poſſeſſed the King with this Jealouſy were unacquainted with the *Dutch*, who, 'tis poſſible, might have had no Reſpect for the Perſon of the King, in a Tumult, or in a Battle; but when they had received him into their Town, he had nothing to fear, becauſe Treachery and Diſſimulation are no Parts of their Character.

The Streets of *Utrecht* are ſpacious and very airy, its Houſes pleaſant and well-built. A great many Houſes have been built here ſince the Congreſs for that Peace, which put an End to the War for the Succeſſion to *Charles* II. King of *Spain*. This City, next to the *Hague*, is the moſt agreeable for Perſons of Quality, of whom here's a great Number, as well as of other Perſons, who having got Fortunes by Trade, retire hither for the peaceable Enjoyment of what they have acquir'd.

The great Church which was formerly the Metropolis, ſtill preſerves its Chapter, into which Perſons need no other Proofs nor Vocation for Admittance than Money, theſe Prebends being bought and ſold like Companies of Dragoons. The Court of *Rome* always nominates the Archbiſhop, who commonly reſides at *Amſterdam*. I think the Perſon who enjoys this * Dignity now, is a Native of this City, but 'tis probable he has no View to a Cardinal's Cap, he being a declared *Janſeniſt*. The *Carthuſians* who retired from *France* under the ſpecious Pretext of ſecuring their Conſciences from Oppreſſion, are ſettled in his Dioceſe, where they live in two ſeparate Convents not very far from *Utrecht*, and are very zealous Diſtributers of the Writings publiſhed in *France*, about the Religious Differences. They had acquired the Eſteem of the Proteſtants, who did not think they differ'd very widely from their Communion; but ſince they endeavour to make the Sieur *Paris* paſs for a Saint, I know not whether they will not loſe the good Opinion that has been conceiv'd of 'em. For in this Country, they have no great Value for theſe Favourites of the Court of Heaven, and much leſs for thoſe who increaſe the Number of 'em. Be this as it will, 'tis allow'd by every body, even by the moſt zealous *Roman* Catholics, that ſetting aſide their Religious Sentiments, there's no Fault to be found with

* The Name of this Prelate was *Barkman Wuytiers*. He died in 1733, at no very great Age, with the Character of a Man of the ſtricteſt Virtue. The Court of *Rome*, and the *Jeſuits*, conceiv'd great Hopes after his Death. The latter, after having been baniſhed out of the United Provinces by very ſevere Laws, employed the Mediation of a certain Court to ſucceed in their Deſign of getting an Apoſtolical Vicar accepted in the Place of the Archbiſhop of *Utrecht*; but this Deſign, which was look'd upon as dangerous to the Liberty of the Republic, miſcarry'd, and the Deceaſed was ſucceeded by *Theodore van der Kroon*.

their Morals and Behaviour, and that they live as regularly as they did perhaps in the Convent which they have abandoned.

The Town-houſe has nothing in it that is magnificent, at leaſt if one may believe thoſe who have ſeen it; for I had not the Curioſity to examine it: Nor is there any Edifice of Conſequence in the Town. Their Dwellings are neat, but not large, which is the Reaſon that during the Congreſs the Ambaſſadors had very ſcanty Lodgings, tho' it was not for want of Money, inſomuch that ſeveral of 'em might have purchaſed the Houſes they lived in, with the Money they paid for the Rent of their Apartments, during the Courſe of their Miniſterial Reſidence. Speaking of this Congreſs, puts me in Mind of what certain Satirical Politicians ſaid concerning the Three Treaties of Peace that had been concluded ſucceſſively in the Dominions of the Republic. *Nimeguen*, ſaid they, ſignified NEIM-WEG (*Take all*), *Reiſwick*, REIS-WEG (*Pluck up all*), and *Utrecht*, AUSSER-RECHT (*Without Right*). If every Thing be fairly examin'd, all this perhaps may be true enough, but the Laughers would not be on the Side of the Allies.

I made uſe of the Veſſel that goes and comes Three times a Day from *Utrecht* to *Amſterdam*, which is not only the moſt commodious, but the beſt regulated, and the cheapeſt Paſſage in *Europe*. One knows to a Minute when it goes off, and within one Quarter of an Hour that it gets into Port. If you agree for the *Rouf* or Cabin, one is alone, or with what Company you pleaſe. I thought the Veſſel in which I came to *Utrecht*, ſo much like a moving Dungeon that I was as glad when I came out of it, as a Priſoner, when he is ſet at Liberty. The Canal which carried me to *Amſterdam* preſents a thouſand agreeable Objects

to

to View, being diverſified all the Way with fine Country-houſes, magnificent Gardens, Meadows and Villages.

After having admired every Thing that proves the Wealth of the Inhabitants, I am arrived at AMSTERDAM, that modern *Tyre*, the Miſtreſs of Commerce, the Ware-houſe of the World, and one of the fineſt, greateſt, and moſt wealthy Cities in *Europe*. It contains both ſacred and profane Edifices, which are magnificent; but at the ſame Time (for I ſpeak freely) retains I know not what Air of the Cit, which one does not meet with in the Buildings of *Venice* and *Genoa*, which are of a ſublimer Taſte, becauſe the Nobility are the Governors. The Things which may be ſaid to be truly great and noble at *Amſterdam*, are its Ramparts faced with Bricks, and the broad and deep Ditches with which 'tis encompaſſed.

Amſterdam is the only Town in the World which may be compared in any meaſure to *Venice*. For tho' 'tis not built as *Venice* is, in the midſt of the Sea, it ſtands as that does upon Piles. Like *Venice*, it conſiſts of a vaſt Number of Iſlands, and its principal Streets have Canals, with the Advantage of ſpacious Kays at their Doors, fenc'd with Trees; whereas at *Venice*, the Water is only pent in by the Houſes. That I take to be all the Reſemblance there is between theſe two Rivals in Commerce; for as to the Beauty of the Structures, there is no Compariſon; one *Canal Grande*, and one *Canal Reggio*, being worth more in this reſpect than all *Amſterdam*. There are Palaces, and here are Houſes, which are neat, genteel and pleaſant, without the Rules of Architecture, and built of Brick. Heretofore the *Amſterdammers* Manner of Building was very extraordinary. Moſt of the old Houſes that are yet in Being, ſtand upon Stilts, which I explain thus: The

Front of the firſt Floor, upon the Ground, is commonly all Windows, which are ſeparated by wooden Pillars that ſupport all the Stone-work of the other Floors, which, happy for them, is very ſlight; for there's ſeldom a Wall more than two Bricks in Thickneſs, and the Ceilings are nothing but Boards, ſo that the People in the firſt Floor have the Pleaſure to know, that every Word they ſay is overheard in the ſecond. I don't criticize the Manner of the Diſtribution of their Rooms; tho', to be plain, their Architects know no more of this Matter than they do how to carry up the Chimnies, which are almoſt all of them ſmoaky. 'Tis true, that the Inhabitants are not very much incommoded by it, and that they might even do without them *. For the Women warm themſelves with a Turf all Day long, which they put into a little earthen Pan, and this into a wooden Stove, with Holes bor'd in it, which they keep under their Petticoats, and ſit over it, as a Hen broodeth over her Chicken. The Men are always within Doors, dreſſed in a Night-gown lined with Flannel, under which they are ſwaddled in three or four thick Waiſt-coats: And if the Weather be cold, they alſo make uſe of ſuch a Stove as the Women do, or elſe warm themſelves in the Kitchen, where there is ſeldom Buſtle enough to prevent their creeping to the Chimney-corner; and I would venture a Wager, that there are many ſubſtantial People here who don't boil the Pot above once a Week: For there's no Nation in the World that feeds worſe than the *Dutch*, and particularly the *Amſterdammers*, Butter, Milk, Cheeſe, and Salt-fiſh, being their common Diet.

* What is ſaid throughout this Article, of their Manner of living, muſt be underſtood only of the common People, and not of Perſons of any diſtinguiſhed Rank, nor even of the Merchants.

But

But I have deviated from the Article I was upon, touching their Manner of Building. I cannot conceive how 'tis poſſible for Houſes that are ſo ſlight to ſtand: And there are ſome that perfectly totter from Side to Side; but I had rather ſee a Woman dance, than a Houſe. A great Number of thoſe Houſes have lately been ſet upright. One of thoſe Pinacles, in Form of a Sugar-loaf, which is at the Top of moſt of the old Houſes, unhappily fell down and kill'd three Perſons that were paſſing along the Street: Whereupon the Government, out of their great Care to prevent all ſuch Accidents for the future, ordered the Landlords of every Houſe to cauſe thoſe ſtaggering Pyramids to be pulled down: This has had two good Effects; for People are not ſo liable to be knock'd o'the Head, and the Town looks handſomer. The principal Ornament of the Houſes is their Windows, there being ſcarce a Country that has finer Glazing, and many of the Houſes have Windows of poliſh'd Plate-glaſs. But in ſome Palaces of *Venice* or *Genoa*, the Paintings and Gildings only of the Ceilings are worth more than the fineſt Houſe in *Amſterdam*. Yet I don't deny but there are Houſes here, in the Rearing of which no Coſt has been ſpar'd, but in general they are ſmall. There are ſcarce any that have above five Windows in Front, others have four, and the greateſt Part three. The Entry is by Steps of black Marble or Stone. To the Houſes of the common Size, there's a very narrow Entry pav'd with white Marble, with which the Walls are often fac'd, at leaſt to a certain Height. The Apartment conſiſts generally of two Rooms on a Floor, a little Court behind it, and a ſecond Pile of Building, which is but one Room in Depth, and has Lights towards the Garden. At *Venice* and

Genoa, a Merchant (for I ſet the Nobles aſide) will have at leaſt an Apartment of three or four Rooms. At *Amſterdam* the Furniture is neateſt, and in *Italy* the richeſt. Here one ſhall find a curious Piece of *Flemiſh* Tapeſtry, a Cloſet of Pictures, fine Glaſs, a great deal of *China* Ware, and curious Toys from the *Indies*; the Floor ſhall be covered with fine *Perſian* Carpets; but you ſhan't ſee any Furniture of Velvet embroidered with Gold, no Luſtres of Rock-Cryſtal, no great Collection of Paintings, nor that Abundance of antique Buſts, Vaſes and Statues of Marble and Braſs. In fine, to conclude this long Parallel, I muſt tell you, that if the Palaces of *Italy* were as neat as the Houſes of *Amſterdam*, there would be nothing to compare to them; and if the Houſes of *Amſterdam* were as much neglected as thoſe of *Italy*, they would be of no Manner of Account.

Be a Houſe here ever ſo ſmall, there's always ſome Apartment in it uninhabited, which is the fineſt Part of the Building. 'Tis a Sanctuary whereof the upper Servant Maid of the Houſe is the grand Prieſteſs. She has ſo profound a Reſpect for this unfrequented Place that ſhe never enters it without putting off her Shoes, for fear of ſoiling the Floor, which is held in ſo great Veneration that they pay it a Sort of Worſhip: 'Tis the Reſidence of the Houſhold Gods, and one is ſure of incurring the Indignation both of the Miſtreſs and the Maids, if one does not ſhew the ſame Veneration to their Floor as they do. Whoever enters the Houſe, muſt firſt rub their Feet upon a Mat at the Door, and be ſure not to ſpit, were they in Danger of being choak'd, unleſs they find a little Baſket of Sand laid there for the Purpoſe; and if a Perſon ſhould but happen to drop the leaſt Thing capable of ſpotting the Floor,

Floor, I am not ſure that the Prieſteſſes would not ſacrifice the Delinquent to their Idol, and that we ſhould not ſee the Revival of the Story of *Orpheus* and the *Bacchantes*. There are however ſome particular Days in the Year when the Prieſteſſes give their Maſters Leave to enter theſe Sanctuaries, and therein to receive Company; but the very next Day, this Place, which in the Language of the Country is called *Beſſe-Kamer* (i. e. *the beſt Room*) is waſh'd and purify'd, as our Churches are after they have been profaned. I don't make Things a jot worſe than they are in reality, and I am ſure there are ſome Rooms that are not opened four times in a Year, unleſs it be to air the Goods. 'Tis the ſame with a thouſand fine Things in the *Amſterdammers* Poſſeſſion, which they don't make uſe of for fear of ſpoiling them: Thus they live in the midſt of Abundance, and of Wealth, without the Hearts to enjoy what they have. Nevertheleſs, within theſe few Years paſt, they begin to have ſome Taſte of Life: They give into Equipage, Furniture, and Rural Entertainments, and their Women into Dreſs and Splendor. The old Men exclaim againſt new Faſhions, and ſay the Republic is in a declining State, in which they reſemble one of our Emperors, who obſerving that his Maſter of the Horſe had changed the Cord-Traces, which had been the Faſhion of his Court, into Leather Traces, cry'd out, That *Luxury would be the Ruin of his Family, and his Government.*

The Government of *Amſterdam* is in a Senate, conſiſting of ſixty-three Perſons, who hold their Places for Life; and when any one dies, 'tis the Senate that appoints his Succeſſor: In this Body there are twelve Burgomaſters, of whom four preſide annually. They chuſe three out of the twelve every Year, who with one of the four of the laſt

Year, that continues in Office, have the Direction of Affairs. Theſe latter, before they enter into their Office, are obliged to take an Oath to the ſenior Burgomaſters. He who is continued from one Year to the other, has the Preſidency for three Months, after which the others take it in their Turns; and they who go out of their * Office, are commonly employed as Treaſurers of the City, or as Counſellor-Deputies to the States of *Holland*, reſiding at the *Hague*.

The Office of Burgomaſter is more honourable than profitable; for 'tis ſaid, their Salary is only five hundred Florins *per Annum:* But their Authority is conſiderable; for they are the chief Magiſtrates, and in ſome Sort the Maſters of the City. They diſpoſe of all the public Money, and they alone judge of what is neceſſary for the Safety of the Town. They are the Guardians of the Bank, which can only be opened in the Preſence of one of 'em. They confer all Offices, and may therewith gratify whom they will, and if they pleaſe, their own Children; ſo that, as in *Germany*, there needs but a Biſhop in a decay'd Family to repair its Misfortunes, ſo here, if there be but a Burgomaſter in a Family, 'tis enough to make 'em all eaſy.

There is alſo in this City a Bailiff, who is called *Hoofd-Schout*, or *Hoofd-Officier*, who is the ſame that is elſewhere called the Lieutenant of the Police. He has under him three Subſtitutes, who are called the *Under-Schouts*. Theſe are they who

* As there is no Dignity ſuperior to that of the Burgomaſter, they who attain to it ſucceed one another in the ſeveral Functions, without paſſing to other Employments: They are the Members of the Council, who are ſent to the College of Counſellor-Deputies, or who fill the Poſts of Treaſurers, *&c.* But the Burgomaſters are they who go to the Aſſemblies of the States of the Province, with the Penſionary or Syndic of the City, who is the Spokeſman.

apprehend

apprehend Malefactors, which they often do in the midſt of a Mob, only accompanied with a Couple of Archers who have no other Arms but Swords. Yet every one trembles at the Sight of 'em, and two Men carry another to Priſon, with more Eaſe than forty Archers can do the like at *Paris*.

The Senate meets in the Stadthouſe. This Fabric, ſo much celebrated for its Magnificence, and becauſe it contains the richeſt Bank in the Univerſe, is really a ſtately Edifice; and tho' it has Defects, it may be ranked in the Number of the fineſt Buildings in *Europe*. It fronts a Square called the *Dam*, in the Centre of the City. The Building is almoſt a complete Quadrangle, with Pavilions at each Angle. In the middle of the principal Front there's an advanced Building which takes up one third of the whole Front. 'Tis decorated by ſeven Porticos, ſo ſmall that they disfigure all this great Pile of Building; which they pretend was not owing to the Ignorance of the Architect, but to a political Cauſe: For at the Time that this Stadthouſe was built, the Republic was but in its Infancy. The Populace of *Amſterdam*, a turbulent Mob, ready for any Miſchief, were then far leſs ſubmiſſive to their Magiſtrates than now; and they ſo often diſturbed thoſe Magiſtrates in their Deliberations, that the Architect choſe to make the Avenues ſo narrow, on purpoſe to prevent the Inconveniencies of too eaſy an Entrance by a Crowd of People. But if this was his true Reaſon for not keeping to the Rules of Architecture, three great Porticos would have done as well as ſeven ſmall ones: He might have given them due Proportion, and the Front would have been more majeſtic. But the Number Seven was the choſen Number, and it was to repreſent the Seven United Provinces, to whoſe

whoſe Union the City of *Amſterdam* owes its Enjoyment of Liberty and Commerce. Notwithſtanding this Defect, 'tis certain that a Foreigner, tho' he will not offer to compare this Stadthouſe to the Palace of *Verſailles*, to the Eſcurial, or to the *Procuraties* at *Venice*; and tho' when he looks on it, he may only think he ſees a Town-houſe, and not the Palace of a King, or of a powerful State, yet he cannot behold it without Admiration, eſpecially if he does but conſider that every Material in this Building was brought from foreign Countries.

The Outſide of this great Fabric is all of Freeſtone, extremely well put together; and an Order of very ſubſtantial Pilaſters ranges quite round the whole. The Part which projects from the principal Front, is terminated by a Pediment, which is a grand Piece of Sculpture. It repreſents the City of *Amſterdam*, under the Figure of *Cybele*, ſeated in a Chair. Four *Naiads*, and two Sea Nymphs, preſent her with Crowns of Palms, and Laurels, and Fruit, in token of the Power and Abundance which this City receives by Commerce. On the other Side, *Neptune*, accompanied by the *Tritons*, ſeems approaching to pay his Homage to the Goddeſs, undoubtedly to denote the Power of this City at Sea. All this magnificent Groupe is extremely well executed, and very much eſteemed by the Connoiſſeurs. A Dome at the Top of this Edifice has eight great open Arches all round, which ſupport the Cupola; and in this Dome there's a Chime of Bells which the Lovers of ſuch noiſy Muſic ſay is very good Harmony.

The firſt Room within is the Chamber of Juſtice, wherein the Criminals receive their Sentence. It has three Porticos which open into the great Square, from whence may be ſeen what paſſes in that Chamber. This Room is adorned with Bas-Reliefs

Reliefs of white Marble, done by excellent Hands. *Solomon*'s Judgment is there repreſented in ſuch a grand Manner as is wonderful. Beyond this Chamber is the great Stair-caſe, which has no manner of Ornament, and little or no Light. It leads to the great Hall, which is really magnificent, but not very lightſome. It is adorned with Pilaſters and Bas-Reliefs of white Marble, executed with infinite Art. The arch'd Roof, which is of Wood, and painted with Oil, is not anſwerable to the Richneſs of this Hall. Four great Coridors or Galleries, laid open by great Arches on both Sides, at the two Ends of the Hall, lead to the Apartments, and are adorned with white marble Pilaſters two and two, Flowers in Bas-Relief, and Statues of a grand Diſpoſition; and the Emblems with which the Gates are adorned, are all very ſuitable to the Buſineſs that is tranſacted in the Chamber to which they open.

I ſhall not undertake to give you the Particulars of all theſe Rooms, not only becauſe it would carry me too far, but becauſe I obſerved nothing in them, except ſome Paintings, that is worth your Notice. The Arſenal takes up one intire Floor over theſe Chambers, but is only conſiderable for the prodigious Quantity of Arms of the modern Faſhion, eſpecially Muſkets, which are the Manufacture of this City, and a Part of its Commerce.

The ground Floor is very low, but conſiſts of fine great Arches. Here are contained the Offices of the Bank, and the Priſons, from which no body ever yet eſcaped, and it is humanly impoſſible they ſhould; for beſides that the Walls are very thick, the whole is ſtrongly barricaded both within and without, by iron Bars, the very Appearance of which is frightful. But if 'tis poſſible for Priſons to be agreeable, theſe would certainly be ſuch, for they are all lightſome; the Priſoners are not

not ſo ill uſed as they are elſewhere, but are allowed proper Nouriſhment, and not ſuffered to wallow in their Naſtineſs.

The Stadthouſe is the Place where all Perſons are married, who are not of the Religion that prevails in the Country. This is a Ceremony that may be ſeen every *Sunday*, and is performed in the Preſence of two Echevins, and a Secretary. The People that are to be married, go into a Room where the Magiſtrates are ſeated at a Table, and there they are entered one after the other without Diſtinction of Rank, into the Regiſter of Marriages; after which they go Home with the Satisfaction of having been as well married as if the Ceremony had been performed by the Pope himſelf; nor are they under the leaſt Neceſſity of having recourſe to the Church. Nevertheleſs, all the regular People go to ſome Prieſt or Miniſter to receive the nuptial Benediction.

The Treaſure of the Bank is kept in a Place under Ground, which extends, as I am aſſured, a great Way under the Square of the *Dam*.

Every body agrees that it is immenſe, but nobody knows exactly of how many thouſand Millions it conſiſts; and it is a Queſtion, whether its Credit be not infinitely greater than its Caſh; it being certain that the Public has ſuch a Confidence in it that every body puts their Money into it, though without any Intereſt for it: On the contrary, it coſts One hundred and five Florins ready Caſh, to have One hundred Florins Bank. The largeſt Payments are commonly made in Bank Notes: A certain Sum is regiſtered in the Bank Books, which is transferred, either in whole, or in Part, to the Perſon to whom the Payment is to be made. This is called *The Keeping an Account at the Bank*. It was a Correſpondence of this Nature which the famous *John Law* would fain have eſ-

eſtabliſh'd at *Paris*; and he would certainly have ſucceeded, if he had had but the Fund of the Bank of *Amſterdam*, and the public Confidence.

They ſay that the Revenues of this City amount to fifty thouſand Livres a Day, which I am apt to believe is true; for really the Taxes here are very conſiderable, the Subjects of this State paying more than thoſe of any Crown whatſoever: All the Difference conſiſts in the Diſtribution of the Taxes, and the Manner of raiſing them: Here they are laid equally upon the Rich and upon the poor, upon Citizens and upon Foreigners.

The Liberty ſo much boaſted of in theſe Provinces, is no more than that which the good People of other Countries enjoy; nevertheleſs, I muſt except Religion, which every one here may adapt to his own Fancy. The Liberty therefore conſiſts only in the Equality of Conditions: But for a Boor to preſume to be ſaucy to a Burgher, to deſpiſe the Nobility, to cenſure his Maſters with Impunity, and to treat all Kings as Tyrants, ſeems to me to be a Liberty which ſavours very much of Libertiniſm. The *Germans* and the *French*, who are not uſed to ſuch Licentiouſneſs in their own Country, eaſily fall into it here; and 'tis really a Wonder to hear them in a Coffee-houſe talking of Sovereigns, eſpecially when, inſpir'd with a Holy Zeal, they plead for the Religion, which, ſay they, is every-where oppreſſed, except in the Dominions of the Calviniſts. They think every Government tyrannical, which does not allow intire Liberty of Conſcience. 'Tis true that in this Country every one believes as he pleaſes: And here are Religions of every Kind, which nevertheleſs tend to one and the ſame Centre, *viz.* the acquiring of Riches, and the tormenting both of Body and Soul, to get an Eſtate, not to enjoy it,

it, but to have the Pleaſure of dying rich. Money, the Darling and the Idol of the whole World, is ſo adored in this City, that it ſtands in the ſtead of Birth, Wit, and Merit. A Man who has but a ſmall Share of the Favours of Fortune, is neglected almoſt every-where; but here he is deſpiſed.

Next to thoſe of the prevailing Religion, the Catholics, among whom I include the Janſeniſts, are the moſt numerous: I have been told, they are above twenty thouſand. They have fourteen Churches, ſerved by different Orders of Friers, who as they die, the States have declared, ſhall be ſucceeded hereafter by none but the ſecular Prieſts who are Natives of the Country. They ſay, that this Reſolution was taken, becauſe the Monks ſent the Money which they received for the Poor, to their Convent. What Ground there is for this Charge, I know not; but be it as it will, who can be ſure that the Prieſts will not employ the Poors Money to enrich their own Families? The Catholics form a conſiderable Body in this State, both for their Number and their Wealth. It may be ſaid that they are with the *Jews* (forgive me the Parallel) one of the chief Supports of its Commerce; for as they cannot hold Offices, they are Merchants from Father to Son; tho' 'tis true, that among the Proteſtants who are in Offices, there are ſome who trade.

What I have now ſaid to you of our Clergy, engages me to give you ſome Account of two Calviniſt Preachers here, who are very much eſteemed, and mightily followed by thoſe of their Communion. The one is M. *Alſtein*, a *German* Miniſter, who preaches in the Church called the *Chapel*, a Man of exemplary Morals, who avoiding angry Diſputes and bitter Invectives, preaches truly Chriſtian Morality, which reaches to the Heart.

Heart. He was Miniſter of the Gariſon of *Potſdam*, in the Dominions of *Pruſſia*, when he was called hither by the *German* Colony eſtabliſhed in this City. He is belov'd and eſteemed for his Modeſty, Good-nature and Candour. This Teſtimony which I pay him of the Veneration and Eſteem I have for him, is perfectly agreeable with the Character given of him by the Voice of the Public.

The ſecond Preacher is M. *Châtelain* a *French* Miniſter, with whom I have no Acquaintance; but he has a very great Character, and I have heard him preach. It were to be wiſh'd, that all the Clergy (our Prieſts will ſuffer me not to forget them) had it as much at Heart as this Miniſter has, to inſtruct their Audiences; and that they would preach Morality, which is the Life of all Religions, becauſe it is founded upon Piety and Virtue. M. *Châtelain* was Miniſter at the *Hague*, when he was called to this City, where he has the Pleaſure of being as much eſteem'd and follow'd by his Flock, as he was by that which he left.

I have many other Things to acquaint you with, but upon my Word, I can write no more at preſent, my Pen falling out of my Hand. I ſhall reſume it however againſt next Poſt, not ſo much to tell you of *Amſterdam*, as to aſſure you that no body can be more intirely yours, than I am, *&c.*

LETTER

LETTER LI.

SIR, *Amſterdam, Dec.* 7. 1732.

SINCE the Weather is ſet in for Froſt, I keep my Station upon the Ice, to ſee the People ſlide upon Skates; a favourite Exerciſe of the *Dutch*, in which they acquit themſelves with marvellous Dexterity. Theſe Skates are a very little ſmooth Piece of Wood, like a Weaver's Shuttle, except that the Part on which the Heel and the Sole of the Shoe reſt moſt, is a little broader. The Remainder of it is ſlender and crooked at the End, that the Iron which is underneath may the better cleave the Snow, and that they may with the more Eaſe ſurmount the Obſtacles and little Hillocks in the Ice, over which they paſs with great Rapidity, but not without Danger of breaking their Legs or Arms, and often of being drowned. The *Dutch* are leſs expoſed to theſe Inconveniencies than others, becauſe they are moſt expert in the Art; for they learn to ſkate when they can ſcarce go alone. This is rather the Diverſion of the common People, and of the luſty young Fellows, than of the Gentry, or of Men full-grown. Theſe go in Sleds, after the Manner of our Country, which is what they call here *Narren*; *i. e.* to play the Fool: And indeed, to conſider it duly, I think 'tis a right Name for it.

The Place where I take the Air, is upon the River of *Amſtel*, without the Gate of *Utrecht*, where

where I ſee ſeveral Thouſands of People ſcudding along upon Skates, ſo faſt that they ſeem to fly. If one of theſe Skaters was to be ſeen in *Switzerland*, I know not whether he would not ſuffer the Fate of *Brioche*, the Puppet-ſhow Man, whom the People of thoſe Cantons burned for a Conjurer.

Theſe Skaters are a great Relief to me; for to tell you a Secret, I am quite ſick of this City, which really is not a Place for a Man to live in, that is not concerned in Trade; and a Foreigner eſpecially, knows not how to beſtow himſelf. He can find nowhere to go but to ſome ſorry Coffee-houſe, or melancholy Walk. In the one he is ſure to be *incens'd* with Tobacco, and ſtunned with wretched Commentaries upon News-Papers, or the Price of Pepper and Ginger; in the other he is as ſolitary as a Hermit. Their Comedies are but a poor Relief to ſuch as don't underſtand *Dutch*, which beſides is a Language that I think is not very fit for the Stage, any more than ours. I thought the Actors pitiful, and the Habits trifling; but the Decorations are fine, and the Theatre ſpacious and magnificent. I can't imagine why the Magiſtrates will not let *French* Comedies be acted in their City, where I think they would do more Good than Harm; for they would help to poliſh the Youth, and would undoubtedly keep them from that Temptation to Debauchery, to which Idleneſs, and the Difficulty of knowing where to ſpend the Evenings, naturally incline them. I heard *d'Argenſon*, the late Keeper of the Seals ſay, he had obſerved, while he was Lieutenant of the Police at *Paris*, that there were more Diſorders and Debaucheries committed in that City, during the Fortnight at *Eaſter*, when the Theatres were ſhut up, than were committed in four Months, while all Shews were

kept open. I doubt not but it would be the ſame at *Amſterdam*, where there is a numerous Youth, for whom the Parents are blindly complaiſant, and ready to kill the fatted Calf; ſo that being left to their own Devices, and having in general but few Maxims of Education, they run with the Stream of their Paſſions into all Extravagancies. Theſe young Fellows, who prefer the Exerciſe of driving a Chaiſe before all others, ſet up in the mean Time for fine Gentlemen; but how well they perform their Part, I leave you to think.

The Aſſemblies, or Societies, as they are here called, have nothing that is engaging. You ſee very fine Faces there, but not a Tongue moves, at leaſt to a Foreigner, the very Sight of whom ſeems to frighten them. Here they drink Tea, or play a Game at Ombre, or Quadrille, and afterwards go in queſt of a Supper.

Thoſe Societies, or Clubs, where there are no Ladies, are ſtill worſe. In theſe they ſmoke and drink in Abundance, talk of Trade or Politicks; and at ſuch Times, woe be to thoſe Powers that have forbid the Importation of *Dutch* Toys into their Dominions. The only Remedy here againſt Chagrin, is Reading, of which a Man may have his Heartful; for *Amſterdam* is not only the Centre of the Bookſelling Trade, but here are Bookſellers, that are very ready to lend Books to ſuch, who, like myſelf, cannot be at the Charge of a Library. I divide my Time between Reading, the Coffee-houſe, and taking the Air, the latter of which I uſe very moderately, one being obliged to go ſo far for it, that I think of it at leaſt four times before I ſet out. The Canals, ſuch as the *Heers-Gracht*, and the *Keizers-Gracht*, are pleaſant Walks in the Town, becauſe they are planted with Trees; but they are indifferently paved. Upon theſe two Canals, live Perſons of the greateſt

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Diſtinction, or rather thoſe of the greateſt Wealth in the City.

One of the fineſt Walks in it is the Bridge, which joins the Rampart from one Side of the *Amſtel* to the other. 'Tis ſix hundred and ſixty Feet in Length, and ſeventy in Breadth; and here one enjoys an admirable Proſpect, which is the only one perhaps that can be compared with the View from *Pont-Royal* at *Paris*.

The Admiralty, with its Precinct, forms a little Town. 'Tis one of the Arſenals of the *Dutch* Navy. Here one actually ſees Seventy Men of War, and Materials for building a much greater Number. With the Leave of the *Venetians*, their Arſenal, ſo much boaſted, is by no means comparable to this, with regard to Naval Stores.

The Admiralty Office is ſo near the *India* Company's Warehouſe, that I am tempted to give you ſome Account of a Houſe which contains ſuch a Treaſure. 'Tis a very great Structure of ſeveral Stories, diſtributed into divers Chambers, or Rooms, where there is a prodigious Quantity of all manner of Spices, of which the moſt common Sorts lie in Heaps as Corn does in our Granaries. There are alſo a great many other Things of Value; and in a Word, every Thing, be it ever ſo precious, that comes from the *Indies*. After I had walked about an Hour in this Warehouſe, I was, as it were, embalmed with the Odour of all the different Spices, which made my Head ake exceedingly, or elſe I ſhould have thought myſelf metamorphoſed into a Mummy; but jeſting apart, I fancy that were a Carcaſe to be depoſited in this Houſe, it would be free from Corruption. The *India* Company is properly a Republick, within the Republic itſelf. It arms, diſarms, raiſes and disbands Officers and Soldiers, without being accomptable to the State. It main-

tains a Governor in the *Indies*, who lives there with more Pomp and Grandeur than his Maſters do here. As a *Neapolitan* Lady at *Madrid* wiſh'd *Philip* IV. *that he might one Day be Viceroy of* Naples, ſo it might be ſaid to a Director of the *Eaſt-India* Company, *I wiſh you may be one Day Governor of* Batavia.

I don't give you an Account of the Houſes of Correction, nor of the Hoſpitals, of which here are a great Number well founded, and well maintained, becauſe I have an extraordinary Antipathy to Priſons, and dread the very Name of an Hoſpital, to which however I perceive that I am making great Strides; but it will be Time enough for me to give you an Account of thoſe Manſions, when I have fixed my Quarters there. A Deſcription of a Synagogue would not, I believe, be material to you; therefore I ſhall only acquaint you, that here are two, one for the *Portugueſe* Jews, which is very fine, the other for the *German* Jews. They are both Jews alike, but differ in their Taſte and Sentiments. The *Portugueſe* Jews are the handſomeſt of the two, for they ſhave their Beards, and ſome of them are very genteel. I was ſhew'd one the other Day, who was a ſmart young Fellow, and might have cut a Figure among the Petits-Maîtres. I was told, that he had been educated in our Religion, and that he ſeemed to be fond of it; but being at *Paris*, in the Retinue of M. ***, Ambaſſador of ***, he ran away from that Miniſter's Service, and came to *Amſterdam*, where he turned as ſtaunch a Jew as if he had never heard the Name of Jeſus Chriſt.

Near the Jews Quarter there is the Garden of Simples. I am not Botaniſt enough to tell you what Plants it contains; but have been aſſured, that 'tis one of the fineſt in *Europe* for foreign Plants,

Plants, which, conſidering the great Trade that is carried on by the *Dutch*, is not improbable.

When I have told you, that the public Walk, which they call *The Plantation*, is near this Garden, and that it conſiſts of ſeveral fine Rows of Trees, one of which is cut out in the Shape of a Fan, I ſhall think that I have not omitted giving you the minuteſt of my Remarks on the Inſide of *Amſterdam*.

The Suburbs of this great City, in which 'tis ſaid there are about five hundred thouſand Souls (as many as are in *Naples*) are extremely populous. There are above eight hundred Wind-Mills continually at Work, in grinding Corn, or ſawing of Timber. On the other Side of the Harbour, there are ſeveral Villages, of which *Sardam* is the moſt conſiderable, not only for its Size, in which it ſurpaſſes many Towns, but for the Wealth of its Inhabitants, who are called Peaſants, and pretend to be nothing elſe, tho' I can't imagine why; for they trade and make a Figure here upon the Exchange, like the moſt ſubſtantial Merchants, and don't apply themſelves to Agriculture. I have been told, that there are above a thouſand Windmills at *Sardam*, always employed in ſawing of Timber; which would have been a rare Field for *Don Quixot* to have diſplay'd his Valour. That Neatneſs of which the *Dutch* are ſo fond, is cultivated to the greateſt Nicety in this Village; and the *Amſterdamers* themſelves cannot but own and admire it.

The Peaſants of *Sardam* dreſs more like the Citizens of *Amſterdam* than thoſe of the other Villages in theſe Parts do, whoſe Apparel is of a very extraordinary Faſhion. They wear monſtrous large Trowſers, wide enough to make ſome People a whole Suit. Under this Trowſer there is another Pair of Breeches, and perhaps a third,

or elſe a Pair of Drawers; and to the two Pair of Breeches which are in Sight, they have ſolid Plate Buttons bigger than a Crown piece. They alſo wear four or five Waiſtcoats, one over the other, which are ſet ſo thick with ſilver Buttons that they perfectly touch one another. Over all this Cloathing they have a dark-colour'd Surtout or Doublet, which keeps them extremely tight downward, and therefore all their Waiſtcoats ride up, ſo that they ſeem to have Breaſts like Women. Their Shoes are Seamen-like, or, with Reverence be it ſpoken, ſuch as are now worn by the *French* Petits Maitres. They have alſo ſilver Buckles, but ſo large that they are fitter for the Harneſs of Horſes than for Shoes. I aſſure you, that if the *Romans* had been dreſſed like theſe Peaſants, the *Carthaginians* would have taken a richer Booty in ſilver Buttons than they did at the Battle of *Cannæ*, when they took that Heap of *Roman* Rings. The Women alſo wear a ſmall Equipage of Gold and Silver. They have gold Ear-pendants, a Bodkin of the ſame which faſtens their Caps, Chains about their Necks, in Form of Pearl Necklaces, great Rings, and in all this there's no Expence grudged.

The *Sardamers* are ſo very much wedded to their ancient Habit, that a Father once refuſed to own his Son, becauſe having been for ſome Years in *France*, he came to wait on him upon the Exchange of *Amſterdam*, in a Suit of Cloaths bedawb'd with gold Lace. Young *Calf*, which was the Peaſant's Name, arriving at *Amſterdam* about Change-Time, went thither, ſuppoſing he ſhould find his Father there, in which he was not miſtaken, and he ran to embrace him; but the Father puſhing him away, aſk'd him what he wanted, and told him that he did not think he had the Honour to be known to him, and that probably he was miſtaken in his Man. The Son's calling him Father,

ther, ſignify'd nothing. Old *Calf* being inexorable, interrupted him, ſaying, *I your Father! I have but one Son, who is ſuch a Peaſant as I am, and not a Lord, as you ſeem to be.* The young Fellow perceived that his Father took Umbrage at his Dreſs; therefore he went to a public Houſe, ſent for Cloaths after the *Sardam* Mode, and having thus equipped himſelf, went upon the Exchange next Day, where his Father received him with all the Tokens of the moſt endearing Tenderneſs. After that Day, young *Calf*, who went in *France* by the Name of *de Veau* (which is the Signification of his Name tranſlated into *French*) always continued to dreſs in this Manner. This gave Occaſion ſome Years ago to a very pleaſant Adventure: A *Frenchman* who had known M. *Calf* at *Paris* by the Name of *de Veau*, coming to *Amſterdam*, inquired every-where for M. *de Veau*, who he ſaid was a very rich Nobleman, of high Rank, as he gueſſed by his Train of Attendants. It was a long Time before he could hear any Tidings of him, becauſe few People knew that young *Calf* had frenchified his Name in foreign Countries. At length a *Frenchman*, who was ſettled at *Amſterdam*, offered the *Pariſian* to find out his Friend for him. For this Purpoſe he carried him to the Exchange; and pointing to M. *Calf*, *Stop*, ſaid he to him, *there's the Man you are looking for.* The *Frenchman*, who did not know M. *de Veau* in his Country Garb, thought that his Guide bantered him. *Parbleu Monſ.* ſaid he, *I told you plain enough, that the Perſon I want is a Nobleman, and not a Peaſant.* M. *Calf* hearing the Foreigner ſpeak, and knowing him at firſt Sight, went up to him, and welcomed him upon his Arrival in *Holland.* The *Frenchman* knew him inſtantly by his Voice, but thought himſelf in a Trance, becauſe he could not imagine how 'twas

poſſible for a Perſon whom he had known a Nobleman in *France*, to be a Peaſant in *Holland*. M. *Calf* explained the Myſtery of it to him however, as far as was convenient, conſidering the Place where they were, and deſired his Company to *Sardam*. The *Frenchman* went accordingly, and when he came thither, 'twas a freſh Matter of Surpriſe to him to ſee the Peaſant had the Houſe and Furniture of a Nobleman. M. *Calf* ſhew'd him, that tho' he had laid aſide the Garb, he had not renounced the Politeneſs of the *French*, entertained him with good Chear for ſeveral Days, and then ſent him back highly delighted to *Amſterdam*.

The Village of *Sardam* being in North *Holland*, I cannot avoid giving you ſome Account of this Nook of that Province. Here is a perfect Miſcellany of Meadows, Canals, Country Houſes, Gardens, great Villages, and good Towns, an Uniformity of Beauties, which is only diſagreeable by being continued. He that ſees one Town or Houſe, ſees all, and ſo of the reſt. The principal Towns of this Canton are *Horne*, *Alcmaer*, and *Enckhuyſen*, which are all built with the ſame Neatneſs, but have nothing of Magnificence belonging to them, except it be the Walks at their Gates. All theſe Places are ſo deſerted, that it would take up the *Emigrants* of three or four Biſhopricks to people them. Their Trade decays, *Amſterdam* being the Loadſtone that draws all to it. This Part of the Province of *Holland* is very much infeſted with Worms which eat into the very Stakes of the Dykes. The People are in Hopes that the Froſt will kill them, and put an End to a Calamity which is one of the worſt that can befal this Country. It is not certain how theſe Inſects breed, nor whether it be in the Sea, or in the Timber itſelf: One would imagine from ſome little

little external Specks of the infeſted Stakes, theſe Worms muſt breed in the Sea, and from thence make their Way into the Wood, no bigger than Needles, after which they grow as big as the Silkworm, and gnaw the Inſide of the Timber, in ſuch a Manner that it looks like a Honey-comb. The Spoil they make is ſaid to be in thoſe Parts only of the Stake which are under Water. The Damage they have done to the Dykes is very conſiderable, and has ſo very much alarmed the States, that they have prohibited Plays, *&c.* at the *Hague*, and ordered public Prayers. A great many People pretend that this Province was viſited by ſuch a Scourge fifty or ſixty Years ago, and that it was delivered from it by a Sort of Fiſh, that have never been ſeen ſince, which devoured all thoſe Worms. Others treat this as a Fable, and ſay, that ſuch Inſects were never known, much leſs the Fiſh by which they were devoured. Be this as it will, ſeveral Treatiſes will ſhortly be publiſhed, to ſhew the Origin, Nature and Progreſs of the preſent Species of Worms. If I am not miſtaken, theſe Books will point out the Method, and the Remedies proper for deſtroying them; and if any of 'em are printed before I depart this Country, I will not fail to ſend them to you.

For the reſt, I cannot ſay that I have had any other Satisfaction in my Tour to North *Holland* than the Gratification of Sight; for Company does not ſeem to be the Taſte of the Country. I never ſtirred out but every body took me for a very odd kind of a Man: Yet I am no Petit-Maître; nor is there any Thing uncommon in my Make. The Sex in this out-of-the-way Country is very handſome, and here are Country Laſſes who have a delicate Complexion, not inferior to the fineſt Ladies. Theſe Sylvan Beauties are generally fair,

and

and have ſuch a languiſhing Look, that I gueſs they would not prove unkind to any young Faun that courted them. For my own Part, who am too far advanced in Years to attempt an Intrigue with 'em, I content myſelf with admiring theſe beautiful Nymphs, whoſe Favours would perhaps rather mortify than gratify me, and which in either Caſe, I ſhould not prefer to the Honour of your Friendſhip; a Thing to me of Price ineſtimable. Of this I beg the Continuance, and flatter myſelf, that I deſerve it by the Attachment with which I am, *&c.*

LETTER LII.

SIR, *Helvoetſluys, Feb.* 2, 1733.

BEING detained in this Port by Winds that have for theſe ſix Days obſtinately oppoſed my Paſſage to *England*, without any Proſpect of their changing, I am at full Leiſure to inform you of ſuch Things as I have ſeen ſince the laſt Letter that I had the Honour to write to you from *Amſterdam*.

I was carried from that City in the Boat in leſs than three Hours to HARLEM, the ſecond of thoſe Towns that have a Right to ſend Deputies to the Aſſembly of the States of the Province. It was for a long Time the Rival of *Amſterdam*, and actually at War with it, but could not hinder its Aggrandiſement. While thoſe Provinces fought for their Liberty, *Harlem* was beſieged, taken and plunder'd by the *Spaniards*, againſt whom the very Women

Women bore Arms. In 1559, Pope *Paul* IV. erected this Town into a Biſhoprick, but it never had more than two Biſhops. The Splendor of it is owing to its Manufactures, which conſiſt of Silk-Stuffs, Cambrics, ſtrip'd Dimities, and Thread Stockings. Its Whitſters alſo bring a great Revenue to this Town. The Floriſts cannot fail of being agreeably amuſed here, by reaſon of Flowers of ſuch Beauty, that I have been aſſured a Tulip Root has been ſold there for fourteen hundred Florins. But the greateſt Honour of *Harlem* is to have given Birth to *Laurence Coſter*, the Inventor of Printing. I am not ignorant that *Mentz* diſputes with *Harlem* for the Honour of that Invention; but this being a Controverſy which 'tis none of my Province to determine, I ſincerely believe, when I am at *Harlem*, that *Coſter* is the Inventor of this wonderful Art, provided I may be at Liberty to believe the contrary when I am at *Mentz*, and to be uncertain of the Matter everywhere elſe. *Coſter*'s Houſe is to be ſeen here with the following Inſcription placed over the Gate, which denotes, that *Printing*, the BEST Art for perpetuating the other Arts, was firſt invented here about *Anno* 1440.

MEMORIÆ SACRUM.
TYPOGRAPHIA,
ARS ARTIUM OPTIMA,
CONSERVATRIX,
HIC PRIMUM INVENTA
CIRCA ANNUM MCCCCXL.

In order to reconcile the two Towns, I believe it might be granted, that *Coſter* invented the Art of Cutting in Wood, which was formerly made uſe of, and that *John Fauſtus* of *Mentz* invented the Characters of Metal, that are uſed now. By this Means the two Parties will have equal Share in

in the Glory of the Invention, which after all is diſputed with them by the *Chineſe*, who prove that the Art of Printing was known to them two thouſand Years ago.

As I walked about in *Harlem*, my Guide bid me look at certain Cambrick Cockades trimm'd with Lace, which were tied to ſome of the Doors. He told me, that this was to ſhew that the Woman of the Houſe was in Childbed; which procures the Husband a Protection, ſo that he cannot be arreſted during ſix Weeks that his Wife is ſuppoſed to lye-in. What was the Occaſion of the Grant of this Privilege, I could not learn, nor by what Prince it was granted.

The Walks of *Harlem*, eſpecially that in the Wood, which is at the Gates of the Town, would be charming, if they were not ſo ſandy. On the other Hand, the Canal which leads from this Town to *Leyden*, is one of the moſt diſagreeable in the Province, there being ſcarce any Thing upon its Banks but Meadows and Downs.

LEYDEN is one of the largeſt and fineſt Cities in the Country. It has been ſubject, as all ſublunary Things are, to great Revolutions and Misfortunes. The *Spaniards* beſieged it in 1573, and as they deſpaired of taking it by Force, they intended to reduce it by Famine. The Inhabitants were drove to the utmoſt Miſery, till they pierced the Dykes of the *Maeſe*, and the *Iſſel*, by which Means all the great Meadows about *Leyden* became a perfect Sea of Water, and the *Spaniards*, in Danger of periſhing, raiſed the Siege: And the 3d of *October* is annually obſerved with Rejoicings in Memory of the Deliverance of the Town upon that Day of the Month.

The great Church, dedicated to St. *Peter*, is one of the fineſt Structures in *Holland*. The Roof is ſupported by three Rows of tall Pillars.

All

All the other Buildings are neat, the Streets broad and airy, and a great many have Canals. 'Tis pity but this Town had a greater Number of Inhabitants, who had Eſtates to live upon; for it ſwarms with the meaner Sort of People, all Carders of Wool, or Makers of Cloth, who are not very well to paſs, the Manufactures being very much decay'd, ſince the Importation of Cloth from *Holland* has been prohibited by ſome of its neighbouring States.

The Univerſity ſeems to be in a more thriving Way. There are actually three great Men for Profeſſors, *Vitriarius* for the Civil Law, *Boerhaave* for Phyſic, and *s'Graveſande* for the Mathematics. The firſt is a Gentleman of ſo much Learning, and has ſo happy a Way of expreſſing himſelf, that he draws all the young Nobility of *Bohemia* and *Auſtria* to *Leyden*. Of all the Proteſtant Univerſities, thoſe of *England* excepted, I know of none where the Students are more regular and retir'd than they are at *Leyden*: Nor is there any Place more proper for Students, who are at the Fountain of Literature, and may live here how they pleaſe, without being obliged to Profuſion: For the Students here don't value themſelves upon the Richneſs of their Cloaths, as they do in *Germany*; and many of them ſeldom put off their Morning Gowns, which is alſo the favourite Dreſs of the Burghers; ſo that the firſt time I came thro' this City, I really thought there had been ſome epidemical Diſeaſe in it: For all the People appearing in the Streets in an Undreſs, look like ſo many Patients. The famous Chamber of Anatomy has been ſo much deſcrib'd, that I forbear to ſpeak of it. The Catholics have Churches here, up one Pair of Stairs, as they have in all the Towns of the Seven Provinces. Some of theſe are very rich, and of good Families.

The

The Paſſage from *Leyden* to the *Hague*, whether by Land, or by the Canal, is equally pleaſant, on account of the beautiful Country Seats, and fine Gardens, that are to be ſeen, which way ſoever you look; ſo that theſe three Leagues ſeem as nothing at all.

The HAGUE, which is called a Village, becauſe 'tis not incloſed, and ſends no Deputies to the Aſſembly of the States of the Province, is nevertheleſs a better Place than many great Cities which have that Privilege, and is certainly one of the fineſt in *Europe*. The States General, as well as thoſe of this Province, aſſemble here, and 'tis the Place of Reſidence for the foreign Miniſters. Heretofore the Counts of *Holland* lived here. Since the Eſtabliſhment of the Republic, the Stadtholders have kept their Court here; and the *Hague*, as much a Village as it is, may be reckoned for the Capital of the whole United Provinces. The Inhabitants are more genteel, more ſociable, and in every reſpect more converſable than in the other Parts of *Holland*. The Nobility here are eſteemed, and Merit does not go for nothing. The Ladies have a good Air, and dreſs well, and have ſomething more engaging than mere Beauty.

The Houſes are more ſpacious and better built, tho' perhaps not ſo magnificent as thoſe at *Amſterdam*; and here are ſome Palaces with Gardens.

The Palace which they call *the Court*, was anciently the Reſidence of its Sovereigns, and afterwards of the Stadtholders. This is a great Fabric, conſiſting of ſeveral Structures, which form a very irregular Tower. There meet the States General, the Council of State, the States of *Holland*, the Council of Nobles, and that of the *Gecommitteerde Raden*, or Deputy Counſellors of the Province. Their High Mightineſſes hold their Conferences in two large magnificent Rooms, one of

of which is called the *Chamber of the Truce*, becauſe the Truce for twelve Years was there concluded with *Spain*. 'Tis in this Chamber that the States give Audience to the Foreign Miniſters. There is alſo another great Room in the Palace, in which are hung up all the Colours and Standards taken from the Enemies of the Republic. Adjoining to the Court, is the Palace or Hotel for lodging the Ambaſſadors during the three Days that the State defrays their Expence. It was built by Prince *Maurice* of *Naſſau*, after he returned from his Government at *Braſil*, and he adorned it with all the Rarities that are the Production of the *Indies*. But all theſe Things, as well as the Palace, were conſumed by the Flames in 1707, on the very Day that the Duke of *Marlborough* ſet out for the Army. Nevertheleſs, as only the Timber Work was burnt, ſome private Perſons who had a Mortgage upon this Houſe, afterwards cauſed it to be rebuilt as it now ſtands, which tho' 'tis not very large, yet makes a good Appearance.

The Palace of the *Old Court* belonging to the King of *Pruſſia*, becauſe it fell to *Frederic* I. by Inheritance from King *William* III. is a large Pile of Building, at the Bottom of a Court, formed by two advanced Wings, which are ſupported by high Arches, and joined together by an Iron Baluſtrade, which ſeparates the Court from the Street. The Apartments are large and commodious, and there's a very fine Hall, adorned with Paintings by good Hands. To this Palace there is a large Garden, which was very much embelliſhed by the late King of *Pruſſia*, who gave Leave for all People of Faſhion to ſee it; but 'tis now neglected. The King's Miniſter, and the * Count *de Hompeſch*, General of the States Ca-

* He is ſince dead.

valry,

valry, have Lodgings there. I could name ſeveral other Houſes of Conſequence to you, which I paſs over in Silence, for fear of ſwelling my Letter with Things that are needleſs.

The Situation of the *Hague* is very different from that of the other Towns of this Province, and in its Neighbourhood there's every Thing that forms a fine Landſkip. Every Inlet into the Place is by fine Avenues paved with Bricks. There is not a better Road than that which leads to *Scheveling*, a Village on the Sea Shore, a League from the *Hague*. 'Tis a ſtrait Walk cut out of the Downs, and incloſed by double Rows of Trees interſperſed with Pyramids of Yews. The *Delft* Road, and that which leads to *Looſduinen*, one or two Leagues from the *Hague*, are alſo very beautiful. In ſhort, go which Way one will, we always find charming Walks, and even within the Town there are ſome that are very agreeable. That called the *Voorhout* is the moſt frequented, it being the Ring for the Coaches. There's a great Walk in the Middle, well gravelled and railed in, where in all the Summer Evenings there's very fine Company. 'Twas *Charles* V. that embelliſhed the *Hague* with this Walk. It has occaſioned ſeveral Diſputes between Ambaſſadors about Precedence; but the moſt remarkable that ever happened was that between M. *de Thou*, the *French* Ambaſſador, and M. *de Gamarre*, the Ambaſſador of *Spain*. Theſe two Miniſters were taking the Air, each in his Coach and Six, when they met full Butt, and neither would give Way, ſo that their Domeſtics were juſt going to Boxing; when ſome Gentlemen of the Aſſembly of the States, who ſaw what gave Occaſion to the Diſpute, offered the Ambaſſadors their Mediation, and propoſed to both of 'em to return back at that very Inſtant by the ſame Way

Way they came. M. *de Gamarre* was very ready to comply with any Propoſal; but M. *de Thou* refuſed every one, and would by no means admit of an Equality betwixt himſelf and the Ambaſſador of *Spain*. The Gentlemen of the Aſſembly of the States being by this Time reinforced by ſeveral others, all equally deſirous to pacify the Diſputants, M. *de Beverwert*, the firſt of the Nobles of the Province of *Holland*, after having ſpent no leſs than four Hours in Debates and Conferences to no purpoſe, ſeeing M. *de Thou* obſtinately bent in demanding a free Paſſage, propoſed at laſt to M. *de Gamarre*, to drive off acroſs the Ring; and for doing this with the better Grace, he offered that there ſhould be two Openings made in the Ring; by which Means, ſaid he, his Excellency would have the Rail opened to him, and the Honour of the Right-hand. The *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador accepted of the Propoſal, and thereby ended the Diſpute; which, had it not been for the Wiſdom and Care of the States, might have been attended with fatal Conſequences. Both Parties pleaſed themſelves with the Fancy, that they had gained *the vain Honours of Precedency*; a trifling Advantage indeed, tho' in ſhort, if there were any Advantage to boaſt of, it was with the Ambaſſador of *France*, becauſe he obtained the Liberty of his Paſſage, which was all he demanded; and he finiſhed his Carrier, while the *Spaniard* returned home, perhaps becauſe they had diſputed ſo long till Night overtook them.

The *French*, who were always very jealous of Precedency, have had the moſt Diſputes about this Matter. The Count *d'Eſtrades*, the Embaſſador of *Lewis* XIV. had one in this ſame *Voorhout*, with the Prince of *Orange*, afterwards King of *Great Britain*. Their Coaches happened to meet, and each of 'em aiming at the Poſt of Ho-

nour, they ſtopped over-againſt one another. The Ambaſſador's Servants ran from his Lodgings, and were joined by all his Friends; but he forbad them to proceed to Violence, for fear of the Misfortune which would infallibly have happened, and would have been very great, by reaſon of the Concourſe of People that flock'd together for the Prince. The Penſionary, being informed of it, haſtened to the Spot, to prevent any Diſorder; and the Ambaſſador, ſeeing him coming, ſaid to him, *I know not what the Prince's People mean; I was ignorant till now, that the High and Mighty States had a Sovereign* (implying that the Ambaſſadors only give Way to Sovereigns). He ſent at the ſame Time to the Princeſs Dowager of *Orange*, to know whether the Prince's Governor was not more to blame for this Miſconduct, than the Prince himſelf? She anſwered, That 'twas the King of *England*'s Buſineſs to concern himſelf in the Affair; for ſhe imagin'd, that his *Britannic* Majeſty was bound in Intereſt to ſupport the Dignity of his Nephew's Rank. Nevertheleſs, ſhe follow'd the Advice of the Penſionary, and went into the Walk that was between the Rails. The Prince her Son alighted to ſhew his Reſpect for her, and made his Coach turn about, ſo that the Ambaſſador's paſſed into the Rank which he claimed to be due to him. This Miniſter pretended, that the Prince's Anceſtors never had Precedence of the Ambaſſadors; that on the contrary, they went a League from the *Hague* to receive them, on the Part of the States; inſomuch that *Frederic-Henry* the Prince's Grandfather, tho' upon Pretence of the Gout he excuſed himſelf from the Ceremony, yet he did not take the firſt Place. *Charles* II. might perhaps murmur at it; but being ſold to *France*, he did not ſtand up for his Nephew's Intereſts.

Since

Since I am upon the Article of Ambaſſadors, I will now give an Account of ſuch Foreign Miniſters as reſide at the *Hague*.

M. *de Fenelon*, Brigadier of the *French* King's Armies, is his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty's Ambaſſador to the States General. This Miniſter is Nephew to the Great *Fenelon*, Archbiſhop of *Cambray*. He is eſteemed for his Modeſty, his Candour, and for the Order he keeps in his Family. His Expence is not very conſiderable, and appears much leſs than it is to the Inhabitants of the *Hague*, who have not forgot what was ſpent among them by my Lord *Cheſterfield*, Ambaſſador from *Great Britain*, one of the moſt ſumptuous Noblemen in *England*, who was perfectly adored by the common People, and whoſe Abſence is regretted by all Perſons of Diſtinction.

The Count *de Sinzendorff*, the Emperor's Plenipotentiary, has a great Eſtate in the Hereditary Dominions. He is Son-in-Law to the Great *Sinzendorff*, Chancellor of the Imperial Court, which is the Reaſon that he began very young to diſplay his Talents for Buſineſs. He has been ſo ſucceſsful as to re-eſtabliſh the good Harmony between the Republic and the Emperor, which was violated by the Eſtabliſhment of the *Oſtend* Company, and to get the *Pragmatic Sanction* guaranteed by their * High Mightineſſes.

* This Miniſter was ſucceeded in 1734, by the Count *d'Uhlefeld*, Son to the Lady who has the chief Direction of the Houſhold to the Archduchеſs, Governeſs of the *Auſtrian Netherlands*. He is come to a Poſt which was ſo well fill'd before, in a very difficult Juncture, which has given him an Opportunity to diſcover the great Talents he has for Negociation. As his Family is one of the beſt regulated, ſo it may be ſaid to be one of the moſt magnificent. The Count *de Sinzendorff* died ſuddenly about the End of *September*, 1734, at the Seat of the Count *d'Aſperen*, at the very Inſtant when he was preparing to return to *Vienna*.

The Count *de Golofſkin* is Plenipotentiary Miniſter of *Ruſſia*, which Employment he fills with the general Approbation of all that know him. He is as civil and courteous as the Climate in which he was born is ſharp. He paſſed his Youth at *Berlin*, and performed his Exerciſes at the Academy founded by the late King *Frederic* I. He was afterwards ſeveral Years Envoy Extraordinary from the late Czar *Peter the Great*, and from the late Empreſs *Catharine* to the Court of *Pruſſia*; from which Court the preſent Empreſs *Anne* ſent him in Quality of her Ambaſſador to that of *France:* And now he has the Management of his Sovereign's Affairs with the States General. He is eſteemed for his Sagacity and good Nature. While he reſided at *Berlin*, he there married the Daughter of the late Count *Feraſſier de Dhona*, who unhappily loſt his Life in the Affair of *Denain*, where he acted as Lieutenant General of the Infantry in the Service of the States. She is a Lady whoſe Virtue commands Reſpect, and ſhe has the moſt charming Family that is to be ſeen.

M. *de Maſch*, Envoy from the King of *Pruſſia*, is a very fit Perſon to manage the Intereſts of the King his Maſter in this Country, where a Miniſter ought to be civil and popular. The late King appointed him Governor to the Princes of *Brandenbourg Culmbach*, the eldeſt of whom is actually the Prince Regent of *Bareith*. M. *de Maſch* has inſpired thoſe Princes with ſuch Sentiments as do him Honour. He was a Privy Counſellor of the Regency of *Cleves*, when the King ſent him into this Country, where he has been ſo happy as to put an End to the long Diſputes that had ſubſiſted * between

* Theſe Differences were indeed adjuſted during the Time that M. *de Maſch* reſided here with a Miniſterial Character; but he had no Hand in the Accommodation, it being negociated only

tween his *Pruſſian* Majeſty, and the Prince of *Naſſau Orange*, concerning the Succeſſion to the Eſtate of the late King *William* III.

M. *de Broſſe*, a *Frenchman* by Birth, manages Affairs here for the * King of *Poland*, in whoſe Service he is a Major General. He has acquired very great Eſteem, owing to his Talents, his Politeneſs, and his fine Underſtanding. He obſerves great Decorum in his Family; nevertheleſs, he makes a grand Appearance.

M. *de Sporck*, Miniſter here from the King of *Great Britain*, as Elector of *Brunſwic Lunenbourg*, is a Gentleman of good Extraction. He came very young into Buſineſs; and as he is on the Spot to take for his Pattern his Father-in-Law, the Grand Penſionary of *Holland*, one of the wiſeſt Miniſters of his Time, 'tis to be preſumed he will make a great Progreſs. He lives as grand as moſt Envoys. His Lady is very well behaved, and does the Honours of her Family to Perfection.

I am not acquainted with the Envoys of § *Sweden* and ‖ *Denmark*. M. *d'Ayrolles* takes care of the Intereſts of the King of *Great Britain*, and acquits himſelf like a Gentleman of long Experience in Buſineſs.

only by M. *Luiſcius* the King's Reſident, and M. *Duncan*, the Prince of *Orange*'s Privy-Counſellor, or Major-Domo.

* Upon the Death of the King of *Poland*, he was confirmed by the new Elector of *Saxony*.

§ M. *Preys*. He has reſided at the *Hague* for ſeveral Years, and was here during the Time of the Ambaſſador *Palmquiſt*, whom he ſucceeded. He is a Miniſter of conſummate Knowledge in Affairs, and is conſulted by others of a more modern Standing, both with Pleaſure and Profit.

‖ M. *Greys* has for ſeveral Years had the Care, as Envoy Extraordinary, of the King of *Denmark*'s Intereſts with the States General. He was bred up to be a Miniſter at the Altar, but had more Inclination to be a Miniſter of the Cabinet, in which he ſucceeded, and is very much eſteem'd, but ſees very little Company.

Don *Lewis d'Acunha*, the Plenipotentiary Miniſter of the King of *Portugal*, has been for a long Time truſted with the moſt important Embaſſies. He was his Majeſty's ſecond Ambaſſador at the Congreſs of *Utrecht*, which Employment he afterwards had in *England*, then in *France*, and now again here, where he makes a Figure worthy of his Character. He has the Reputation of being an able Negociator, and a crafty Politician. He is very polite, is fond of Grandeur, and when he was younger, was no Enemy to Gallantry.

Thus, Sir, have I given you an Account of moſt of the Foreign Miniſters who reſide at the *Hague*. Thoſe of the States are not many. M. *de Slingeland* the Grand Penſionary is at the Head of 'em. The conſummate Wiſdom of this Miniſter, who is grown grey in the Direction of the Secrets of this State, is acknowledged univerſally. The Republic deems him as one of its principal Pillars, and *Europe* ranks him amongſt its greateſt Miniſters. He was heretofore Secretary of the Council of State, when the *Hague* was what *Rome* was formerly under a *Sixtus* V. the Centre of Politics. He ſucceeded the late M. *Hoornbeck* in the Office which he now holds, and exerciſes this painful Employment with univerſal Approbation. Tho' he is well ſtricken in Years, and very much troubled with the Gout, he gives Application to Buſineſs *.

His Second is the *Greffier Fagel*, one of the greateſt Genius's of the State, who is to be reverenced for his great Age, and reſpected for his Virtue, for his Learning, his Candour, and for that noble Freedom which accompanies his Words and his Actions. Being a Lover of Learning, he has a Library, which is a moſt learned Collec-

* This able Miniſter died in *December*, 1736.

tion;

tion; and a Cabinet of Medals, and of the moſt rare antique Stones. His Houſe is adorned with Pictures, done by the moſt able Maſters, with Veſſels, Urns, and all the moſt precious Things which Antiquity has left, of which there is nothing but what he takes a Pleaſure to ſhew to the curious Connoiſſeurs. 'Tis pity that this Miniſter, who has every Quality for which the greateſt Men are reverenced, cannot live for ever.

'Tis certain that the *Hague* contains a vaſt Number of worthy Perſons of both Sexes, and this State may boaſt of having as great a Number of Subjects of known Probity, as any other Country perhaps in the World. Were I to name them all to you, Sir, it would be attempting a Work above my Capacity, and require a Volume. I may hereafter give you an Account of ſuch only as make the greateſt Figure at the *Hague*, either on Account of their Employments, or their Birth.

The *Hague* is the beſt Place in *Europe* for a Foreigner to make a good Acquaintance with the greateſt Eaſe, becauſe of the many Societies or Aſſemblies, public Spectacles and Walks. If a Perſon appears ever ſo little in public, he is preſently known. The Houſes that are moſt open to Company, and where the moſt diſtinguiſhed Perſons of both Sexes at this Place are to be ſeen, are thoſe of my Lady *Albemarle*, M. *de Keppel*, and the Count *de Welderen*. My Lady is Dowager to the Earl of *Albemarle*, General of the *Dutch* Infantry, Colonel of the *Swiſs*, Governor of *Tournay*, and Knight of the Order of the Garter. He was of the *Keppel* Family, which has for a long time been diſtinguiſhed in theſe Provinces. He had been Page to the Prince of *Orange*, who, when he came to be King of *Great Britain*, created him a Peer of *England*, with the Title of an Earl. He heaped Wealth and Ho-

nours upon him, and it may be ſaid, that my Lord *Albemarle*, and my Lord *Portland*, were two Noblemen for whom *William* III. always profeſſed the higheſt Eſteem. My Lord *Albemarle* maintained himſelf in Favour by his Aſſiduity, his Complacency, by a Fund of real Merit, and by his Care not to aſk any Thing, but to leave every thing to the King's voluntary Grace and Favour. This Nobleman has left a Son, who has a Regiment in *England*. The Lady his Dowager is the Siſter of Meſſieurs *Vander Duin*, Nobles of this Province. She lives in a very decent Manner, and is always conſidered as the firſt Lady of the *Hague*.

* M. *de Keppel*, the Brother of the late Earl of *Albemarle*, is a Lieutenant General in the Service of the State, and Colonel of a Regiment of Horſe. He was for ſome time Envoy Extraordinary from their High Mightineſſes to the Court of *Pruſſia*. He lives very grand at the *Hague*, his Behaviour is extremely noble, and his Family will always bear a good Character in all the Countries of the World. Madame *de Keppel*, heretofore *Welderen*, does the Honours of it with all the Care poſſible, and ſhe is extremely valued and eſteemed. Her Son the Count *de Welderen*, Deputy of the Province of *Guelderland*, to the States General, is not inferior to her in Politeneſs. He was very young when he was admitted a Member of the State in the room of his Father, and was ſoon after appointed Ambaſſador to *England*, in order to con-

* M. *de Keppel* married the Widow of the late Count *de Welderen*, one of the greateſt Men of this Republic, who left three Sons and five Daughters, that are the Ornament of the Nobility of *Guelderland*, and the Darlings of the *Hague*, where Foreigners have an eaſy and agreeable Acceſs to this Lady's Houſe. M. *de Keppel*, one of the fineſt Gentlemen of his Time, and one of the braveſt Officers of the State, died in 1733, leaving only one Son, who is an Officer in the Horſe Guards.

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gratulate their *Britannic* Majeſties on their Acceſſion to the Throne. His Expence in *England* was very ſplendid, but the *Engliſh* did not ſo much mind the young Ambaſſador's Magnificence, as his prudent Conduct. He brought back with him the Applauſes of their Majeſties, and the Court of *England*, the Eſteem of honeſt Men, and the Affection of the Citizens of *London*. At his Return to the *Hague*, the Count *de Welderen* reſumed his Seat in the Aſſembly of the States General. He lives ſtill in a grand Manner, and his Houſe is one of the gayeſt in the Country. He has a younger Brother a Member of the Council of State, (they call him the *Waldgrave*) who is a young Gentleman of great Merit.

My Lady *Cadogan*, the Dowager of my Lord *Cadogan*, a truſty Friend of the late Duke of *Marlborough*, and his Succeſſor in his Employments, keeps an Aſſembly every *Sunday* Night. She is Mother to the Ducheſs of *Richmond*, who is look'd upon at the Court of *England*, as one of its Ornaments; and ſhe has another Daughter, *viz.* my Lady *Margaret*, one of the moſt amiable Ladies at the *Hague*.

The Counteſs *de Wartemberg*, the Dowager of the Prime Miniſter of *Frederic* I. King of *Pruſſia*, lives retired at the *Hague*, much after the ſame Manner as the Ducheſs of *Mazarine* did at *London*. She turns Night into Day, and Day into Night. Her Houſe is open to all Foreigners, and there is very great * Play. But ſhe is not ſo fond

* The good Lady died of the Small Pox in 1735, in a very advanced Age. Tho' ſhe had made a Profeſſion of Devotion for a certain time, ſhe had not intirely loſt her Taſte for Gallantry, in which ſhe certainly out-ſtripped the Lady *Mazarine*; for ſhe declared herſelf, that it would be more eaſy to number the Shells upon the Shore at *Scheveling*, than her Adventures of Gallantry. She never miſſed her Aim but at one Man, and that was King *Auguſtus*.

fond as the Ducheſs of *Mazarine* was, of Pieces of Wit, and Men of Learning. If a *St. Evremond* wrote or ſaid ever ſuch good Things, I believe ſhe would always give the Preference to a young *Alcides*.

By the Account I have now given you of the Families, you perceive, Sir, that here are ſo many, that a Man cannot be at a Loſs where to go. There is not a Day but ſome Aſſembly is held here at one Houſe or another alternatively. There are no Plays performed here for the preſent, they being, as I think I have told you, prohibited by the States, by reaſon of the Worms that infeſt the Dykes upon the Sea Coaſts of this Province. The Comedians continue here nevertheleſs, and there is an Opera which an *Hebrew* Anti-Comedian has ſent for from *Paris*, on Purpoſe to ruin the Comedy, when the Theatres are open. On the other hand, an Anabaptiſt, a zealous Man for

Auguſtus. She did all ſhe could to engage his Careſſes, if not his Affection, but without Succeſs; and every body knows the Adventure of my Lord *Raby*, who having an Amour with the Counteſs at *Berlin*, ſurpriſed her with King *Auguſtus* ſtriving to get looſe from her cloſe Embraces. Nor is this a Wonder; for tho' the King of *Poland* did not want Gallantry, yet he was for a Woman of ſome Politeneſs, of which the Counteſs had no Share; for being the Daughter of a Waterman at *Emmeric*, ſhe had not the completeſt Education. She had Beauty indeed, but was in every other reſpect a coarſe Lady. Nevertheleſs, during her Reſidence at the *Hague*, the Youth who had nothing elſe to employ their Time, conſtantly reſorted to her Houſe, and among theſe ſhe had always ſome favourite Spark. Every body knows her Intrigues with the famous Count *de F*——; and her Laſt Will and Teſtament has render'd ſeveral others immortal. You will be ſurpriſed to know the End of this Woman, who had been ſo much talked of, who had regaled ſo many People in her Time, and to whom every body had eaſy Acceſs. She dies, is immediately removed out of her Chamber, and put into a Coffin in the Entry of her Houſe, which is ſealed up, and ſhe is interred without one of her ungrateful Favourites vouchſafing to attend her Funeral, or indeed any body but the Bearers, and a few Neighbours, who were inſulted by the Mob.

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the Comedy, rather than that the Opera and its Protector ſhould triumph, ſtands up ſtifly for the Comedy. All the People at the *Hague* are Parties in this great Quarrel; but 'tis my Opinion, that in order to reconcile them, the States will permit neither the one nor the other. This Schiſm would be a very copious Subject for exerciſing the Pens of the Writers of Comedy; and I am ſurpriſed that ſome Wit or other does not regale the Public with their Thoughts upon it, the rather becauſe they are not here in any Danger of Perſecution from the Lieutenant of the Police*.

You will, no doubt, think it a Phænomenon, to find that a *Hebrew*, whom in *Germany* we treat with a ſort of Diſdain, which perhaps is neither very Generous, nor very Chriſtian, ſhould concern himſelf in the Spectacles, and preſume to force an intire Town to conform to his Taſte: But you are to know, Sir, that the Jews are treated in this Government upon quite another Footing than they are elſewhere; and really, as for the *Portugueze* Jews, they deſerve it; for a *Texeyra*, a *Schwartzo*, a *Dulis*, have done ſuch generous Actions as are worthy of the moſt virtuous Chriſtians. They live like Noblemen, and indeed ſuch you would take them to be. They are admitted into all Aſſemblies, and even their Wives appear there: They treat and receive all Perſons of Diſtinction at their Houſes: They relieve our Poor, contribute to our Churches, and differ in nothing from us, but in frequenting the Synagogue.

* The Iſſue of this Diſpute betwixt the Jew and the Anabaptiſt has been, that the latter has loſt the Day, the Comedians being gone. The victorious Jew has hit upon an Expedient to metamorphoſe his future Opera into a public Concert, which he gives every *Monday* in the Afternoon, where one ſees all the People of Faſhion of both Sexes; and there they ſing Opera Acts, and the fineſt *French* Cantatas.

The

The Nobles of the greateſt Diſtinction in the Province, are the *Waſſenaars*, and the *Boetſelaars*.* The former are divided into ſeveral Branches, whereof that of *Obdam* is the eldeſt. The Emperor *Charles* III. raiſed this Branch to the Dignity of Count of the Empire. The preſent Count *d'Obdam* is Grandſon to the famous Admiral of that Name, who delivered *Copenhagen*, and in Gratitude for whoſe Services, the King of *Denmark* conferred the Order of the Elephant upon him, which no Foreigner had been honour'd with before, unleſs he were a Prince. After this Admiral's Death, the ſame Order deſcended to his Son, who died a Lieutenant General, and Colonel of a Regiment of Horſe in the Service of the Republic. The preſent Count *d'Obdam* is Knight of the Order of St. *John*, and, together with his ‖ Brother, is of diſtinguiſh'd Rank in this Government. He ſpent Part of his Youth at the Court of *Berlin*, where his Father was Envoy Extraordinary. At that Time nobody was ſo briſk and gay; but he is thoroughly changed, and lives now very much retired, and applies himſelf wholly to Devotion and Buſineſs.

Of the Blood of *Naſſau Orange*, thoſe Princes, Founders of the Republic, there remains no more than one young Prince, beſides the Counts *d'Auverquerque*, *Zeiſt* and *Laleck*, who are by the Left Venter. The Prince is Hereditary Stadtholder of *Frieſeland*, Stadtholder of *Groningen*, Stadtholder and Captain General of the Province of

* Of the latter, there died a Baron in *December*, 1736, who was one of the principal Men, and held the greateſt Offices of any in the Republic, next to the Grand Penſionary *Slingeland*, whom he ſurvived but a few Days.

‖ M. *de Waſſenaar-Twickel*, a Name which he derives from a fine Eſtate in the Province of *Over-Yſſel*, of which he is Deputy.

Guel-

Guelderland, and the Country of *Drente*. He bids fair ſome Day or other to be a worthy Poſſeſſor of the Station of the Princes whoſe Name he bears *.

Maurice, Count *d'Auverquerque*, is the Son of a Peer of *Great Britain*, who was promoted to that Dignity by King *William* III. ‖ He is a Major General, and Colonel of a Regiment of Dragoons. He is a Nobleman of diſtinguiſhed Merit, and ſignalized himſelf very much in the laſt War.

M. *de Zeiſt*, one of the richeſt Nobles of this Province, is Deputy of the Province of *Utrecht*, in which he has a great Eſtate.

The Count *de Laleck* is the oldeſt Lieutenant General of Horſe in the Service of the States. He has a Regiment, and is Governor of *Menin*, one of the Barrier Towns. The three laſt-mentioned Counts are Couſins, and form three Branches. They are deſcended from Prince *Maurice* of *Orange*, and *Anne* of *Mechlin*. My Grandmother was a Daughter of that Prince.

I am ſtill to give you an Account of M. *Hogendorp*, Receiver General of the State, an Office which in this Country, as well as elſewhere, is liable to Envy, and expoſes him that exerciſes it, to the Cenſure of the Public. M. *Hogendorp* has had his Share of both, for ſeveral Years: And tho' his Enemies have not been wanting in any Thing to ruin him, yet he ſtands his Ground, and the States approve of his Conduct. He lives with as great Magnificence and Splendor almoſt as any Subject of the Republic.

In one of my former, I gave you an Account of two living Preachers at *Amſterdam*; and here I

* *William Charles Henry Friſo*, Prince of *Orange*, was married *March* 14. 1734. to the Princeſs Royal of *Great Britain*.

‖ The Count *d'Auverquerque* died Veit-Marſhal of the Republic, about the End of the Campaign of 1708.

cannot

cannot refrain the mention of a certain Miniſter lately dead, whoſe Name is illuſtrious among thoſe of his own Communion, and ours too. The Perſon I mean, is M. *Saurin*, who was always reckoned here, and in all the Provinces, one of the moſt eloquent Preachers, ſince the Repeal of the Edict of *Nantes*.

A great Number of Epitaphs have been made for this famous Preacher; but as they are all good for nothing, I content myſelf with ſending you an Epitaph on thoſe very Epitaphs.

EPITAPHE.

On the EPITAPHS made for M. SAURIN.

SOUS ces tiſons, ſans titres, ſans paraphes,
Incognito *giſent vingt Epitaphes,*
Qu'ont arraché de leurs maigres cerveaux,
Incognito *vingt chétifs Pôeteraux;*
Diſant vouloir par deteſtable rime
Loüer encor certain Eſprit ſublime,
Dont rien ne dis, ſinon qu'à ſes talens,
Vivant trouva force contradiſans.
Chantres groſſiers du bourbeux Marecage,
Pour Dieu, ceſſez votre maudit ramage!
Si noblement chanter n'eſt votre fort,
Dites tout court, Le grand Saurin *eſt mort.*

It may be thus Engliſh'd:

i. e.

UNDER theſe Firebrands lie *incognito*, no leſs than a Score of Epitaphs, without Title or Subſcription, rack'd *incognito* from the ſterile Brains of as many paltry Poetaſters, pretending by deteſtable Doggrel to extol a certain ſublime Genius, of which I ſay nothing, but that whilſt he was alive, he met with a great many who contradicted his Talents. But, for God's ſake, ye ſtupid Bards of the muddy Fens, leave off your curſed croaking! And as you have not the Gift of noble Poetry, ſay nothing more, than that the GREAT SAURIN is dead.

During my Stay at the *Hague*, I heard much Talk of one *Armand* a *Frenchman*, whoſe extraordinary Adventures were at that Time the Diſcourſe of all Companies. He did not want Underſtanding, but he was one of the oddeſt and moſt extravagant Mortals breathing. His Paſſions, which ſometimes roſe to a Degree of Fury, were

were the Cauſe of all his Misfortunes. I have been promiſed the Hiſtory of him, and if my Friend keep his Word with me, I will not fail to ſend it to you *.

The Hiſtory of JOHN BARRE, *called* ARMAND.

JOHN BARRE, a Native of the Province of *Burgundy*, appeared at *Amſterdam* in 1720, by the Name of *Armand*. He was a handſome Man, in the Prime of his Age, and ſeemed to have had a good Education. He ſaid he was come from *France*, becauſe he had killed a Man in a Duel. Any other Man beſides himſelf, in a Caſe of the like Nature, would have been at a terrible *Non-plus* to find himſelf purſued by Juſtice, and forced to fly from his native Country, and his Friends, without Money, into a ſtrange Land, of which he underſtood not the Language, and thrown into a great City, in the midſt of a numerous People, where a poor Man is ſo hard put to it to make an Acquaintance. But *Armand* was never at a Loſs for Stratagems to relieve him. Being a bold intriguing Man, an excellent Tongue-pad, and a Poet into the Bargain, or at leaſt very ready of making Verſes, he quickly found Means to get Acquaintance. He might even have paſſed for a Man of Quality, if Neceſſity had not forced him to make uſe of a Talent which was a plain Diſcovery of the contrary; for he ſhewed himſelf a complete Writing-Maſter, and made excellent Scholars in a very little Time.

With this Reſource, *Armand* might have lived very happy; but the Violence of his Temper, and his ſatirical Humour, made him quickly loſe

* As the Hiſtory of this extraordinary Man came to the Hands of the Bookſeller ſince the Publication of the firſt Edition, he thought he ſhould do a Pleaſure to the Public, by inſerting it in this.

his

his Patrons and beſt Friends. Beſides theſe Defects, of which he was beyond all meaſure guilty, he was ſuſpicious, haughty, ſelf-will'd beyond Compariſon, fantaſtical in every Part of his Behaviour, and an extravagant Admirer of his own Productions; ſo that a Perſon was ſure of being thought the worſt Enemy he had, if he did not applaud every thing he did; and 'twas enough to put him into a Fury, if one did not think as well of his Verſes, as he did himſelf. Two or three Paſſages only are ſufficient to demonſtrate this to be true.

He lodged at the Houſe of a Burgher, who had ſo great an Opinion of him, that he thought himſelf happy in having ſuch Opportunities of Familiarity with a Man who had won his Heart by his Wit and his Behaviour. As they often eat and drank together, *Armand* invited his Landlord one Day with all his Family and ſome Relations to a Supper, when, according to his uſual Way, he had provided a magnificent Repaſt. When they were ſeated at Table, a Lady of the Company thought fit to call for a particular Sort of Bread, which ſhe had been uſed to eat; whereupon the Landlord immediately ſent out of the Room for ſome; which *Armand* perceiving, and miſtruſting that they thought he had not provided Bread enough, he roſe haſtily from Table, and went out, but came back again in a Moment, with a Baſket full of Bread, which he turned topſy-turvy upon the Table: And as if this Piece of Rudeneſs was not enough, he ran out of the Houſe like a Madman, and ſpent the reſt of the Evening in walking up and down, at a great Rate, before his Door.

Having heard, that M. *P*——, Agent for the Naval Affairs of *France* at *Rotterdam*, made Verſes in a very pretty Manner; he went by the Inſpiration

ſpiration of *Apollo*, to pay him a Viſit; and after having made him a Compliment on his Quality of Poet, he preſented him ſome Verſes of his own making, of which he earneſtly deſired that he would give him his Opinion. M. *P*——, who was not ſo fond of Flattery as *Armand*, made him Anſwer, That he had been miſinformed; that he was far from being a good Judge of Poetry, and therefore hoped he would not look upon him in that Light. *Armand* took his Anſwer for a downright Affront, and retired bluntly from him, not without abuſing him. Nor did Mr. *C*——*r*, to whom he paid a Viſit for the ſame Purpoſe, fare a whit better; and to be revenged of both thoſe Gentlemen, he wrote an Epigram againſt them, which he paſted up one *Sunday* at the Door of the *French* Church.

Armand being diſguſted with the Reception he met with from the Wits at *Rotterdam*, had recourſe to the Merchants. He went to ſee M. *C*——*t*, a Perſon of known Probity, either to preſent his Verſes to him, or to offer him his Service, in Quality of a Writing-Maſter. As M. *C*——*t* was a little hard of Hearing, he thought it proper to apprize our Poet of it in the firſt Place; but he, imagining that 'twas only a Pretence to diſmiſs him, turned his Back upon him, and went away very much incenſed at the Affront which he thought he had received. He had even the Raſhneſs to fix up a very offenſive Paper ſome Days after, at the Exchange, to tarniſh the honeſt Man's Reputation; and the ſame being immediately torn down by M. *C*——*t*'s Friends, *Armand*, as ſoon as he heard of it, put up another, even more inſulting than the former. M. *C*——*t*, to prevent his being again expoſed to ſuch Inſults, carried his Complaints to the chief Magiſtrate of *Rotterdam*, who ſummoned the Au-

thor of the Advertiſement to appear before him. *Armand* obeyed the Writ, and pleaded in his own Defence, that being a Foreigner, he did not know he had done any thing that was prohibited by the Laws of the Country; but that having been lately informed of the contrary, he was willing to make the Perſon injured any Amends that ſhould be thought proper, and promiſed at the ſame Time to depart the City forthwith. The Magiſtrate put up with his Reaſons, and only inſiſted on the Performance of his Promiſe. Therefore he left the City, and ſet out to his former Quarters at *Amſterdam*.

The ill Succeſs of his Verſes was ſo far from abating his verſifying Humour, that his Paſſion for Poetry was only become the ſtronger. At his Return to *Amſterdam*, he began to write Satires againſt his Enemies at *Rotterdam*, whom he accuſed of having ruined all his Projects. Then he undertook to turn the tender Amours of *Abelard* and *Eloiſa* into Burleſque Verſe. This Piece, full of Obſcenities, and of ſatirical Laſhes of his Enemies, quickly ran thro' all the Coffee-houſes; and when he thought he had put the finiſhing Stroke to it, he met with a Bookſeller, who was willing to undertake the Printing of it, tho' it had been deſpiſed by all good Judges.

While this Work was printing, *Armand* contracted a Friendſhip with the Count *de Bucquoy*, ſo well known for his Adventures and Extravagances. This Count too pretended to write Verſes, and was as great a Rattle as *Armand*. Their Reſemblance of each other ſo much in Temper, was judged at firſt to be ſuch a Cement as would have conſolidated their Friendſhip for a long Time: But a too great Freedom taken by the Count embroiled them implacably, and gave Riſe to a Scene which had like to have been tragical. The Count,

who

who was not yet perfectly acquainted with his Friend's Blind-ſide, took it into his Head one Day, as he was in *Armand*'s Chamber, to make a Criticiſm upon his Poetry, which was a little too ſevere. *Armand*, to whom nobody had ever preſumed before to talk at that Rate, was in a furious Paſſion, and called his Cenſor an impudent Fool, and a Fortune-Hunter. At laſt the two Poets fell to Blows; but *Armand* being the ſtrongeſt Man, he forced the Count out of his Chamber, kick'd him down Stairs, and ſo drove him into the Street.

We proceed now to that fatal Accident of *Armand*'s Life, which was the Cauſe of all his Misfortunes, and brought him at laſt to the Scaffold. *Armand* had contracted a Friendſhip of a long ſtanding, with a Perſon of *Bayonne*, one *B*——, a young Fellow, who tho' deſtitute of a Fortune, had been ſo lucky as to marry a very rich Heireſs. At the Time when the Public believed there was the ſtricteſt Union ſubſiſting betwixt them, they were ſtrangely ſurprized to hear that *B*—— had informed againſt his Friend, for a horrible Outrage; and that upon this Accuſation *Armand* was arreſted, and committed to Priſon. *B*—— pretended that being one Day in *Armand*'s Chamber, *Armand* ſhut the Door upon him, and forced him, with a Dagger at his Throat, to ſign a Bond for a thouſand Ducats. *Armand*'s general Character was enough to condemn him; whereas *B*——, on the contrary, paſſed for a young Man of an unblamable Behaviour; but, to his Misfortune, the Affair was ſo circumſtanced, that it could not be duly prov'd; for, inſtead of calling out for Help, at leaſt, as he went out of the Room, he retired without ſaying one Word, and did not ſo much as go and make his Complaint till two Days after: But for want of direct Evidence againſt

the Priſoner, he cauſed Inquiry to be made into his Life and Converſation, and diſcovered, that *Armand* was but a borrowed Name, and that his true one was *John Barré*; that he had a Wife and four Children; that he had been Receiver of the Salt-Office at *Vezelay* in *Burgundy*; in ſhort, that he had kill'd his Brother-in-Law in the Country, with a Fowling-Piece; and that having fled for it, he was outlaw'd and condemn'd to be hang'd.

When *Armand* appear'd before the Judges, he fairly own'd what his Accuſers had alledg'd againſt him, with regard to his Name, the Place of his Reſidence, and the Cauſe of his Flight; but he deny'd his having murder'd his Brother-in-Law, tho' he confeſſed that he had kill'd him in his own Defence. As what he had done in *France*, was quite out of the Queſtion; the Judges were only for adhering to the Point in hand. *Armand* ſaid, that *B*—— had of his own Accord given him a Bond for a thouſand Ducats, in Acknowledgment for the Service he had done him, in lending him ſome Money, and promoting his Marriage. He pleaded his own Cauſe very courageouſly, without the leaſt Trembling or Self-Contradiction. *B*——, on the contrary, ſeemed to falter in every thing that he ſaid, which made it ſuſpected by ſome, that he had only charg'd *Armand*, in order to have a Pretext for not paying the Sum that he had promiſed him. Yet others, with more Probability, aſcribed *B*——'s Faint-heartedneſs upon this Occaſion to his natural Timorouſneſs, and to the Confuſion into which an Accuſation of this Nature, laid without any Proofs to ſupport it, muſt needs caſt him.

Armand being very urgent for an Iſſue of the Affair, the Judges, who found nothing that could ſupport *B*——'s Pretenſions, paſſed a Sentence, whereby the latter was to pay the thouſand Ducats,

cats, and the Defendant was to be ſet at Liberty, after giving Security for the ſaid Sum, in caſe of an Appeal to the Court of *Holland*, ſaving to himſelf the Liberty of proſecuting his Adverſary for Coſts, Damages, Intereſt, and Reparation of Honour. *B*—— did not fail to appeal from that Sentence to the Court, as did likewiſe *Armand*, who having given the Security required, and received the thouſand Ducats, ſhews himſelf thro' the whole Town, with a long Beard, which he ſuffered to grow in Priſon, and which he ſwore ſhould not be taken off till he had carried his Cauſe at the Court.

In order to haſten the Deciſion of the Affair, he repaired to the *Hague*, where the Court at length paſſed a Sentence, which confirmed that of *Amſterdam*; and then he ſued for Repair of Honour, and for Damages and Intereſts. *B*—— finding himſelf by this Means caſt in all his Demands, and fearing the Conſequences of the Law-Suit, thought fit to ſet his Affairs in Order, and withdrew to *France*. The Court immediately clapp'd a Seal upon his Effects, ſummon'd him three times to appear, and 'tis probable that he would have been condemned upon an Outlawry, if *Armand*'s Misbehaviour had not put a ſudden Stop to the Courſe of Juſtice. The Occaſion of this Incident was as follows:

Armand was ſo impatient for the Iſſue of his Proceſs, that he went every Day to teaze his Judges, who ſometimes were not at Leiſure to grant him Audience. Upon a certain Day, as he came to the Door of the Attorney-General, one of the Domeſtics told him, his Maſter was not at home; and the Man was going to ſhut the Door againſt him, when *Armand* ſaid, *I know the contrary, and muſt needs ſpeak with him.* Upon this they fell to abuſing one another, when *Armand*,

loſing all Patience, ſtruck the Domeſtic ſeveral Blows, and put the whole Houſe in an Alarm, for which he was carried to Priſon; from whence however he might have had a ſpeedy Deliverance, if he would but have confeſſed his Fault, and made the Attorney-General proper Satisfaction: But inſtead of doing this, he behaved to Mr. Attorney in a ſtrange Manner, and threatened to be revenged of him. But he paid dear for his Inſolence, and was ſentenced to lie in Priſon twelve Years. He remained there till 1734, when the Court thought fit to remove him to another Town, till the Expiration of the Term mentioned in the Sentence. *Armand* being acquainted with this Reſolution, imagined, no doubt, that he was now to be treated with more Severity than ever, and perhaps that he ſhould be privately diſpatched; and from that Time he had no Command of himſelf. He formed a Deſign to murder the Archers when they came to meddle with him, or at leaſt to prevent their ſeizing him; and for this Purpoſe he had taken one of the Bed-poſts, which he not only armed with Nails, but faſtened the Blade of a Penknife at one End of it. Being thus prepared for his Defence, on the Day appointed for his Removal, two Archers came to take him, of whom he ripp'd up the Guts of one, and broke two Ribs of the other. After this, none of the Archers durſt venture to come near him, till the following Stratagem was thought of, by which they effectually quelled him. Two Archers were ordered to make each a Hole in the Wall of the Priſon, and at the very Inſtant when *Armand* was peeping through one of them, to examine the Cauſe of it, a Piſtol was diſcharg'd in his Face, loaded with Sand, which put his Eyes, Tongue and Face into ſuch an Agony, that he was not able to defend himſelf, but ſurrendered,

rendered, and begged Quarter. At the ſame Time he was ſeized, and clapped in Irons. When he was under Examination, he confeſſed, that his Deſign was to murder any one that offered to remove him; and that he would do it again, if it were in his Power; which Circumſtance was ſuch an Aggravation of his Crime, that he was condemned to loſe his Head.

The View of approaching Death was ſo far from being ſhocking to him, that he ſeemed perfectly unconcerned. But what was very obſervable in this unaccountable Man, was that the dreadful Proſpect of the infamous Death he had ſo juſtly deſerved, was ſo far from engroſſing his Thoughts, that it did not in the leaſt abate the Fondneſs he had always diſcovered for his Verſes; ſo that at the very Time when a Miniſter was preparing him for Eternity, he interrupted him ſhort, by telling him, *Sir, Here are ſome Verſes of my own compoſing; I deſire you would let me read them to you. I always loved to divert myſelf with Works of this Sort.* An Attorney, who was preſent at the ſame Time, performing the Office of a Comforter, ſeemed to be ſhock'd at the Reading of a Compoſition ſo unſuitable to one in ſuch Circumſtances; but *Armand*, looking on him with a very angry Countenance, told him in plain Terms, That he was an Aſs; and that he wondered how a Man of his Profeſſion, an Attorney, at conſtant Variance with Heaven, and for ever and ever accurſed, ſhould take it into his Head to turn Comforter, and pretend to make Peace between God and Man.

The Day of Execution being * come, he was carried before the Judges to hear Sentence of Death paſſed upon him: But they had ſcarce begun to

* He was executed in *July*, 1734.

pronounce it, when he grew ſtrangely outrageous, and ſaid, 'twas unjuſt to read his Sentence to him in a Language which he did not underſtand. It was to no Purpoſe that they told him, it ſhould be explained to him in *French*; for he ſtill rav'd on in the ſame Strain; ſo that they were obliged to ſtop his Mouth with a Handkerchief, which they held tight behind, by both Ends. However, upon his making a Sign that it ſtrain'd him too much, they ſlacken'd it, and then he promiſed, that if they would take it quite off, he would keep a profound Silence. He was attended to the Place of Execution by a Miniſter, and ſaluted ſuch of his Acquaintance as he ſaw mixed in the Crowd, with a Smile. When he was on the Scaffold, and fixed his Eyes on the Gallows, he turned pale, ſaying, that he had been promiſed different Treatment, and that he did not think he ſhould be turned out of the World in the Manner for which he ſaw that Preparation. They encouraged him, by telling him, that he ſhould only have his Head cut off, if he did not uſe Violence; but that if he did, he ſhould be hanged, and hoiſted up to the Gallows by a Pully, there for that Purpoſe. He made Anſwer, that he did not care to ſwing out of the World by a Halter. He then aſked the Executioner, if he was perfect in his Buſineſs; to which he anſwered in the Affirmative, adding, That he had by his Dexterity made ſixteen Heads leap already, with very good Succeſs, and that he hoped his would be the ſeventeenth to do him Honour. Then *Armand* demanded where the Sword was, and the Executioner told him, that it ſhould be ready at the Time. At laſt the fatal Moment being come, he fell on his Knees, and as ſoon as his Eyes were blinded, he had his Head ſtruck off at one Blow.

I have nothing particular to tell you of the Palace at *Honſlaerdyck*, and of the * *Houſe in the Wood*, which belong to the King of *Pruſſia*, becauſe they are neither of 'em what they were formerly. They are running ſo to Decay, that ſhortly they will not deſerve the Mention. As I paſſed to *Honſlaerdyck*, I went thro' the Village of *Looſduinen*, where I ſaw in a Church, the Baſin, in which, 'tis ſaid, were baptized the three hundred and ſixty-five Children, of which a Counteſs of *Holland* was delivered at one § Birth, in Purſuance of the Wiſh, or rather Curſe of a poor Woman, who having a Charge of Children, and coming to beg Alms of her, was not only denied, but rebuked for having ſo many Children; whereupon ſhe wiſhed, that the Counteſs, who was then pregnant, might be brought to Bed of as many Children as there were Days in the Year; which happened accordingly. This remarkable Event is ſet forth in a Picture carefully preſerved in the Church.

The Palace of ** *Ryſwic*, where the Peace was ſigned in 1697, being in no better Condition than that of *Honſlaerdyck*, I did not think fit to ſtrike out of the fine Road to DELFT, to go and ſee it. This Town, which is a League from the *Hague*, has nothing remarkable to be view'd, beſides the Tomb of *William* I. Prince of *Orange*, who was aſſaſſinated at *Delft*, in 1584, by *Balthaſar Gerard*, of the *Franche Comte*. The Republic which cauſed this *Mauſoleum* to be erected, ſpar'd no Coſt to leave Poſterity a Monument worthy of its Foun-

* Or the *Palace of Orange* in the Wood at the *Hague*. It was yielded to the Prince of *Orange* by his Treaty of Partition with the King of *Pruſſia*.

§ *Margaret*, Daughter of *Florence* IV. Count of *Holland*. She was Counteſs of *Henneberg*.

** This belongs alſo to the Prince of *Orange*.

ders,

ders, and of their Gratitude for the ſignal Services which had been done them by that Hero. The Arſenal for the Land Service of this State, is at *Delft*, and there are few in *Europe* that are better furniſhed, or kept more in Order. This Town drives a great Trade in earthen Ware. As it is at the ſame Diſtance from *Ryſwic* as the *Hague*, the Ambaſſadors of *France* reſided here during the Congreſs. 'Tis now inhabited by ſeveral People, who either from being weary of the World, or by Reaſon of Misfortunes, have choſe Retirement. From hence you will imagine, 'tis not a very gay Place, ſo that I made no Stay here, nor no Acquaintance.

ROTTERDAM, three Leagues from *Delft*, is by much the moſt populous Place, and is only inferior to *Amſterdam*, on Account of its Commerce. Its Situation on the *Maeſe*, ſix Leagues from the Sea, gives it a Communication with all the Towns of *Holland*, and the neighbouring Provinces, both by means of that River, and ſeveral Canals and Rivers that fall into it. Its greateſt Trade is with *England* and *France*, and here are three *Engliſh* Churches, *viz.* One that is Epiſcopal, or of the Church of *England* by Law eſtabliſh'd, one *Preſbyterian*, and one *Scots*. As to us Catholics, we have ſeveral Churches here in Chambers, and the Jews have a neat Synagogue.

The Statue of *Eraſmus*, the Reſtorer of the *Latin* Tongue, which is placed in the Market-place, is altogether plain. This learned Man is repreſented in the Habit of a Doctor, holding a Book in his Hand. The Pedeſtal is plainly decorated with a *Latin* Inſcription, as is the Houſe where he was born, which is preſerved juſt as it was then, and is a very ſmall and mean Building. 'Tis ſaid, that on the ſame Square where *Eraſmus*'s Statue ſtands, the Magiſtrates intend to erect

erect a Stadthouſe, of which they are really in great Need, that which they have being a very ſorry one. If this Project takes, it were to be wiſhed that they may employ a more able Architect, and a more diligent one than they have made uſe of in building an Exchange, which has been a long Time begun, and is but half finiſh'd yet. 'Tis true, that as it is, 'tis too large for the Number of Merchants that meet in it; but after all, 'tis amazing that a City, which has the Reputation of being wealthy, ſhould let one of its principal Edifices ſtand unfiniſh'd.

There are ſome magnificent Houſes in this Town, but its greateſt Ornament is its Canals, broad and deep enough for the Entrance of Shipping, which is a great Convenience to its Trade. I know not how ſociable the People are at *Rotterdam*; for tho' I have gone through it ſeveral times, I never ſtay'd long enough there to make any Acquaintance in it. I always took the Air for moſt part upon the fine Kay that runs along the *Maeſe*, which is beautified with a pleaſant Row of Trees on one Side, and noble Houſes on the other.

From *Rotterdam* I went thro' *Maeſlandſluys* to the BRILLE, a well fortified Town upon the *Maeſe*, near the Mouth of that River. This Town is famous in the Hiſtory of the *Netherlands*, becauſe in the Year 1572, *William de Lumai*, Count *de la Marck*, and ſome of his Confederates, who went out to Sea, to avoid falling into the Hands of the Duke of *Alva*, took it by Surprize, and there laid the firſt Foundations of the Liberty of the United Provinces.

When I left the *Brille*, I came to HELVOETSLUYS, the ſaddeſt Place in all *Holland*. The Winds, which have been boiſterous for ſome Days, hinder the Packet-Boat and me from ſetting out for

for *England*. In the mean time, I am very ill here. I am cramm'd twice a Day with boil'd Ducks, roaſted Ducks, and others toſſed up with a high Ragoû, and yet I am aſk'd if I will not pleaſe to have more Seaſoning. Perhaps it was this Town only that a certain *Frenchman* had ſeen, when he ſaid that he had taken Notice of but three Things in *Holland*, and they began all three with the Syllable CA, *viz. Canals*, *Canards* (Ducks), and *Canaille*, *i. e.* Mob; for certainly there are other Things to be ſeen in the reſt of *Holland*, where there are as many genteel People as in any Country in the World. Nay, I dare affirm, that a certain Candour prevails here, which is perhaps not ſo general elſewhere. 'Tis rare for a *Dutchman* to know the Arts of Tricking and Cheating, and he is of a friendly Diſpoſition, if his Purſe be out of the Queſtion. If they were not ſo much in Love with their Money, there would be as few Faults to find with this Nation as any. I could like to live with 'em very well. When one treats them with Civility, one may do any thing with 'em. And it was a Saying of the Emperor *Charles* V. *You muſt give the* Dutch *good Words, leave 'em the Shadow of Liberty, but make them pay well for it.*

Be theſe People as much as they will for their own Intereſt, they are charitable, and would have every one live. They have not perhaps that gay Wit, which is of all Things ſo taking; but then they have good Senſe. I have often taken a Place in the Boats, on purpoſe to hear what was ſaid there; and have been ſurpriſed to find the common People talk of Trade, of the Intereſts of the State, and of other Countries, of the Manners of different People, of the Hiſtory of their own Country, and in ſhort, of a thouſand other Things, with more Juſtneſs, perhaps, than a great many Epigram-

Epigrammatiſts, Stanza-makers, and Rhymeſters could do elſewhere.

For the reſt, this Country is as charming in ſome Things, as it is diſagreeable in others. 'Tis certain, that the People are now and then too inſolent; yet a *Dutchman* does not care to be the firſt to give an Affront; and unleſs a Foreigner provokes him by his Pride, or his Pertneſs, he will indulge himſelf in his Phlegm.

I can't imagine why Foreigners take a Pleaſure to run down *Holland*, as a Country where they have been ſkinn'd. This might have been the Caſe with 'em in ſuch a Hole as *Helvoetſluys*, or elſe at *Rotterdam*, when one *Carpentier*, a *French* Refugee, kept the Sign there of the Marſhal *de Turenne*; but 'tis not ſo in a good Town, where every Foreigner, I mean ſuch as are willing to be ſociable, and to eat at the Landlord's Table, know what they have for their Money. The Ordinary is ſettled, Wine, Lodging, and every Thing at a certain Price. Suppers are the only Meals that plunge deep in a Man's Purſe, of which a Foreigner muſt be cautious. As to Carriages, either by Land or Water, the Fare is fixed; and 'tis impoſſible for a Man to be cheated, unleſs it be in froſty Weather, when 'tis certain one is at the Mercy both of the Watermen and Coachmen.

'Tis wrong alſo for ſome Foreigners to cry out, as they do, againſt Juſtice, which I find more impartial here than elſewhere. But it does not always act with the Vivacity which a Foreigner would wiſh for, who often has neither the Time, nor the Means, nor the Inclination to wait for it. He then finds fault with Juſtice, when he ought rather to blame the Situation of his Affairs.

I fear that you will be angry with me for having abuſed your Attention by this long Letter, which

which I now conclude, by aſſuring you, that nobody can be more intirely than I am, *&c.*

LETTER LIII.

SIR, *London, April* 12, 1733.

'TIS not poſſible for me to be inſenſible how greatly I am obliged to you for that Uneaſineſs which you ſeem to be under, till you can hear of my Arrival in ſome ſafe Harbour of this Kingdom, tho' 'tis no more than what I expected from ſuch a Friend as you. I ſhould have prevented your Anxiety upon this Score, if I had not thought it proper to take a little View of this Country, before I wrote one Word to you about it; and now I flatter myſelf that I am able to ſatisfy your Curioſity.

I had one of the moſt favourable Paſſages that could be; for in leſs than eighteen Hours, I came from *Helvoetſluys* to *Harwich*, which is the Harbour for the Packet-Boats that paſs betwixt this Kingdom and *Holland*.

Harwich not ſeeming to me to be worth a Traveller's Notice, I only ſtopped to hire Horſes, and came with all Speed to LONDON. *That City*, which for its Extent, the Number of its Inhabitants, and their Wealth, may paſs, not only for the Capital of a powerful Kingdom, but even for the Capital of *Europe: That City*, where True Liberty bears Rule; where the Arts and Sciences are cultivated and protected; where the Inhabitants

tants enjoy the Goods of Fortune without vain Oſtentation; where Merit is conſidered, and Birth highly valued, when 'tis accompanied with Virtue: *That City*, in fine, where are ſtill to be found thoſe *Roman* Souls, which other Nations admire, but know not how to imitate.

Yet *London*, with all the Attributes I have now given it, with its magnificent Structures, both ſacred and profane, cannot be rank'd among the fineſt Cities; for many of its Streets being dirty and ill-paved, its Houſes of Brick, not very high, nor adorn'd with Architecture, but blacken'd with the unmerciful Smoke of Coal-fires, gives it a dark Hue, which renders it far leſs agreeable than it would be otherwiſe.

The Riches of *London*, if not of all *England*, are owing to the *Thames*, and the Citizens ſet more Value by this River, than by any other Advantage that they enjoy: Of this a certain old Alderman had the Courage to give King *Charles* II. a convincing Proof, at a Time when that Monarch was ſo extremely angry with the City of *London*, that when the Lord Mayor and Aldermen went to Court, with a View to pacify him, he exclaimed bitterly againſt them, and told 'em, that he knew how to make them feel the whole Weight of his Reſentment, and that he would for that End remove his Court to *Oxford*. At this the old Alderman, who pretended to be hard of Hearing, ſaid to a Nobleman that was preſent at the Audience, loud enough to be over-heard by the King, *What ſays his Majeſty*, my Lord? *Will he in his Wrath take the* Thames *from us?* Meaning thereby, that ſince the King could not take that River from the City, the Inhabitants would not be ſorry for his going to *Oxford*. Indeed, in all my Travels I never ſaw a finer Sight than this River, from its Mouth to *London*-Bridge:

For

For beſides its being continually covered with Ships, Barges, Boats, *&c.* going up and down with the Tide, its Banks are adorned with a Variety of fine Scenes, ſuch as Towns, Villages, and Country-Houſes. Among others, there's the great and magnificent Hoſpital of *Greenwich*, founded in the Reign of *Charles* II. for diſabled Seamen, or the Invalids of the Navy. Tho' this Structure is not yet finiſh'd, it may be rank'd amongſt the moſt conſiderable in *Europe*, and is not inferior in Grandeur to many Royal Palaces. Its Situation alſo is ſo charming, that were it for that alone, it were worth while to take a Turn on Purpoſe to ſee it.

London ſtands on the Left-ſide of the River, where it forms a Creſcent. The famous Bridge upon which Queen *Elizabeth* cauſed the Head of the Earl of *Eſſex* to be expoſed, after having flatter'd him that he ſhould one Day be a Partner in her Throne, is eight hundred Feet long, and ſixty broad; but the Proſpect of the River is ſtopp'd by Houſes on both Sides, which are neither fine nor lofty.

St. *Paul*'s Church, the Cathedral of *London*, is, next to St. *Peter*'s at *Rome*, the greateſt and moſt ſtately Temple in *Europe*; and I even queſtion, whether it would not be more magnificent than St. *Peter*'s, if it had ſuch a Square or Colonnade before it, as that has; but I mean only the Outſide of it; for as to the Inſide, they are not to be compar'd. The principal Front of St. *Paul*'s is of that ſort of Architecture which the old *Romans*, thoſe Maſters in the Art of Building, would not perhaps have thought unworthy of their Time; tho' 'tis certain this beautiful Front is render'd the leſs majeſtic by two little Towers or Steeples of a very *Gothic* Taſte, which are placed upon the two Angles of the Building. This whole Fabric ſtands by itſelf, and

and is built in the Form of a Croſs, with a great Dome in the middle. The Entrance to it is by three grand Porticos on the North, South, and Weſt. Oppoſite to the principal Front there's an Area, encompaſs'd with an Iron Paliſado, in the midſt of which is a white marble Statue of Queen *Anne*, in whoſe Reign this Church was finiſh'd; which was begun ſo long ago as after the Great Fire, in the Reign of *Charles* II. The Queen is there repreſented ſtanding with all her Regalia. She holds in her Right hand a Sceptre; but 'tis ſo much like a Wax Taper, that one would almoſt ſwear ſhe was performing an * *Amende honorable:* And really, this Statue is unworthy of the Queen whom it repreſents; of the Church before which it ſtands, and of the City of *London*, by whoſe Order 'twas erected. All the Church is of very white Stone, which the Smoke, that Bane of *London*, has rendered black on one Side. The Inſide of it is as plain as the Outſide is magnificent. The Dome only is painted of an *Aſh* Colour. The Choir (for the Church of *England* retains the Uſe of Choirs) is ſeparated from the Nave, by a Wall of juſt ſuch a Height as to ſupport the Organs, which by this Means ſerve the Choir and the Nave of the Church alike, but diſfigure both. The Seats, or Stalls of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, when they aſſiſt at *Te Deum*, are of Wood, and built like thoſe of the Canons in our Churches. The ſubterraneous Parts are very magnificent, and contain Vaults,

* This is an ignominious Puniſhment inflicted Abroad for ſuch heinous Offences as deſerve neither Baniſhment, nor Whipping, nor Death. The Criminal who ſuffers it, ſtands in a Shirt, with a Rope about the Neck, holding a burning Taper in one Hand, attended by the Executioner, and other inferior Officers of Juſtice, and in this Poſture begs Pardon of the King, of Juſtice, and the Public, for the Offence committed.

in which are interred ſuch People as they belong to.

The famous Monument erected in Memory of that ſad Conflagration which conſumed one Third of the City, in the Reign of King *Charles* II. is a very lofty Pillar of the *Doric* Order, fluted, and has a Stair-caſe in the Inſide of it, which goes up to a Platform at the Top, from whence there's a Proſpect of the whole City, and a great many fine Scenes.

The *Royal-Exchange*, where the Merchants meet at One o'Clock every Day, is a large ſquare Building of Free-ſtone. The grand Portico is adorned with Columns, and has a Tower on the Top, with Chimes in it. The Inſide of it conſiſts of a Court ſurrounded with Piazzas, over which are placed the Statues of the Kings that have reigned in *England*; which are of Free-ſtone, and all done by bad Hands. The Statue of King *Charles* II. in whoſe Reign this Edifice was built, ſtands in the midſt of this Court, and is of white Marble, repreſenting the King in the Habit of a *Roman* Emperor. This is not one of the worſt Statues in *London*; where indeed Sculpture is of all Arts the leaſt cultivated; but why, I can't conceive; ſince moſt of the *Engliſh* Nobility have been in *Italy*, and have there acquired a Taſte for what is fine and curious.

The famous Tower of *London*, which is, as it were, the Citadel of this Metropolis, ſtands on the Bank of the *Thames*, at the Extremity of the City, going down the River. It contains ſeveral Buildings, but without Uniformity. Here are kept the Jewels of the Crown, and the Crown itſelf, Lions, and other outlandiſh Creatures, and the Arſenal of Arms; and in this Tower are confined certain Priſoners of State; but thro' good Fortune, the Reign of King *George* II. now upon

on the Throne, has been ſo free from Puniſhment or Severity, that the Tower is empty of Priſoners.

As one goes up the *Thames* towards St. *James*'s End of the Town, where the King and moſt of the Nobility reſide, one paſſes along by a Palace called the *Savoy*, becauſe it was built by the Princes of *Savoy*, Uncles of Queen *Eleanor* of *Provence*, Wife to *Henry* III. This Building has nothing in it from one End to the other, but what is very deformed. The Chamber is ſtill to be ſeen here in which *John* II. King of *France* was impriſoned, who, like *Regulus*, came and re-delivered himſelf into the Cuſtody of his Conqueror, when he found the Eſtates of his Kingdom not diſpoſed to perform the Terms of Peace, which he had ſigned, and which were the Condition of his having obtained Leave to go to *France*.

The Palace of *Whitehall*, which is the common Landing-place for People that come out of the City by Water, is nothing to what it was poſſibly before the unhappy Fire began, by which it was conſumed in the Reign of *William* and *Mary*. There's a Pile of Building yet ſtanding, which is magnificent, and is called the *Banquetting-Houſe*. I was here ſhewn the very Window which the unfortunate *Charles* I. came out of, when the Uſurper *Cromwel* made him walk from the Throne to the Scaffold. All the Buildings called by the Name of *Whitehall*, are now in the Hands of private Owners, by Grants of the late King *George* I.

St. *James*'s Palace, where the King lives, is only ſeparated from *Whitehall* by St. *James*'s Park. This Houſe has nothing in it anſwerable to the Majeſty of the Prince who reſides in it, and there are few Princes in *Europe* worſe lodged than the King of *England*. I have been aſſured, that the Nation offered the late King *George* I. to build him a

new Palace; but that he made Anſwer, that ſince ſo many Kings, his Predeceſſors, had lived in that Palace, and been content with it, he thought it would do as well for him; and that he did not deſire, that, for the ſake of accommodating him, the Nation ſhould be put to any ſort of Inconvenience; but that its Funds might be employed in ſomething that was more urgent, and more uſeful.

St. *James*'s Park is the ſame Thing here as the *Thuilleries* are at *Paris*; only this Park is more plain and artleſs; for here is Meadow Ground, with Walks of Trees, and a Canal in the middle of the whole. Mean time this Simplicity has a certain Beauty, which cannot be deſcrib'd, tho' the Spectator feels it, and prefers it to the fineſt Gardens. *Charles* II. who was vaſtly fond of walking out for the Air, had a mind to make Embelliſhments in the Park, and for this End ſent to *Paris* for the famous *Le Neautre*, the Man that laid out the Garden of the *Thuilleries*, and the Park at *Verſailles*. But this *Frenchman*, after having viewed the Park well, adviſed the King to let it ſtand as it did, aſſuring him that he could not make any thing better than it was. The grand Walk called the Mall, is full of People every Hour of the Day, but eſpecially in the Morning and Evening; and their Majeſties often walk in it with the Royal Family, who are attended only by half a dozen Yeomen of the Guard, and permit all Perſons, without Diſtinction of Rank or Character, to walk there at the ſame Time with 'em; for which Reaſon the Crowd of People here is ſometimes too great; but then it forms one of the moſt diverſified Scenes imaginable: The Ladies and Gentlemen always appear here in rich Dreſſes; for the *Engliſh*, who Twenty Years ago did not wear Gold lace, but in their Army, are now embroidered and bedawb'd as much as the *French*; I ſpeak

ſpeak of Perſons of Quality; for the Citizen ſtill contents himſelf with a Suit of fine Cloth, a good Hat and Wig, and fine Linen: Every body in general is well clad here, and even the Beggars don't make ſo ragged an Appearance as they do elſewhere.

Of the fine Houſes that open to the Park, thoſe of *Marlborough* and *Buckingham* are the moſt conſiderable. The former is very richly furniſhed, and adorned with admirable Paintings. 'Tis occupied by the Dowager of that great Duke of *Marlborough*, who led the *Engliſh* to triumph where-ever he came, and made the proudeſt of Kings to tremble.

Buckingham Houſe is not ſo big as *Marlborough* Houſe, but infinitely better ſituate; for it fronts the great Walk of St. *James*'s Park, and is only ſeparated from it by Grates of Iron. 'Tis one grand Building, with two advanced Wings, one on each Side, that are united to the main Body of the Building, by two open Galleries, forming a Semicircle. In the middle of the Court there's a fine Water-work, and behind the Houſe a great and magnificent Garden, at the End whereof there was to be a Canal, which was actually begun, but remains unfiniſh'd. This fine Houſe is occupied by the Ducheſs Dowager of *Buckingham*, a natural Daughter of King *James* II.

St. *James*'s Quarter of the Town, and all the Out-parts of *London* in general, are very regularly built, the Streets ſtrait, broad and airy, and want nothing but to be better paved; which is a great Misfortune, that cannot be remedied but by an exceſſive Expence. They ſay, that *Lewis* XIV. offered *Charles* II. to furniſh him Stones enough to pave *London*, provided *Charles* would furniſh him with Gravel from *England*, to lay in the Gardens of his Royal Palaces. Whether this be true, I

know not; but it ſeems to me that the Advantage would have been for the *Engliſh* Prince. Be it as it will, the Bargain was not ſtruck, and *London* is ſtill the Sufferer for want of it.

There are ſeveral great and fine Squares here, ſome of which, in my Opinion, would be more beautiful, were it not for the Fancy of adorning them with Gardens, which perhaps is owing to the Want of Stones for paving them. As theſe are encompaſſed with Iron Paliſadoes, they look very much like Church-yards. St. *James*'s Square is the moſt conſiderable in *London*, not only for its Bigneſs, but for the Reſidence of Perſons of the greateſt Quality. Inſtead of a Garden, it contains a great fine Piece of Water, ſurrounded with an iron Baluſtrade. Three Sides of this Square are very regular; and it were to be wiſhed, that the Proprietors of the fourth Side would be prevailed to build that in the ſame Manner. In this Square live the Earl of *Strafford*, Ambaſſador from Queen *Anne* to the Congreſs at *Utrecht*; and the Duke of *Norfolk*, a *Roman* Catholic, Earl Marſhal, firſt Duke, and firſt Baron of *England*, Chief of the Illuſtrious Family of *Howard*; from whence was deſcended *Catharine* the Fifth Wife of *Henry* VIII. who had not a more happy Fate than the unfortunate *Anne Bullen*, who preceded her. The Duke of *Norfolk*'s Houſe here has very fine Furniture, and moſt magnificent Pictures.

Groſvenor's Square, which is juſt finiſhed, is even larger than St. *James*'s Square, and its Houſes are much more magnificent. In the middle of the Garden is the Statue of King *George* I. on Horſeback, of Lead, gilt, and indeed very ill executed. Of the many Statues that there are in *London*, the beſt is that of *Charles* I. repreſented on Horſeback in Braſs. It owes its Preſervation to a ſort of Miracle: The Uſurper *Cromwell* having cauſed it to be

be pulled down, and expoſed to Sale, a Founder, who happen'd to be a zealous Royaliſt, bought it, and buried it under Ground, till the Reſtoration of *Charles* II. to whom he made a Preſent of it; and this Prince cauſed it to be ſet up at *Charing-Croſs*, where it ſtill continues. When I ſee it, I always look upon it as an Image that has eſcap'd the Fury of the *Iconoclaſtes*.

Since the Acceſſion of the *Hanover* Family to the Throne of *Great Britain*, *London* is infinitely larger than it was. There's one intire Quarter goes by the Name of *Hanover*. The Parliament being apprehenſive, that in Proceſs of Time the Town would grow too big to ſupport itſelf, paſs'd an Act ſome Years ago for reſtraining the building on new Foundations; and if this had been done twenty Years ago, this City would nevertheleſs have been too large.

I ſay nothing to you of the other Squares, becauſe my Deſign is only to give you a general Idea of *London*, and not a very exact Plan, that being a Buſineſs which I leave to ſome Traveller who is better inſtructed. Beſides, to tell you the plain Truth, I am quite weary of entertaining you with Towers and Walls. Therefore I ſhall only ſay a Word or two more as to Houſes and Churches. The Houſe of the Duke of *Montagu*, Son-in-Law to the late Duke of *Marlborough*, is the moſt conſiderable. The Apartments are large and well laid out, and the Cielings exceeding fine, particularly thoſe of the great Staircaſe and Salon, wherein the Story of *Phaethon* is repreſented in a wonderful Manner. But all theſe fine Apartments are not furniſh'd, and 'tis even ſaid, that the Duke intends to lett his Houſe to the Count *de Montijo*, the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador.

Of the modern Churches that of St. *James*, which is the Parochial Church of the Court, is the

fineſt, having a Portico before it, ſupported by Columns, after the Manner of the *Rotunda* at *Rome*.

The Abby Church of *Weſtminſter*, in which the Kings are crown'd and interred, is a great Fabric, which contains the Tombs of ſeveral Kings, and other Perſons illuſtrious either for their Birth or Merit. *Henry* the VIIth's Chapel, wherein that wiſe King is interred with his Queen, is very magnificent, as is alſo the Tomb of the Dukes of *Newcaſtle*. That of the late Mr. *Craggs*, who was Secretary of State to King *George* the Iſt, is plain, but of a beautiful Contrivance: It repreſents that Miniſter in the *Grecian* Manner, and leaning in a very noble Attitude upon an Urn. The famous *St. Evremont* has a Place here amongſt the Men of Learning: The Repreſentation of him is in Form of a large Medal, on which there is a ſhort Inſcription, denoting that this Mauſoleum was erected for him by his Friend my Lord *Galloway*.

Amongſt the Reliques which are ſtill preſerved in this Church, there is one, which for its Antiquity, I believe, has not its Equal, it being the Stone which ſerved for *Jacob*'s Pillar, when he dreamt of that myſterious Ladder which reached up to Heaven. This precious Relique is very much neglected, and I cannot imagine how it came to be ſo abandoned by that pious King *James* II. The *Engliſh* would do well to make a Preſent of it to the Republic of *Venice*, where this Stone would quadrate exactly with the Piece of *Moſes*'s Rock in St. *Mark*'s Church. The Cardinal *Cienfuegos* ſhew'd me a Piece of it, when I was laſt at *Rome*: He told me, that he ſtole it in his Return from *Portugal*, where he had been Ambaſſador, when he came to *London* with a Commiſſion from the Emperor to King *George* I. He added, that it was the only Robbery he was ever guilty of in his Life; and that he ſhould have been exceeding

ſcrupulous

ſcrupulous of committing it, if this Stone had been as much honour'd in *England* as it deſerved; but that finding it neglected and deſpiſed, he could not help filching a Piece of it, which he was ſo fortunate as to ſtrike off with a Key, at the very Nick of Time when the Keeper of it happen'd to be looking another way. I told him, that I did not think that he needed to have been ſo very ſcrupulous of this Theft; that I was perſuaded, that if he had given the Keeper a Guinea at moſt, he might have had a much greater Piece; and that perhaps for a Trifle more he might have brought away the whole Stone. O Lord! cry'd the Cardinal, lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, I wiſh then I had purchaſed it.

In *Weſtminſter* Abbey I alſo ſaw the Stone Chair which *Edward* I. that proud Conqueror of *Scotland*, cauſed to be brought from the Abbey of *Scoon* to that of *Weſtminſter*, in order to give the *Scots* to underſtand that they had no longer any Sovereign Power in their Country. Ever ſince that Time the Kings of *England* have made it a Rule to be ſeated in that Chair on the Day of their Coronation.

The Palace of *Weſtminſter*, tho' formerly noted for the Reſidence of the Kings, and now for the Aſſembly of the Parliament, is altogether plain. The Hall where the Royal Feaſt is celebrated on the Coronation-Day, is one of the largeſt in *Europe*.

The Room where the Lords meet, which is called the Houſe of Peers, is not much ornamented, nor is the King's Throne in it at all magnificent: They ſay, that a new Parliament-Houſe is ſpeedily to be erected; which is an Undertaking that deſerves an able Hand to conduct it, the Parliament of *Great-Britain* being, next to the Dyet of the Empire, the moſt auguſt Body in the Univerſe.

When

When the King goes to meet his Parliament, 'tis with all the Splendor of Royalty, and he appears there with the Crown on his Head, dreſs'd in Royal Robes. His Throne is at the Bottom of the Room, whereas that of the King of *France*, when he holds his Courts of Juſtice, is plac'd in a Corner, with his Peers on each Side of him. But here the Prince of *Wales* alone, as Heir of the Crown, ſits in the ſame Line with the King, and the Peers ſit upon Benches by the Sides of the Room, and acroſs it. I have not yet had the Honour to ſee his preſent Majeſty in his Parliament; but I ſaw the late King his Father there; and I aſſure you, that the Sight of this auguſt Aſſembly inſpired me with ſuch Sentiments of Reſpect, as I don't know that I was ever impreſs'd with before. When I ſaw that King, the Beſt and moſt Juſt of Monarchs, come to give the Royal Aſſent to what the Peers of the Kingdom, or rather the Fathers of the People, had agreed to, I thought I ſaw *Auguſtus* in the Capitol approving the Decrees of the Senate, and the Senate applauding the Actions of the Emperor. Nevertheleſs the Parliament does not always applaud the King's Meaſures; but on the contrary makes a noble Stand againſt them when they tend to incroach upon the public Liberty. 'Tis true, that ſince the late Revolution, which depriv'd the *Stuart* Family of the Throne, the Kings and their Parliaments have always agreed very well. Such is the Genius of the Nation, that a mild juſt King is ſure of their Love and Reſpect, and he finds them as obedient to his Will, as a Tyrant King finds them reluctant. All that find Fault with the *Engliſh* for Diſaffection to their Kings, have not duly read their Hiſtory, or are fond of Slavery; and they who think a King of *Great-Britain* is to be pity'd becauſe he is not abſolute, have a falſe Notion of kingly Power. A Monarch of

of *England* is capable of doing as much Good as any King in the World; but he can do no Wrong. And what can a King, if he be an honeſt Man, (pardon me this Expreſſion, 'tis a Character not unworthy of a King) deſire more? What needs there more to ſatisfy his Ambition? And is it poſſible, that a Man can be pitied, becauſe 'tis not in his Power to make Millions of People miſerable? For my part, I think that the *Engliſh*, who do not ſtand up for their Laws and Liberties, are altogether as criminal, as they who oppoſe the Will of their Sovereign in a State where Arbitrary Power is once eſtabliſhed.

What I admire in the *Engliſh*, is not only the Firmneſs with which they plead for their Rights, but their Manner of doing it. In other Nations we ſee Deputies from Parliaments or States makeing Remonſtrances to their Sovereign, which are ſtudied and concerted. An *Engliſhman*, on the contrary, makes his upon the Spot: He firſt hearkens attentively to what the Court Party has to propoſe, and if he finds it detrimental to the State, he oppoſes it ſolidly; not with Expreſſions that are flouriſh'd and far-fetch'd, but ſtrongly repreſents the Inconveniencies of the Thing, and enforces what he ſays by the Quotation of Laws and Precedents. A true *Engliſh* Nobleman or Gentleman ſacrifices every thing he has, for his Country: The Court and its Favours are not ſtrong enough to captivate him: He can renounce both, when he thinks himſelf engaged in Honour to oppoſe the Court Meaſures in Parliament, and he lays down his Employments. A King has ſeldom the Pleaſure of turning a Man out, and much leſs that of being ſollicited by the Perſon in Diſgrace to reſtore him to Favour. An *Engliſhman* who ſhould write ſuch Letters as *Buſſi Rabutin* wrote to *Lewis* XIV. would, I believe, be as much deſpiſed in *England*,

England, as *Buſſi* was eſteemed in *France*. They that are out of Favour, are not ſhunn'd here as they are elſewhere; and they are ſo far from being abandoned by their Friends, that a Nobleman has often a greater Levee in his Diſgrace than he had when in Favour. At the ſame Time I can't but think, that this Indifference for ſtanding well or ill with the Court, is ſometimes puſh'd too far. I have been told, *a propos*, that Queen *Catharine* of *Portugal*, Wife of *Charles* II. having forbad a certain Lady to come to Court, for having behav'd in a Manner that gave Offence, the Lady made her Anſwer, That ſhe would obey her, and that ſhe aſſured her Majeſty, ſhe would never give herſelf the Trouble to viſit her again, 'till ſhe could ſee her for Six-pence; by which ſhe meant, when the Queen was dead, and expoſed to View at *Weſtminſter*.

His preſent Majeſty having ſome Years ago forbad the D——eſs of *Q*——y to come to Court, for ſome diſreſpectful Behaviour, the Duke who was that Lady's Husband, and likewiſe diſapproved her Conduct, immediately reſign'd his Employment of V——e A——l of *Sc*——*d*, and abſented himſelf from Court; but the D——ſs and he were nevertheleſs ſeen as public Abroad as ever, and received abundance of Viſits at Home. In ſhort, a Man is only ſhunn'd here for being a Criminal, or a Coward.

There's no King ſerv'd with greater Reſpect than a King of *Great Britain:* Even the Peers miniſter to him upon the Knee. His Family is very numerous; his Guards, which are ſpruce, form a conſiderable Body; his Court is always very much throng'd; and in ſhort, he wants nothing of the Honours of Royalty. Since the late Revolution, a King is not accountable for any Thing he does; and the Miniſters alone are culpable, and reſponſible

ſible to the Parliament for any Thing that happens wrong.

The preſent King is not tall, but very well ſhap'd, has a ſtately Port, a very grave Countenance, and ſpeaks little, but with great Propriety. The *French*, *Engliſh*, and the *Italian* Languages are as familiar to him as the *German*. He reads a vaſt deal, and knows more than moſt do, who wear the Royal Diadem. Being not puffed up with Pageantry, and vain Grandeur, he does not give into ſuperfluous Magnificence; but is an Oeconomiſt, without Avarice; liberal, without being profuſe; an Enemy to Vice, and a Friend to Virtue; ſober and regular in his Ways and Manners; of a lively Temper, full of Spirit and Ambition, but ſubmitting both the one and the other to Reaſon. He is active and laborious; underſtands Affairs, has a quick Apprehenſion, and a wonderful Memory. As Electoral Prince of *Hanover*, he gave Proofs of his Valour in the *Netherlands* at the Battles of *Oudenarde* and *Malplaquet*; as Prince of *Wales*, he ſhew'd that Adverſity could not abate his Courage; and as King and Elector, he makes it evident, that he can both forgive an Injury, and forget it. His People are happy under his Reign. In *England* his only Study is to maintain the Peace and Balance of *Europe*, to make Commerce flouriſh, and to render the Nation one of the moſt powerful in the World. At *Hanover* he endeavours, by good Offices to his Subjects there, to alleviate their Sorrow for his Abſence. He has not made any miſerable ſince he begun his Reign; and if the Bleſſings of the People help to prolong the Days of their Kings, his *Britannic* Majeſty may hope for one of the longeſt of Reigns.

The Queen is a Princeſs in whoſe Perſon every thing that challenges Reſpect does at the ſame time command Affection. Her Preſence is majeſtic,

ſtic, but accompany'd with Modeſty and Good-nature; her Behaviour is the moſt courteous that can be; and her Wit, which is both ſolid and ſparkling, is adorn'd with a thouſand fine Accompliſhments. She ever look'd upon all the trifling Amuſements of her Sex with Diſdain; and particularly never affected Ornament in Dreſs. The reading of choice Authors was always one of her greateſt Pleaſures; and her Majeſty may be ſaid to be one of the moſt learned Princeſſes in *Europe*. Having loſt the Margrave of *Brandenburg Anſpach* her Father, when ſhe was very young, and her Mother the Princeſs of *Saxe-Eyſenach* marrying again to *John George* IV. Elector of *Saxony*, ſhe was left under the Guardianſhip of *Frederic* Elector of *Brandenburg*, afterwards King of *Pruſſia*; by which means ſhe ſpent Part of her early Days at the Court of *Berlin*, where the Electoreſs, who was Siſter to the late King *George* I. gave her a Tincture of her own Politeneſs, and inſpired her with thoſe ſublime Sentiments, for which ſhe was admired by all that approach'd her. The young Princeſs of *Anſpach* had at that time all the Charms of Nature; and the Fame of her Beauty attracted the Addreſſes of *Charles* III. King of *Spain*, our auguſt Emperor, who offered her his Hand and his Crown: But the Princeſs was ſo ſtrongly attach'd to her Religion, that ſhe refuſed both. God reſerv'd her, no doubt, to make *Great-Britain* happy, and ſhe married the Electoral Prince of *Brunſwic Lunenbourg*. Not many Years after this, ſhe ſaw (but without any viſible Emotion of Joy) her Father-in-Law and her Husband call'd to the Poſſeſſion of one of the chief Thrones in the World. I was then at *Hanover*, and will venture to aſſure you, that the whole Electoral Family heard of this new Addition to their Greatneſs with a Moderation which render'd them worthy of their Fortune; and the Princeſs

Princeſs in particular demonſtrated, that ſhe was thoroughly ſatisfy'd in her Mind, that ſhe could be happy without a Crown, and that both her Father-in-Law and her Husband were already Kings in her Eye, becauſe they ſo highly deſerved that Title. When ſhe became Princeſs of *Wales*, ſhe was ſo prudent as to keep fair with both the Parties which then divided the Royal Family. The late King had a ſincere Eſteem for her, and ſhe in return paid him very great Reſpect. And * now that ſhe is Queen, her Majeſty contributes all that's in her Power to make the Subjects happy. The King lets her into a Share of Affairs, and leaves the Regency of the Kingdom to her in his Abſence.

Among the Joys of their *Britannic* Majeſties we ought to reckon the numerous Family with which Heaven has bleſs'd 'em. It conſiſts of two Princes and five Princeſſes. The eldeſt, who has the Style and Title of Prince of *Wales*, tho' he is not very tall, has a majeſtic Air, and when among the Courtiers, is eaſily diſtinguiſh'd to be the chief Perſonage. He is extremely civil, affable, good-natured and polite. It may be truly ſaid of him, that he has the Soul of a King; for few Princes are more generous. He loves Pleaſures and Magnificence; he is gallant, has a penetrating Genius, talks very much, but always with Judgment, and to the Point. He is Maſter of ſeveral Languages, and underſtands Hiſtory and Geography. He is perfect in all his Exerciſes, and really is not ignorant of any one Thing that a Prince of his Rank ought to know. The *Hanoverians*, among whom he was educated, ador'd him, and the *Engliſh* ſeem altogether as fond of him.

The young Duke of *Cumberland*, ſecond Son to their Majeſties, reſembles what the Painters repre-

* This moſt Excellent Princeſs departed this Life the 20th of *Nov.* 1737. to the infinite Regret of the King and Kingdom.

ſent

ſent to us by the Name of *Cupid*. He has Senſe infinitely ſuperior to his Age, is very dexterous, and an apt Scholar. He ſpeaks *Engliſh*, *High-Dutch*, *Latin*, and *French*; and I think more than this cannot be expected of a Prince who is not yet full thirteen Years of Age *.

Of the five Princeſſes I ſhall only mention the three eldeſt, the other two being as yet too young for a Character. The eldeſt, whom they call the *Princeſs Royal*‖, has an excellent Shape, and an Aſpect of Modeſty and Goodneſs, which wins the Hearts of all that ſee her. Her Temper is as engaging as her Phyſiognomy; and her Mind, which is diſengaged from all Trifles, is more ſolid than might be expected from her Age. The reading of good Books, Converſation with Perſons of Merit, and her Application to Muſic, are her chief Employments. She is extremely civil, and obliging; and they ſay, ſhe is generous and beneficent. 'Tis a Pleaſure to ſee her on Horſe-back; ſhe dances with a very good Grace, and really has all the Virtues becoming her high Birth.

The Princeſſes *Amelia* and *Caroline*, were they not the moſt ſhining Beauties, have perſonal Charms, and ſuch Qualities of the Mind as cannot fail in time of making ſome Prince or other happy.

With theſe Characters of the Royal Family I ſhall conclude my Letter, which is already long enough: I ſhall give you the reſt of my Remarks without Delay. In the mean time be aſſured, that I am always with an inviolable Attachment, *&c.*

* His Governor is the Hon. *Stephen Poyntz*, Eſq; and his Preceptor in the learned Languages *Jenkin Thomas Philips*, Eſq; formerly Secretary to the Commiſſioners for the Fifty New Churches, and ſince preferr'd to be his Majeſty's Hiſtoriographer.

‖ Her Royal Highneſs, as is well known, is ſince married to the Prince of *Orange*.

LET-

LETTER LIV.

SIR, *London, May* 4. 1733.

THE laſt brought us to the Royal Family, and what relates to the Court. The latter is more numerous than brilliant, if it be certain that Pleaſures form the Splendor of a Court. Of theſe their Majeſties don't ſeem to be fond, at leaſt of thoſe noiſy Pleaſures, that inſtead of unbending the Mind, which ought to be the Aim of all Pleaſures, only ſerve to fatigue it.

'Tis very eaſy to obtain the Honour of being introduc'd to their Majeſties, and the Royal Family, nothing more being neceſſary, than to ſend in one's Name to the Duke of *Grafton*, his Majeſty's Lord Chamberlain, and my Lord *Grantham*, the Queen's Maſter of the Horſe. People go to the King's Levee, and the Queen's Drawing-Room, as they do in *France*. Their Majeſties dine in Public only upon *Sundays*, when none eat with 'em but their Children. The Table is in Form of an oblong Square, in the Middle of which ſit the King and Queen, with the Prince of *Wales* on the Right, and the three eldeſt Princeſſes on the Left. The Service here is performed in the ſame Manner as it is in *France*. The Table is plac'd in the midſt of a Hall, ſurrounded with Benches to the very Cieling, which are fill'd with an infinite Number of Spectators. The ſame Room ſerves alſo for the Balls, when there are any at Court.

Three times a Week there's an Apartment here, called the *Drawing-Room*, which is open'd at Ten o'Clock at Night. About this Hour the Ladies repair to the ſaid Apartment, which conſiſts of three great Salons, made by the Direction of Queen *Anne*, which are the only tolerable Rooms in all St. *James*'s Palace. The King comes to it attended not only by the Queen, who is led by the Prince of *Wales*, but by the Princeſſes her Daughters. Their Majeſties converſe there for a few Moments with ſuch Perſons as they are pleaſed to diſtinguiſh; after which the Queen makes a profound Curtſy to the King, and goes to play for about an Hour with the Princeſs-Royal, and two Ladies, whom her Majeſty ſingles out of the Company, and a little before Midnight their Majeſties retire. Upon thoſe Days that there's no Drawing-Room, the King and Queen are generally at the Opera, or the Play-houſe. In fine Weather they take the Air in St. *James*'s Park, or the Suburbs of *London*. In Summer-time their Majeſties are for the moſt part at *Kenſington*, *Windſor*, or *Hampton-Court*, the two laſt of which Palaces are beautiful. The firſt of theſe was built by the famous Cardinal *Wolſey*, the Favourite of King *Henry* VIII. and before *Lewis* XIV. began to build, was reckon'd the fineſt Palace in *Europe*.

The King does not hunt much, but employs moſt of his Time with his Miniſters, conſulting the Welfare of his Dominions. Of theſe Sir ROBERT WALPOLE is the Principal, and he is the only Commoner in *Great-Britain* that is honoured with the Order of the Garter. This Miniſter, who is not leſs applauded by the Court Party, than he is cenſured by the contrary Faction, has the general Veneration and Eſteem of all the Courts of *Europe*; where 'tis confeſs'd to be owing to his Direction that the Cabinet of St. *James*'s gives Motion at this Time to all

Europe,

Europe, and that he is the Soul of all Councils, all Deliberations, and all Reſolutions. Sir *Robert Walpole* ſeems, in my Opinion, to be attended with the Fate of my Lord Duke of *Marlborough*, who, tho' admir'd by the whole World, and even by thoſe to whom he did moſt Miſchief, was hardly valued in his own Country, which he crown'd with Glory and Proſperity. I ſhall ſay nothing to you at preſent of this Gentleman's private Character, becauſe I am not yet well enough acquainted with it. As I have no Buſineſs with him, I ſee him paſs along; and that's all. I want ſome Neutral Man (that is to ſay, one who is neither for nor againſt this Miniſter) that knows him well, and will let me into the Knowledge of him too. If I am ſo fortunate as to find out ſuch a Perſon, I will impart to you ſuch Lights as he ſhall give me. Mean time I hear him talk'd of in Public as one that underſtands the Conſtitution of the Kingdom better than any Man in it, who thoroughly knows the Strength and Weakneſs of the State, and one whom nothing terrifies, nothing aſtoniſhes: And I may add, there's no Man more bold and enterprizing. He perfectly knows his Countrymen, and has the true Art of Government: And no Body ſpeaks with more Eloquence in Parliament, where whatever he propoſes ſeldom fails of being paſs'd; and the Lower-houſe is, as one may ſay, determined by him.

His greateſt Opponents in Parliament are Mr. *P——y* in the Houſe of Commons, and my Lord *St——d* in the Houſe of Peers. This Lord, you know, was for a long time Ambaſſador from Queen *Anne* to the Court of *Berlin*, and afterwards to the States General; and that it was he that ſign'd the Treaty of Peace at *Utrecht*: He was a Member of the Privy Council when the Queen died; but King

George I. did not think fit continue him; at which his Lordſhip being diſguſted, abſented from Court, and became in Parliament the Cenſor of the Miniſters. After the Death of King *George* I. the Earl paid his Reſpects to their preſent Majeſties, who received him with very great Marks of Diſtinction; which however did not hinder his conſtant Oppoſition to the Meaſures of the Court: Yet it cannot be deny'd that his Lordſhip behav'd with very great Prudence in the Changes that happen'd upon the Acceſſion of the *Brunſwic* Family to the Throne. This Lord, ſpeaking to me one Day of thoſe Alterations, in the Voyage which I made hither in 1728, told me, that if he had been rul'd by the Duke of *Ormond*, he ſhould have been in the ſame miſerable Circumſtances as that Duke. "He did all he could, *ſaid he*, to perſuade me to "quit the Kingdom with him; but he was ſo far "from decoying me away, that I made uſe of all "the Rhetoric I was Maſter of, to perſuade him "to ſtay at home, becauſe we had neither of us "done any thing but by Order of the Queen our "Miſtreſs; that therefore we had nothing to fear, "and that the worſt that could happen to us would "be a Cenſure. But the Duke had ſuch a Terror "upon him, that all theſe Arguments were not "powerful enough to encourage him; and but a "few Hours before he went off, he came and con-"jured me to leave the Kingdom with him. I "made him this Anſwer: *I have nothing to reproach "myſelf with*, my Lord, *I have obeyed the Queen, "and I have too high an Opinion of the Juſtice of my "Country, and too great a Confidence in the Equity "of the King, to fear any Thing.* The Anſwer "which the Duke made me was, *Well then*, my "Lord, *I muſt take the ſame Farewel of you as the* "Prince of Orange *did of* Count Egmont. FARE-

"WEL,

" WEL, COUNT WITHOUT A HEAD. To which " I replied, FAREWEL, DUKE WITHOUT A " DUCHY. The Event has ſhewn, that I was a " better Prophet than the Duke of *Ormond:* For " I enjoy my Eſtate in Peace, whereas what he had " is taken from him." In the ſame Converſation the Earl talked a great deal to me of their Majeſties, and in Terms of the profoundeſt Reſpect. He expreſſed an infinite Value for the King, who when Prince of *Wales*, ſaid he, always treated him with very great Regard and Goodneſs. Nevertheleſs this Lord ſeldom appears at Court: He ſpends the Summer in the Country, and the Winter at *London*, where once a Week he has an Aſſembly; but in other reſpects he lives very retired, and at no great Expence.

The Duke of *Newcaſtle* is Secretary of State. This Nobleman is extremely civil, very rich, and lives grand. He has the Province of foreign Affairs, in Conjunction with my Lord *Harrington*, who, when he was only Colonel *Stanhope*, gain'd Reputation as Ambaſſador in *Spain*, and at the Congreſs of *Soiſſons*. I knew this Miniſter at *Madrid* in 1719, and can vouch for him, that he is one of the worthieſt and ſobereſt Men in the World. He is good-natur'd, modeſt, generous, and mighty ſincere. He is ſhy of new Acquaintance, but when once a Man knows him, the better he will like him.

I don't think that the Miniſters of this Country, or the Nobility, are ſo haughty as they are repreſented in our Country; and have Reaſon to think, that they who ſay the *Engliſh* are not civil to Foreigners, have not been very converſant with 'em. 'Tis true, they are not ſo engaging as the *French*; but when a Man is known among them, gives into their Ways, and courts their Favour,

in ſhort, they are, methinks, as courteous and civil as any other People in the World. An *Engliſhman* won't be ſaying at every Turn, *That he has the Honour to be your moſt humble Servant*; *that he has the Honour to ſay, to hear*, and ſo of the reſt. He will ſay it perhaps once in a Converſation, and that's all; nor, on the other hand, does he want to be loaded with Compliments, Acknowledgments, and impertinent Bows. As he is above Trifles, he looks upon all thoſe frothy Expreſſions as frivolous; and this it is that makes our young Travellers think, that the *Engliſh* are not polite. Such far-fetcht and bombaſt Phraſes are commonly all that thoſe Sparks have learnt at a great deal of Expence in their Travels to *France*, and they are perfectly aſtoniſhed, when they come into a Land of good Senſe, and ſee ſo little Notice taken of what they have paid for ſo dear, and what has coſt them ſo much Pains to acquire.

There are ſome *Engliſh* People, who upon certain Occaſions ſeem to forget the Perſons they were great with but the Day before. In my former Voyage to this Country, I was at firſt ſurpriſed at this ſort of Behaviour, and aſcribed the Cauſe of it to the Pride of the *Engliſh*; but I was convinced afterwards, that it was owing much more to a melancholy Temper, which is general to almoſt the whole Nation. An *Engliſhman* of this Caſt is not the leſs a Friend upon that Account, and if one does not take Notice of that Unevenneſs of Temper, he will naturally come to himſelf, and they readily forgive their Friend for any Abſence of Thought. In ſhort, the *Engliſh* have their Failings, becauſe they are but Men; but I ſhall always pay very great Credit to an *Engliſhman*, when he tells me, that he is my Friend. In order to acquire the Friendſhip of theſe People, 'tis abſolutely neceſſary to ſpeak

their

their Language. Many of them underſtand *French* and *Italian*, but they don't care to ſpeak foreign Languages; and when they do, 'tis either from Neceſſity or Conſtraint. Now Conſtraint is what the *Engliſh* don't at all like; for as they enjoy the greateſt Liberty of any People in the World, they have an Averſion to every Thing which cramps it.

Their Manners differ extremely from thoſe of the *French*, which is what the latter are at a Loſs to account for; becauſe they have been always ſo much imitated by all other Nations, that they think themſelves the Directors of Mankind, and that the *Engliſh* do them an Injuſtice in not following their Copies. To give you my Judgment as to the Manners of theſe two Nations, is what I ſhall not undertake, being reſtrained from it by ſeveral Conſiderations, eſpecially the Fear of doing Wrong either to the one or the other, and that I ſhould not give a right Judgment in ſo great a Cauſe. They are both perhaps not exempt from very great Failings; but it ſeems to me, that the *Engliſh* are not the Slaves of that Tyrant, Cuſtom, and chuſe to follow their Genius and good Senſe. They don't ſurfeit themſelves with thoſe Nothings which the *French* call Politeneſs, and which ſeem to be invented only to paſs away the Time. In fine, to ſpeak my Mind plainly, if I was but twenty Years of Age, I could like to be a complete *Frenchman*; but now that I am forty, I am perfectly reconciled to the Manners and Cuſtoms of the *Engliſh*.

A Zeal for Religion ſeems to me to be the only Point in which there is a Conformity of Temper between the two Nations: And tho' they differ widely in Principles, yet they both cry out loudly for the Privileges of their Church, and both have equally their Fanatics. For tho' *London* has not

ſuch as are Devotees to St. *Paris*, it has other Sectaries, who are as ſenſeleſs. For the reſt, the two Nations may boaſt of having produced a great Number of good Men, as appears from the many good Books of Devotion and Morality, for which we are obliged to them. And as for Libertines, I think neither Nation has reaſon to reproach the other, and that there are as many at *London* as at *Paris*.

The *Engliſh* are run down for their Cruelty, but I know not for what Reaſon, unleſs it be, that in a Battle they do not readily give Quarter, and are apt to purſue their Advantage too far. I fanſy it would be eaſy to prove, that other Nations, who charge the *Engliſh* with this Vice, are more cruel than they. For in ſhort, the Barbarities committed in the Conqueſt of *Mexico*, the burning of the *Palatinate*, the Maſſacre of St. *Bartholomew*, the *Sicilian* Veſpers, the Aſſaſſinations of the beſt of Kings, are Cruelties that are not to be matched in the Hiſtory of *England*. We don't hear of thoſe Aſſaſſinations in this Country, that are committed elſewhere; and even the Highwaymen ſeem to be more humane here than Abroad; for they generally content themſelves with what is given them, without ſhedding of Blood; and ſome of them are ſo generous, as to give Money to People whom other Highwaymen had ſtripped. 'Tis inconceiveable how many Stratagems theſe Rogues make uſe of to carry their Points. I have been told a great many Stories upon this Head, of which I give you the following, becauſe I think 'twas very well contrived.

As a Nobleman was travelling in his Coach, the Roads were ſo extremely bad, that his Servants who were on Horſeback, were forced to turn out of the High-Road into a By-Way. His Lordſhip came by Degrees into a Vale, where he met with

with a Man on Horſeback, who putting a Gun into the Coach, ſaid to him, *My Lord, this is a good Gun; 'tis worth a hundred Pieces between Friends; I would adviſe you to buy it.* The Nobleman underſtood his Meaning, but being defenceleſs, he drew a hundred Guineas out of his Purſe, which the Highwayman took, and gave him the Gun. The firſt Thing that my Lord did, was to preſent it at the Highwayman; but he told him, that he was not afraid of him; for, in ſhort, the Gun was not charged, ſo that my Lord could not recover his Money.

As the Highwaymen are ſo artful in committing Robberies, they are much more ſo in eſcaping Juſtice. A Highwayman, who had alſo committed a Murder near *London*, ſome Years ago, rode fifty *French* Leagues that Day, upon the ſame Horſe. When he came to the Place where he thought himſelf ſafe, he took out his Watch; and ſhewing it to the People of the Inn where he ſat up, *I call you to witneſs*, ſaid he, *that at ſuch an Hour I came hither, and I deſire you to give me a Certificate of it in Writing.* They gave him one accordingly, which Piece of Paper ſaved his Life; for when he was apprehended, his Judges being aſſured that he was the Murderer, were juſt going to condemn him, when he aſk'd them, At what o'Clock the Murder was committed? The Judges having told him the Hour, *How come you to think*, ſaid he, *that 'twas poſſible for me to be guilty of the Crime of which you accuſe me, when I was that very Day fifty Leagues from the Place where 'twas committed?* The Judges, thinking it out of the Power of Man to be there, and ſo far off too, in that Time, ſet the Culprit at Liberty. Mean time, the Preſident being perſuaded that he was guilty, aſk'd him privately how it was; and the Highwayman, after

after having made him promiſe to keep the Secret, confeſſed the Fact.

I could tell you a Number of ſuch Stories, not ſo much to convince you, that the *Engliſh* are not cruel, as to prove to you, that their Highwaymen are cunning. All the Laws here are mild, and not ſevere. There are no Tortures, nor are ſuch made uſe of, even in Conſpiracies. Nobody is condemned to die, if he be not found guilty before two Tribunals or Juries, compoſed of Perſons who are, as near as can be, Men of equal Rank with the Party accuſed. The firſt Tribunal muſt conſiſt of more than twelve Perſons, but twelve is the Number by whom the Bill muſt be found. The ſecond Tribunal conſiſts preciſely of twelve Jurymen, who muſt all be agreed in their Verdict, and be ſhut up together, without being allowed Victuals or Drink, till they are all of the ſame Opinion. There are but two Sorts of Execution known here, *viz.* Hanging and Beheading, of which the laſt is reſerved only for ſuch as are Peers of the Realm.

It ſeems to me, by what I have now told you, that the *Engliſh* are as humane, and more ſo, than we are, who refine upon Tortures and Executions; as if 'twere nothing to make a Man ſuffer, and that 'twas not enough to take that Life from him, which no Monarch in the World can prolong one Moment, much leſs reſtore to him from whom he has once taken it.

The Execution of Criminals here is a perfect Shew to the People, by Reaſon of the Courage with which moſt of 'em go to the fatal Tree. I lately ſaw five carried to the Gallows, who were dreſſed, and ſeemed to be as well pleaſed, as if they were going to a Feaſt. The Executions here are not performed with that terrible Apparatus as they are elſewhere. There is not that Number of Halbar-

Halbardiers, nor all that Gravity, which ſometimes ſtrikes a greater Awe than the Execution itſelf. A Criminal goes to the Gallows here in a Cart. When he is directly under it, he is faſtened to the Top of it, when a Smack of a Whip makes the Horſes draw away the Cart, and the Criminal remains hanging. I am told, that his Friends or Neighbours pull him by the Feet, in order to diſpatch him the ſooner. They who die without Fainting, are always extolled to the Skies by the Populace, and the leaſt of their Characters are, that they died like brave Gentlemen.

'Tis one of the diſtinguiſhing Characters of an *Engliſhman*, to be intrepid in the Article of Death. We are forbid by Religion, to approve of that Contempt of Life; yet we can't help admiring it in the *Romans*, from whom the *Engliſh* have, no doubt, derived the Practice of putting an End to their Days, when Life is a Burden to them. Theſe Self-Murders are but too frequent here, and are committed by Perſons of good Families, as well as by the Dregs of the People. I gave you an Inſtance in one of my Letters from *Paris*, of a certain Book-binder and his Wife, who hang'd themſelves at *London*, for fear of that Miſery in Life which they thought unavoidable. I could give you other Inſtances as tragical, if I were not apprehenſive, that ſuch melancholy Cataſtrophes would give you Horror. Mean time you muſt agree with me in the Impoſſibility of accounting for ſuch a ſtrange odd Turn of Mind in theſe People; for in ſhort, other Nations don't ſeem by their Actions to have any more Religion than the *Engliſh*, and they are all equally ſenſible of Misfortunes; yet one rarely hears of a Foreigner makeing an Attempt upon himſelf. How come the *Engliſh* then to be ſo free with Life? Does it proceed

ceed from a greater Senſe of Courage, or of Cowardice?

A great many of 'em hang themſelves purely for Love. I own to you, that if I were ſo forſaken by God, as to commit ſuch a fooliſh Prank, it ſhould be for an *Engliſh* Woman. They have, in my Opinion, ſuch an Air of Modeſty and Good-nature, and withal, ſuch a baſhful Simplicity, as charm me, and ſuch tender languiſhing Eyes too, as tho' not univerſally pleaſing, yet captivate me to ſuch a Degree, that if I was but twenty Years of Age, I ſhould have gone very much aſtray. Moſt of the *Engliſh* Women are handſome; they have the fineſt Hair in the World, and are only obliged to pure Nature for the Beauty of their Complexions. 'Tis a Pleaſure to ſee them bluſh. The frankeſt of 'em retain an Air of Modeſty, which would perſuade one, that they don't affect to be wicked. They are commonly very richly dreſſed, but not altogether in the Taſte of the *French* Ladies, which is the only Fault that I find with 'em. They ſeem to affect Dreſſing to their Diſadvantage. Their Gowns ſo cloſe before, with ſtrait Sleeves, which don't reach beyond the Elbow, make them look as if they had no Shoulders nor Breaſts. And what is worſe than all, they have broad flat Rumps to their Gowns, and Hoop-Petticoats, narrow at the Top, and monſtrouſly wide at the Bottom. They are always laced, and 'tis as rare to ſee a Woman here without her Stays on, as it is to ſee one at *Paris* in a full Dreſs. I wiſh the *Engliſh* Ladies would take Pattern by the *French* a little more in their Dreſs; for in my Judgment, the Knots of Ribban in their Cornets, and a thouſand Trinkets with which the latter ſet themſelves off, are very becoming to the Sex. On the other hand, I ſhould be glad, if the young Gentlemen did not imitate the *French* Air and Dreſs

Dreſs ſo much as they do; but kept to the Manners of their own Country, which are more ſuitable to the Men. They ſay, that among the good Qualities of the Women here, they are equally ſuſceptible themſelves of the Paſſion of Love, which they are ſo apt to kindle in the Men. This is very good, and perfectly natural; for in my Opinion, nothing is ſo ill becoming to the Fair Sex as Hard-heartedneſs, the rather, becauſe I believe 'tis poſſible for a Woman to be in Love, without abandoning Virtue.

The Ladies here have little to employ them; their Amuſement being to give and receive Viſits, to go often to Court, to have the Pleaſure of being ſeen, which really is of all Pleaſures that which they ſeem to take moſt Delight in. This is the Motive that carries them to the public Walks, Concerts, and Theatres; in all which Places they are mightily reſerved, have but little Talk, and their chief Converſation is the Flutter of their Fans. I was one Day paying a Viſit at a Houſe where there was an Aſſembly of twenty Women, and not one Man beſides myſelf: They look'd upon one another, but did not ſpeak a Word. I may defy you to ſhew me any other Place where there's a Score of Women in Company, and not one Tongue ſtirring As for the reſt, the Women here enjoy great Liberty. They turn out in a Morning, with a black velvet Maſk on their Faces, a Coif on, in form of a Hat, with the Brims down, a round Gown, and a white Apron; and in this Trim they go to the Park, or whitherſoever they pleaſe. They take the Air very much on Horſeback. In ſhort, they do what they have a Mind to. Mean time the Husbands are ſeldom of their Parties, and trouble themſelves very little whither they go, being too much Philoſophers, and of too good Senſe,

to

to make their Honour dependent on the Virtue of their Wives, which at the ſame time, I verily believe, to be in leſs Danger here than elſewhere, it being not the Genius of the *Engliſh*, to take a great deal of Pains for an Amour; and I am perſuaded, that *Hercules*'s Love for *Omphale* will never be equalled in this Country.

The Pleaſures of this great City are of many and various Kinds; yet I have known *Engliſhmen*, at their Return from *Paris*, ſay, they thought *London* too dull a Place for 'em to live in. Others would argue with me, that there's more Diverſion at *Rome*. You know, Sir, what I have related to you, of the Pleaſures both of *Rome* and *Paris*; and after I have given you an Account of thoſe of *London*, ſuch as they are, or may be taken, you ſhall be the Judge betwixt thoſe *Frenchify'd* or *Italianized Engliſhmen*, and me.

A Man of Senſe, a Scholar, a Devotee; in one Word, a Man, is never at a Loſs here for ſuitable Company, and I defy him to meet with better on the other Side of the Herring-Pond: The irregular Man, or rather the Deboſhee, has here his full Swing: And the fine Gentleman, whom I place in a Medium betwixt the two Extremes, has enough to regale his Appetite. As the Species of the latter is the moſt prevailing, we will ſhew how he paſſes his Time: He riſes late, puts on a Frock, (which is a cloſe body'd Coat, without Pockets or Plaits, and with ſtrait Sleeves) and leaving his Sword at home, takes his Cane, and goes where he pleaſes. The Park is commonly the Place he walks to, becauſe 'tis the Exchange for Men of Quality. There he has it at his Choice to make any Engagement whatſoever. Then he goes home to dreſs, and afterwards ſaunters to ſome Coffee-houſe, or Chocolate-houſe, frequented by the Perſon he would ſee; for 'tis a

ſort

ſort of Rule with the *Engliſh*, to go, once a Day at leaſt, to Houſes of this Sort, where they talk of Buſineſs and News, read the Papers, and often look at one another, without opening their Lips; and 'tis very well they are ſo mute; for if they were as talkative as the People of many other Nations, the Coffee-houſes would be intolerable, and there would be no hearing what one Man ſaid, where there are ſo many. The Chocolate-houſe in St. *James*'s-ſtreet, whither I go every Morning, to paſs away the Time, is always ſo full that a Man can ſcarce turn about in it. Here are Dukes, and other Peers, mixed with Gentlemen; and to be admitted, there needs nothing more than to dreſs like a Gentleman. At one o'Clock, they go to Court, to the King's Levee, and from thence to the Queen's Apartment, where is commonly a great Number of Ladies, very well dreſſed. At three o'Clock they all retire to their ſeveral Appointments. Dinners here are very expenſive, and Parties at Taverns very much in Faſhion. At private Houſes the Ladies retire as ſoon as Dinner is over, and the Men remain at the Table; upon which, the Cloth being taken off, the Footmen place a Bottle of Wine, or more, if all the Gueſts don't drink the ſame Sort, with Glaſſes well rinſed, and then they withdraw, only one waits at the Beaufet. The Bottle now goes round; every one fills his Glaſs as he pleaſes, and drinks as much, or as little as he will; but they always drink too much, becauſe they ſit too long at it.

When the Company breaks up from Table, if it be fine Weather, they go out again for the Air, either in a Coach to *Hide* Park, where the Ring is, or elſe on Foot to St. *James*'s Park. In the Winter they make Viſits till the Plays begin; but theſe Repreſentations really deſerve a ſeparate Article, and you ſhall have it by-and-by at large. After the

the Opera's or Plays are over, the Company goes to the Aſſemblies, which are alternative, ſometimes at one Lord's Houſe, and ſometimes at another's, or elſe they repair to the *Drawing-room*. At Midnight they go to Supper. The Companies formed at the Taverns are the merrieſt, and *Bacchus* is commonly ſeconded by *Venus*. At Day-light the jolly Carouſers retire home. Judge, after what I have now ſaid, whether a young Gentleman has not as much to amuſe himſelf at *London*, as at *Paris* and *Rome*. Believe me, that they who ſay that this City is too melancholy for 'em, only ſay ſo to give themſelves an Air.

At private Houſes the Tables are ſerved with as much Neatneſs and Delicacy as in any Country in the World. There are three Diſhes commonly at each Courſe, and Plates are often laid two or three deep, which is the Reaſon that People always eat more than they would otherwiſe, and that Abundance of Time is ſpent at Table. There is excellent Beef here; and I am in Love with their Puddings, which are made of Flour, Eggs, Crumbs of Bread, and in ſhort, a thouſand Ingredients that I know nothing of, but all together make very good Fare. There's one Cuſtom eſtabliſhed in theſe Houſes, which to be ſure you would not diſlike, *viz.* That at the firſt Time of a Man's Introduction to a Family, he ſalutes the Miſtreſs of the Houſe with a Kiſs, which tho' but a very modeſt one, 'tis a Pleaſure to ſee a Colour come into the Lady's Cheeks, as if they had committed a Fault. A ſecond Cuſtom, which is not ſo agreeable as the former, is, that after a Man has been entertained, ſomething muſt be given to the Servants of the Houſe: And this Gift muſt be proportioned to the Rank of the Maſter of the Houſe at whoſe Table you have ſat; ſo that if a Duke gives me a Dinner four times a Week,

Week, his Footmen would pocket as much of my Money, as would ſerve my Expences at the Tavern for a Week. I wonder why the *Engliſh* keep up this Cuſtom, thoſe eſpecially who live ſo magnificently, and pay their Domeſtics ſo handſomely, that I believe they are as happy as any of their Claſs in the World.

The Tavern Reckonings run exceſſive high, but then there's the beſt of Attendance and Accommodation; in which reſpect I prefer them to the Cabarets of *Paris*, where the Table Linen is generally very courſe and dirty.

The Aſſemblies here are ſo throng'd, that there's hardly any ſtirring. Nevertheleſs, there are ſeldom more than three or four Gaming Tables. Almoſt every body is ſtanding. They are in perpetual Motion, like a Swarm of Ants; they joſtle and ſqueeze by one another, then aſk Pardon, paſs mutual Compliments, and juſt inquire after one another's Health; but 'tis in a manner impoſſible to hold a Converſation.

The gayeſt and moſt numerous Aſſembly in *Europe* is upon the Ball-Days at the Grand Theatre in the *Hay Market*. I can ſafely ſay, that I never ſaw a finer Sight in my Life. Sometimes there are no leſs than three thouſand in Company. Every Perſon pays a Guinea, for which they are accommodated with all manner of Refreſhments, and all the Sorts of Wines imaginable, beſides a ſtately Deſert of Fruit and Sweet-meats. All this numerous Aſſembly parades in ſeveral Rooms richly adorned, and completely illuminated. In ſeveral of theſe they dance, and in others there's Play. The Entertainment opens with a Concert perform'd by the ableſt Muſicians in *London*. Then the Ball begins, and holds till next Morning. At theſe Balls the Company are often maſk'd, and then the King and the Prince of *Wales* ho-

nour them with their Preſence; but the Queen and the Princeſſes are never there. At all theſe Entertainments, every body appears very well dreſſed, and the Ladies eſpecially are ſtuck all over with Jewels; for there is no Country in the World where there are finer Diamonds. The *Engliſh* Dances are Country-dances, which require ſeveral Couples at a time; and all that perform in them, cloſe in by Turns, which gives Opportunities of making an Acquaintance. The Tunes to which they dance are ſo briſk, that I fanſy they would be more agreeable to the Vivacity of the *French*, than the Sedateneſs of the *Engliſh*.

As to Plays, the *Engliſh* are fond of them, and have more of 'em than any other Nation. They have an *Italian* Opera, which is the beſt and moſt magnificent in *Europe*. They pay a Guinea for the Boxes, half a Guinea for the Pit, and a Crown for the Gallery. But though 'tis always crouded, yet it won't defray the Expences of Acting; ſo that ſeveral of the Nobility contribute to the Salaries of the Actors, which are extravagant; but then they have the beſt Voices of *Italy*. An Actor, whoſe Name is *Seneſino*, has one thouſand five hundred Pounds a Year, beſides Preſents in Abundance. The Muſic of theſe Operas is generally compoſed by one *Handel*, who is eſteemed by a great many People beyond all Expreſſion, but others reckon him no extraordinary Man; and for my own part, I think his Muſic not ſo affecting as 'tis elegant. The Decorations are very fine, and the Room is very large, and much more beautiful than that at *Paris*. The Company ſit for moſt part in the Pit, where the Ladies form Semi-Circles, ſo that all their Faces are ſeen, which makes a very good Effect. I forgot to tell you, that the whole is well illuminated with Wax-candles. There's

Dancing

Dancing between the Acts, when there is no burleſque Interlude.

Beſides the *Italian* Opera, there's an *Engliſh* one, where they ſing only the Tunes, the reſt being recited. This, I think, is more juſt, than when the whole is ſung; at leaſt a Man does not ſing when he is killing or beating himſelf.

The *Engliſh* Comedy is no leſs eſteemed by the *Engliſh*, than it has been ſeverely criticiz'd by the *French*, who ſay, 'tis not comparable to theirs. The Wits of both Nations have treated this important Subject very gravely, and have alike ſhewn their Preſumption. I am far from giving my Judgment betwixt them; but I muſt ſay, that it ſeems to me, that the *French* are too much cramp'd by their Rules, and the *Engliſh* not enough. Thus do the two Nations diſcover the Difference of their Taſte, the one for Obedience, the other for Liberty. Tho' the *Engliſh* are not ſuch nice Obſervers of the Simplicity of the Subject, and the Unity of Place, yet they ſeem to me to abound in happy Sentiments: And how much prejudiced ſoever they may be ſaid to be in Favour of their own Productions, yet they do not want an Eſteem for ſuch *French* Pieces, where they meet with Sentiments that are agreeable. The Tragedy of *Brutus* by *Voltaire* is juſt tranſlated here, which is a Piece that has had a better Run even at *London*, than at *Paris*; and as it was compoſed by the Author in *England*, he was ſo intirely captivated with the Freedom of Thinking among the *Engliſh*, that he had in ſome meaſure forgot he was a *Frenchman*, and ſpeaks in it of Kings as if they were but Men.

The Plays lead me to give you an Account of the reſt of thoſe Pleaſures in which the *Engliſh* ſeem to take Delight. They hunt much, but in a Manner very different from us. They ride ex-

ceeding hard, and hunt a poor Hare with as much Eagerneſs as they purſue a routed Enemy. Their Hounds, and their Horſes too, encourage their Keenneſs for the Sport, there being not the like in the World for Speed; ſo that *England* furniſhes almoſt all the Nobility in *Europe* with Horſes and Dogs, as the King of *Denmark* does with Falcons.

The Swiftneſs of the *Engliſh* Horſes is the Reaſon that there are Horſe-Races every Year at a Place called *Newmarket*; and this really is what Travellers may ſay is worth ſeeing. Theſe Races continue for ſeveral Days ſucceſſively, and infinitely ſurpaſs thoſe which are ſeen in *Italy*. They are run round a large Plain. Two Horſes mounted by Jockeys contend which ſhall run faſteſt. The Riders are weighed, and to the lighteſt of them they give that Weight which he wants of the other. They ride without a Saddle, and with ſuch Velocity, that the Eye can ſcarce keep Pace with 'em. Upon theſe Occaſions, Wagers are laid of ſeveral thouſand Pounds Sterling: And it ſeems to be a Feſtival celebrated to the Honour of *Plutus*, the God of Riches; for the Jockey that wins the Prize is ſure to be refreſhed with a Shower of Guineas, every one crouding to reward him. Such is the Cuſtom of the *Engliſh*, who not only pay thoſe handſomely who contribute to their Pleaſures, but load them with Preſents. This is to be ſeen at all the Prize-fightings, Rope-dancings, Tumblings, and ſuch Diverſions, where every one throws down Money upon the Stage to them that play their Part beſt. The Actors at the Opera and the Play-houſes have alſo Gratuities, beſides their Salaries; for once a Year, every Performer has a Benefit-Night, as they call it, which is the Surplus Money then taken, over and above the Charges of the Houſe; and if the Perſon be a Favourite of the Town, as

Notice

Notice is given by Play-Bills paſted up, for whoſe Benefit the Play is to be acted, People ſend for more Tickets than they ſhall make uſe of, for the Party's Encouragement. This Generoſity of the *Engliſh* towards thoſe who give them Pleaſure, extends in a particular Manner towards their Miſtreſſes, for whom they think nothing too fine, nor too dear. Thus, 'tis not to Aſſiduity that they are willing to be obliged for the Favours which they receive, but to their Money, and their Preſents; wherein they differ widely from certain Abbés of *Rome*, of whom no leſs than five or ſix club for the keeping of one Miſtreſs.

Theſe Abbés put me in mind of a numerous Tribe here, called *Chaplains*, whoſe bonny Countenances are a pretty evident Proof, that at the Reformation of the Church of *England*, their Revenues were not very much impaired. Whether theſe Gentlemen are more ſober than our Clergy, I know not; but by Appearances I am almoſt tempted to think, that they have the ſame Thirſt for Honour and Wealth, the ſame Cares and Uneaſineſs; in fine, that they are Men alike. The Difference is, that the *Engliſh* are ſubject to the Laws, that their Paſſions are kept within Bounds, and that the Laity are not ſo ſuperſtitious as to take them for Oracles. 'Tis ſaid that they make admirable Sermons, the conſtant Tenor of which is to reform Mankind, and to guide them in the Path of Virtue. They read them inſtead of pronouncing them by Heart, which prevents them from falling into that extravagant Geſticulation, and thoſe mad Rants and Enthuſiaſm, which commonly irritate more than edify. But I think I have ſaid enough to you of the Clergy, when I had undertaken to give you a farther Account of the *Engliſh* Diverſions. Thoſe of the Vulgar are, the Battles of Animals, Prize-fighters, Wreſtlers,

and in a Word, all Manner of Diverſions that contribute to the ſhedding of Blood; for here, Wounds go for nothing, and Death itſelf is but little dreaded. I fanſy the *Engliſh* are deſcended from *Mutius Scævola*, becauſe, like that *Roman*, they deſpiſe Pain. Among the Pleaſures of the Populace there are ſome too that are mixed with Inſolence; of which I ſaw an Inſtance a few Days ago in St. *James*'s Park. A Man had laid a Wager, that he would run round the Park in ſo many Minutes; and that he might be the leſs incumbered in his Race, he ſtripped himſelf ſtark naked, ſo that his Hand ſerved him for a Fig-leaf. In this State of Nature he travers'd along the Mall, thro' an infinite Concourſe of People. The Ladies, aſtoniſh'd at ſuch a Sight, knew not how to keep their Countenances: Some turned their Heads aſide, others hid their Faces with their Fans, but they all made a Row, as well as the Men, to let him paſs by. After he had finiſhed his Race, he gravely put on his Cloaths, near *Whitehall*, where he left 'em; and as he had won the Wager, abundance of People, inſtead of checking him for his Inſolence, threw him Money. Judge by this, if any People are ſo good-natur'd and happy as the *Engliſh*.

Among the Pleaſures of this Nation, I muſt not forget to mention the Parties they make for the Country. This the *Engliſh* ſet a great Value upon, and really well they may; for indeed their Country is very beautiful. It produces them every thing but Wine. Their Fields have always a freſh Verdure, the Gentlemens Country Seats are ſuperb, and in the Country the *Engliſh* live with the Grandeur of Noblemen, whereas at *London* they live for moſt part like mere private Men.

Nothing can be more agreeable to the Eye, than the Suburbs of *London*, particularly along the

the *Thames*. I cannot conceive how a Native of *England*, and one too that has a Fortune to depend on, can resolve to leave these Regions, as a great many *English* nevertheless do, who prefer Countries to which Nature has not been so kind, before their own. I confess, that if I had one thousand Pounds Sterling a Year in *England*, I would renounce the most shining Offers of Fortune elsewhere; for the Climate here is mild, without that excessive Heat or Cold which is so troublesome in other Parts of the World: And indeed, 'tis for this Cause that the Fruits here are not so kindly as elsewhere, and that the Grape does not grow here for the Production of Wine; but then, this Defect is supplied by the Grapes of *Spain* and *Portugal*, which are imported here in Abundance.

One of the most agreeable Prospects in the Country here, is to see the happy Condition of the Peasants, who are all well lodged, well clad, and well fed. Their Lot is happier than that of many Gentlemen in certain Provinces that I know. Here is nothing of that excessive Subordination which is demanded by the Grandees of other Countries. A Gentleman who makes a Visit to a Lord, is receiv'd by him as his Equal, without being made sensible of the Difference that has happened betwixt them on the Score of Birth. Nevertheless, the great Men are very much honoured here; for while they are civil, every body strives to pay them all Sorts of Deference, but nobody thinks he is born to be insulted by them.

The Great Men here, as well as in *France*, don't scruple to marry Women of inferior Families. Indeed there ought to be a great Distinction made between the *English* Merchant and the Merchants of other Countries. The *English* are often descended from the greatest Families in the Kingdom,

and we have ſeen ſome of them go from behind their Compter to a Peerage, when by Right of Succeſſion they riſe from Cadets to be the eldeſt of their Families. Thus, when a Nobleman marries a Merchant's Daughter, ſhe ſometimes proves his Couſin, or a Lady of a diſtinguiſh'd Family; whereas in *France*, ſhe is always the Daughter of a Plebeian.

Theſe, Sir, are the few Remarks that I have made upon this Country, and I wiſh they may entertain you. As I propoſe to make ſome longer Stay here, I may hereafter ſend you farther Obſervations on what occurs. In the mean time, continue me in the Honour of your Remembrance, and be thoroughly perſuaded, that no Perſon in the World is more particularly than I am, *&c.*

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